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T. W. HIGGINSON

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

MARY A. LIVERMORE

EXTRA-ILLUSTRATED

PART II

HARTFORD, CONN.

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS

1899

Melrose,
Nov. 30, 1896.

Dear Mr. Goss,

The manuscript
of my book is at your ser-
vice, whenever you wish
it. It is a wretched look-
ing affair. I employed
an expert stenographer,
most of the time, to whom
I paid a high price. I re-
wrote some of it, corrected
what the stenographer
wrote at my dictation,

and the result is horrible
to look at. I should have
committed it to the fur-
nace in a few days, as
I did the MS. of "My
Stone of the War". The whole
manuscript was carefully
type-written before I gave
it to my publisher. That
left the original in my hand.
If you shall decide to cre-
mate it, when you see it,
I shall interpose no objection.

Yrs. truly,
May A. Lvermore

CHAPTER XXVII.

EXCITING TIMES — WE JOIN A COLONY OF PIONEERS AND
START FOR KANSAS — CHICAGO IN THE FIFTIES — THE
WAR CLOUD BURSTS.

Increasing Excitement on the Subject of Slavery — An Approaching Crisis — Rendition of Burns and Sims to Their Southern Masters — My Husband Sorely Smitten with "Western Fever" — We Join a Colony and Start for Kansas — My Tastes and Training Opposed to a Pioneer Life — Detained in Chicago by Sickness — My Husband Enters on a New Phase of Life, as Editor and Publisher — My Capacity for Work — Chicago in the Fifties — No Gas, Sewerage, or Water — Stuck in the Mud en route to Church — Going to a Tea Party in a Four-Horse Wagon — "Tears and the Dumps" — Uneasy Times — The Impending Crisis — The Beginning of the War for the Union — The Great Awakening — Exciting Events and Scenes.

THE intense excitement of the anti-slavery reform, then approaching its crisis, made the pastoral relation, at that time, a most difficult one. The South was solid in its determination to maintain slavery at any cost. It scorned the idea of being limited to any territory, or of being kept within any bounds. Robert G. Toombs of South Carolina declared on the floor of Congress, that he would yet "call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill," and that the slave states would brook neither interference nor dictation. It began to be evident to the most superficial observer, that the country must eventually become "all free or all slave," and, as the North had developed hostility toward this relic of barbarism that could not be silenced, and would not surrender, men and women alike looked forward to the future with anxiety, and wondered what the end would be.

Ministers who accepted invitations to become pastors of

parishes, found both sides of the slavery question represented in their congregations. If there were earnest anti-slavery men, who could not conceal their convictions, and would not be dumb, when the truth needed to be spoken, it was impossible not to offend the pro-slavery constituents of the parish. If, on the other hand, clergymen attempted to defend slavery and its advocates, even on Biblical authority, and quoted chapter and verse of scripture in its endorsement, they were hustled out of the parish by the reformers, in hot haste, and bade not to "stay on the order of their going, but go at once."

My husband and I had become very decided in our convictions. Not only did the ethics of the great question compel us to oppose slavery, but it seemed to us the only wise and safe course, for national reasons, to eliminate slavery from the Republic. Not to say this when we were questioned, not to advocate our opinions, not to manifest our belief by attendance at anti-slavery meetings, and by the patronage of anti-slavery papers, was impossible. The position of the settled minister became very undesirable, for not only were churches sundered by the anti-slavery reform, but denominations were rent in twain, and the divisions had no fellowship with each another. The commercial and mercantile interests of Massachusetts rendered her exceedingly conservative on the slavery question. The South regarded her as the leader in anti-slavery reform, and she certainly was. It was here that Garrison established his unflinching and remorseless *Liberator*, and enrolled men under his banner, who for ability, intellectual power, and moral courage have never been surpassed. The threats of South Carolina to Massachusetts were continual. "Unless you forbid the publication of the *Liberator*, arrest Garrison, and Phillips, Emerson, and Lowell, and the other great men who have joined



THE RUNAWAY SLAVES, ANTHONY BURNS AND THOMAS SIMS, RETURNED TO SLAVERY — THEIR MARCH
THROUGH THE STREETS OF BOSTON.

With pioned arms and manacled feet they marched between files of soldiers to a steamer bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Vast throngs of men and women watched the procession, many weeping as they gazed.

The history of the United States of America is a story of growth and change. It begins with the first settlers who came to the shores of the New World, seeking a new life and a new land. These early pioneers, whether they were explorers or settlers, laid the foundation for the nation that was to come. They faced countless hardships and challenges, but their spirit of adventure and their determination to build a new life in a new land were their strength. As the years passed, the United States grew in size and in power. It became a nation of many peoples, each with their own traditions and customs. Yet, despite their differences, they found a common purpose and a common goal. They fought for freedom and for the rights of all men. They built a government that was based on the principles of justice and equality. And they created a nation that was truly great, a nation that has inspired the world and that will continue to inspire generations to come.



hands with him, unless you enforce the Fugitive Slave Law," — which proposed to turn the whole State, and the whole North, into a hunting ground for slaves, — "we will never sell you another pound of cotton, we will never buy a penny's worth of your manufactured goods, we will rend all party bonds, and will dissolve the Union."

The rendition of fugitive slaves from all parts of the North intensified the excitement. It was not believed that slaves could be returned to their masters from the city of Boston, where many had located, and were engaged in various employments, with a feeling of perfect security. Public sentiment had become so hostile to slave-hunting, that it was thought that state and national officers in Massachusetts would resign their positions, rather than aid in the return of a fugitive to slavery. And yet escaped slaves were returned at noon-day, military authority being called out to prevent the interference of the people, who were determined on their rescue.

Anthony Burns and Thomas Sims, with pinioned arms and manacled feet, were led out from the courthouse, which was engirt with chains, and marched between files of soldiers to the steamer, bound for South Carolina from whence they had fled. Cannon shotted to the very muzzle were planted at the street crossings, which would have mowed down the people like grass in June, had there been an uprising against the heinous proceeding. Vast throngs of men and women watched the sad procession pass down the street, many weeping as they gazed, and all feeling themselves utterly powerless to strike a blow for the right. This increased the number of converts to the cause of anti-slavery, and drew the line of demarcation between the friends and foes of the "peculiar institution" more sharply. There was uneasiness and anxiety everywhere, and a fearful

foreboding of the inevitable collision, which was fast approaching.

While Mr. Livermore had no wish to withdraw from the ministry, he found the position of the settled pastor so undesirable during those years, that he began to think of seeking temporarily some other occupation. Freedom of speech was a necessity to both of us in those troublous times, when such mighty interests were at stake, and the whole country was fiercely and forcibly debating the colossal question of American slavery. To my husband, therefore, it seemed most opportune, when a large number of his friends in Auburn, New York, organized a colony to start for Kansas, and urgently invited him to join them. The "Western fever" was at its height, and migrations to the West were so incessant and in such large bodies, as almost to depopulate sections of the East. This colony numbered forty-six families, all of the right sort, and most of them acquainted with farming. My husband gave his name and influence to the enterprise, and put money and labor at its service, but did not promise to settle with the colony.

I had grave doubts as to the wisdom of our joining the colony. I knew that Mr. Livermore was a great worker, and would make a good farmer, if he gave himself to that business. But I also knew that I should utterly fail as a farmer's wife, and as a pioneer. Neither life had any attraction for me. All my tastes were in a different direction, and my early training had fitted me for other work. But as my husband was in an advanced stage of the "Western fever," we finally decided to accompany the van of the colony as far as Chicago, where I was to tarry with our little children, while he proceeded to Kansas to do his own prospecting. He returned in a few weeks, not very enthusiastic, but with a settled conviction that the large ex-

pectations of the colonists would eventually be met, if they had pluck and persistence.

They had selected a large tract of land, and entered it in the Land Office, not far from Atchison, in the northeastern part of the territory, — a not undesirable location. The ranks of the colonists were increased by the addition of fifteen families, bringing the total number to sixty-one, — all of them people of intelligence and character, and all possessed of moderate means. All were imbued with a desire to assist in making Kansas "a free state," which was one of the many side issues of the time. Its history was like that of many colonies. Some of them had a great boom at the time, which left them suddenly, and they dropped into non-existence. Others moved on "like a sick man in his sleep, three paces, and then faltered," but ultimately they became prosperous communities. The Auburn colonists laid out a town which they named "Cayuga." I think it is still in existence, but, as a body, they never realized the expectations with which the project was undertaken.

What ultimate decision we might have reached with regard to joining the Kansas colonists, I cannot tell; but the matter was sadly and sternly settled for us, by a grave family affliction. Our youngest daughter, a child of tender years, broke down into a most hopeless and mysterious illness, from which she did not recover for years. I was compelled to remain in Chicago with her, and all my care and thoughts were centered on the little sufferer. My husband made three or four necessary trips to the colony, remaining as long as he dared be absent, and assisting the pioneer community with his advice and encouragement. As months went by, it became more and more certain that our child would remain an invalid for years, requiring tender care, skillful nursing, and the best medical treatment, such as

could not be obtained on the frontier, and we decided not to remove farther west than Chicago. I met the colonists for the first time fifteen years after, and I visited their location some dozen years ago.

Just at this emergency in our affairs, when we were seemingly held fast in Chicago, the unexpected happened. My husband had held a mortgage for some three or four years on "The New Covenant," the Universalist paper of the Northwest, and also on the small publishing house and book store connected with it, all located in Chicago. The proprietor of the establishment was in failing health, and desired to sell the property, and Mr. Livermore bought it. It was his intention to improve the paper, put the whole establishment on a good business footing, and then offer it for sale. But fate decided otherwise. It was evidently written that the city of Chicago should be our next home.

The financial panic of 1857 still weighed heavily on the industries and business of the country, and my husband found himself plunged in a struggle that was severe. Although sickness still cast its shadow over our home, I was able to render him aid in the management of his paper, and became his "associate editor." Certain departments were entirely in my charge; and during his frequent and sometimes prolonged absences, necessitated by business and church work, I wrote for every department of the paper, except the theological, and took entire charge of the business. In 1863, a volume of the stories I had contributed to "The New Covenant" was published under the title of "Pen Pictures," and ran through several editions. I did much reportorial work in those days, and at the convention in the "Chicago Wigwam," where Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency, I was the only woman reporter present, and was furnished with a ticket, and assigned a

place among the men reporters, numbering a hundred or two.

As our daughter improved in health, I was drawn into much outside work. I found time to assist in the church and Sunday-school, and for years conducted a class of sixteen young men, all of whom entered the army at the opening of the war in 1861. I was untiring in my labors for the Chicago Home of the Friendless, one of the most philanthropic and useful institutions in the city, then and now. It was so elastic in its methods, that it accomplished a vast amount of work which did not properly belong to it, but for which there was then no other provision. I assisted in the establishment of the Home for Aged Women, and also the Hospital for Women and Children, then in its feeble infancy, but now a strong and well-ordered institution.

All the while I was my own housekeeper, directed my servants, gave personal supervision to the education and training of my children, and exercised a large hospitality towards my husband's patrons and friends, which was required by circumstances. I was endowed with an almost phenomenal capacity for work, and could work without friction with those associated with me. It was easy for me to hold sleep in abeyance, if the task on which I was engaged made it necessary, and to make up the loss when leisure permitted.

To a New Englander of to-day, accustomed to well-kept streets, close-shaven lawns, vines carefully trimmed, and houses immaculate in fresh paint, Chicago is always, at first, a somewhat astonishing city, in which mud, dust, dirt, and smoke seem to predominate. Imagine its appearance in the fifties, when I first beheld it! Michigan Avenue was the only paved street in the city, and the only one with decent sidewalks. Elsewhere the sidewalks were of very simple con-

struction. Scantlings were laid on the prairie soil, to which planks were spiked, and as these soon sank into the ground, green and black slime oozed up between the cracks in wet weather, splashing the face of the pedestrian and befouling his clothes. The drinking water of the city was furnished by the lake, then as now ; but then it was pumped from the basin inside the breakwater, and was sold by the barrel, and it was not safe to use it until it was filtered and boiled. A small section of the South side was lighted by gas ; elsewhere some kind of oil was the illuminant for streets and houses.

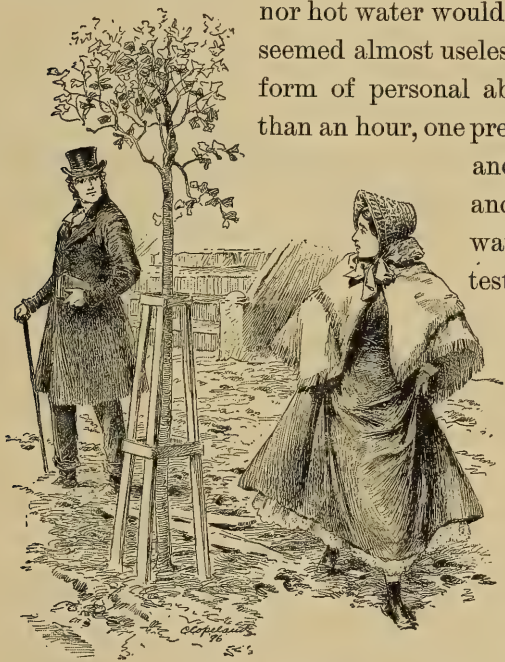
Chicago was then without a system of sewerage. In lieu of sewers, deep ditches were cut on both sides of a street, its whole length, and these were bridged by planks in front of the houses. In wet weather the streets were rivers of mud ; in the dry season they were veritable Saharas of dust. The prairie breeze not only kept the dust in perpetual motion, but caught up the litter and *débris* strewn about the streets, and sent that whirling through the air in clouds that blinded the eyes, and choked the throat and nostrils. People bore these inflictions with much good nature, because they were optimistic and expected better things in the future. They even joked over their discomforts. An omnibus was stuck fast in the mud in the middle of Clark street, and remained there until it was frozen in ; and all through the winter it upheld a signboard bearing the prohibition, "Keep off the grass !" The houses corresponded with the streets. Thrown together in a hurry, without the conveniences for respectable housekeeping, to say nothing of decent living, it was not an easy thing for a New England housekeeper who had brought with her the Lares and Penates of her Eastern home, to know how and where to bestow them in a Chicago domicile of that day.

The streets were even then overcrowded, in spite of their unusual width; and, as everybody walked at a furious pace, as if bent on some errand of life or death, there was inevitable colliding and jostling, which sometimes resulted in a tumble of one or both of the parties into the open sewer. How to keep clean was the appalling problem that confronted us in those early days. The mud, when removed from one's person or clothes, left a stain that neither soap

nor hot water would entirely efface. It seemed almost useless to undertake any form of personal ablution, for in less than an hour, one presented as begrimed and sooty an appearance as if soap and water had never been tested.

The first Sunday that I accompanied my husband to church was a mild day in early spring, after a rain, and before the ground had become settled. I followed closely

in his footsteps, for the dropsical soil that would upbear his weight would uphold me also; but in following my leader, my foot slipped and slid into a hole, from which I could not extricate it. My husband came to my rescue, and pulled out the foot from the tenacious mud, minus its rubber shoe. In attempting the next step forward the other foot sank deeper than the first,



A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE WITH CHICAGO MUD.

I bid Mr. Livermore go to church and praise God, if he could.

and was held so fast by the glutinous mud that my husband's aid was again invoked, who assisted me to a footing on the solid earth. People were prevented from passing, by our compulsory gymnastics in Illinois mud, but no one uttered advice or comment, and took the matter coolly as an everyday occurrence. They knew how it was themselves. This experience was not the best possible preparation for divine worship, so, bidding Mr. Livermore "Go on to church and praise God, if he could!" I returned home to repair damages.

On one occasion I was invited to an old-fashioned tea-party, and was informed that a carriage would call for me at four o'clock. Promptly at the appointed hour a large Studebaker wagon arrived. The bottom was covered with fresh straw in which chairs were set. The wagon backed up to the doorsteps, and I took my seat amid the gay company, all of whom were Eastern women, much given to tears and the dumps whenever they came together by themselves, for they were afflicted with homesickness. Our hostess had determined that there should be no weeping on this occasion, and had included a number of gentlemen among her guests. They were always gay, even to hilarity, for, if Chicago was muddy and dirty and comfortless, they were making money, and would have refused to change their residence to the New Jerusalem. When we reached the house of our friend, the four-horse wagon backed up at her door, and with great care we alighted, the skirts of our dresses tucked up out of sight, that they might not become defiled with the polluting mud. When the visit was over we were returned to our homes in the same manner. We had fun enough both coming and going, with an occasional scare, when one side of the wagon dumped down so deeply in the mud, that we all had to jump to the other side, to change the center of gravity and prevent an upset.

Melrose,
March 21, 1897.

Dear Mr. Powers,

I wish you had
written me more in detail.

When would you wish me at
the supper room? When could
I return? Would you expect
a speech from me?

I have not walked ten
rods out doors since Thanks-
giving. My serious illness about
that time, from which it is
a wonder that I recovered
utterly disabled me. And although

I have greatly improved, and
am improving, I can only
walk with a cane, and
am obliged to go everywhere
in a carriage, with one of
my family as an attendant.

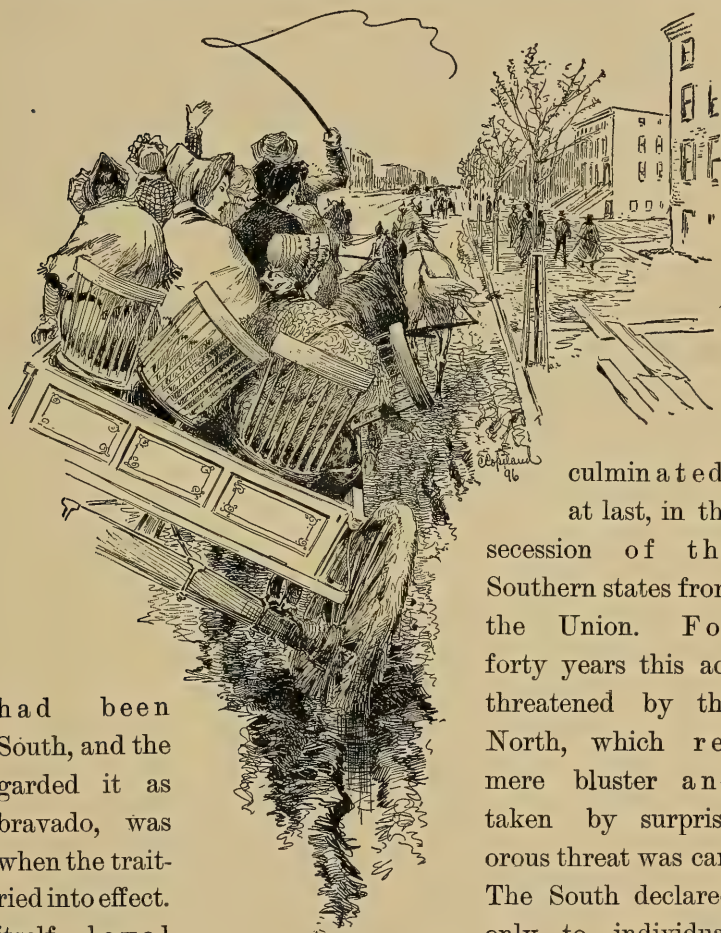
I would like to accept
your invitation, if I can. I
am in very good health
and have all my faculties
but one leg, which is lame,
but improving. If you can
pay the expense of a carriage
to Somerville and back, and
it is not awful weather, and
you do not expect me to
stay too late, I can come, -

46116
if after my doleful explanation, you still wish me to come. I don't mind making a speech. And if I come I had better take carriage here.

Yrs. truly,
May A. Livermore



The war burst in fury on the land. The insolent aggressiveness of the South, and the growing determination of the North to aid and abet the continuance of slavery no longer,



A NARROW ESCAPE.

We all had to jump to the other side.

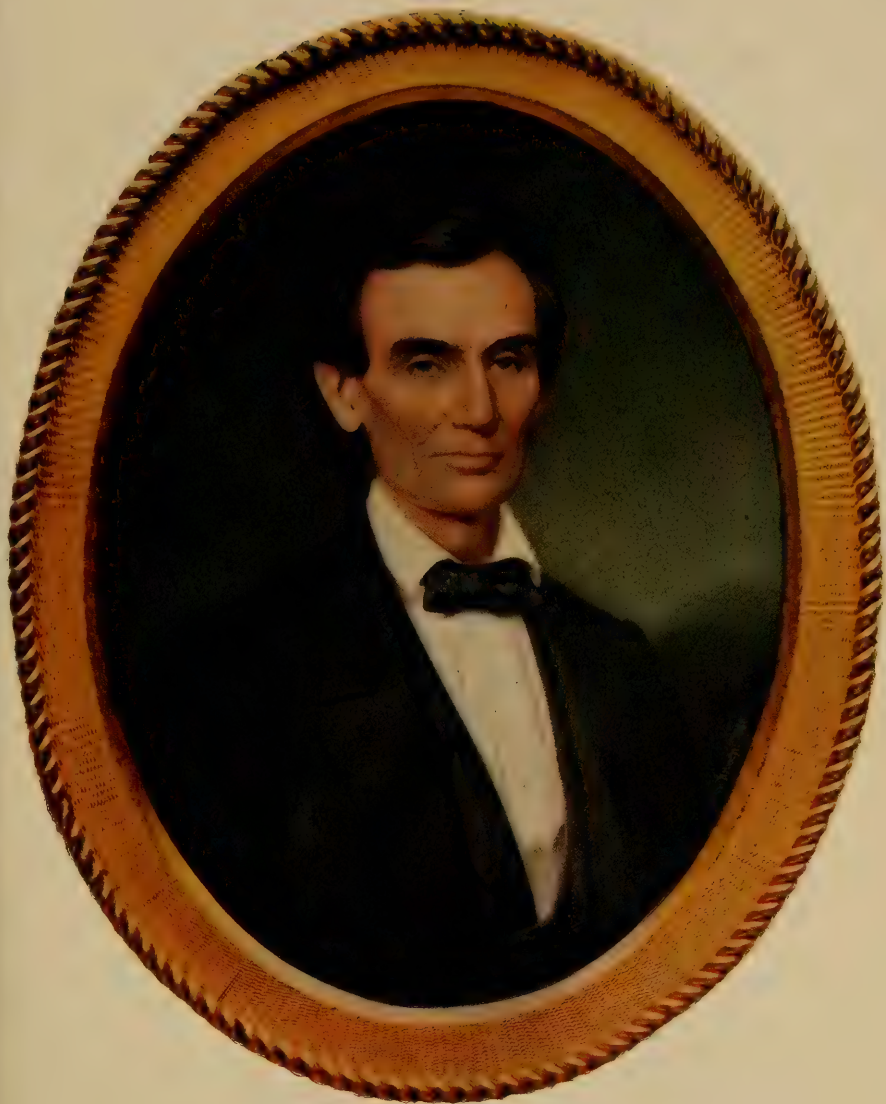
had been South, and the regarded it as bravado, was when the trait-rried into effect. itself loyal states; the self loyal to and a fight to the death was imminent.

culminated, at last, in the secession of the Southern states from the Union. For forty years this act threatened by the North, which re-mere bluster and taken by surprise orous threat was car-The South declared only to individual North announced it-the Union of states,

Chicago was the place, 1860 the date, and the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency by a Republican

Convention the circumstance, which marked a new epoch in the career of the republic. The East would still have hesitated and compromised with the South, if it could have been done; but the great Northwest would brook neither compromise nor delay, and by its tremendous push and its indomitable determination, the nomination of Abraham Lincoln was carried, and in the autumn of that year he was elected President of the United States.

It is not possible for anyone who did not live at the time, to understand the mental condition of the North during the winter of 1860-61. Although elected to the presidency in November, 1860, Mr. Lincoln could not assume its powers until the following March, and it was the winter of secession. As state after state rushed from the national constellation, it seemed to the states that remained faithful behind as if the nation were lapsing into chaos. Men looked into each other's faces with mute inquiry, wondering what the end would be; and women, who had never before concerned themselves with politics, took the daily papers to their rooms, that teemed with the dreary records of secession, and wept over them. All eyes were turned to Washington, with the hope that the Chief Executive of the nation would stay this rapid disintegration. But the Government was in the hands of the secessionists and gave no sign. The very paralysis of death seemed to have settled upon the North. There was nothing to do but to wait the incoming of the new administration, and the winter passed drearily away. Who that lived through it will ever forget it? State after state continued to secede. Northern men were driven from the South. Northern women found there were treated with nameless indignities. All national property located on Southern territory was seized by the secessionists,—post-offices, custom houses, mints, sub-treasuries, navy



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Miniature (size of the original) painted on ivory from life at Springfield, Illinois, in 1860, by John Henry Brown, at the request of Judge John M. Read, of Philadelphia.
From the original owned by the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln.

yards with ships of war, cannon, forts, and fortifications. During that terrible winter, over forty millions of federal property were filched from the control of the nation.

Hitherto the national flag had always been respected, even in times of the highest excitement. But now, flying from the mast-head of a government vessel as it steamed into Charleston Harbor, with provisions for the brave little garrison at Fort Sumter, it was fired upon. Then the seceded states came together, formed what they called a "Southern Confederacy," elected Jefferson Davis their President, who delivered his inaugural message, and the South gave itself up to a very intoxication of delight. Still the North remained inactive. This inaction was called cowardice by the South, and our neutral enemies on the other side of the water interpreted it as lack of patriotism. It was neither. It was the ominous hush that preludes the coming tempest,—the repressed eagerness of an animal at bay preparing for a deadlier spring,—the awful pause preceding the inevitable collision between two mighty combatants, the crash of which would shake the continent.

Running the very gauntlet of assassination, and passing the conspirators against his life in such disguise that they failed to recognize him, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to Washington, and was inaugurated President of the United States. Never had one of his predecessors in office faced so awful a term of service as he; and a premonition of its dread events and tragic termination closed round him like a pall. The five months of national disintegration now reached their climax. A volcanic fire of fifty heavy breaching guns was poured upon Fort Sumter by the infuriated South, and as its walls crashed and crumbled under the fierce bombardment, the loyal little garrison that had sought to hold it for the nation, was compelled to surrender. The news of the

fall of Sumter fell like a thunderbolt upon the land. The North had regarded the blustering threats of the South as empty gasconade, but this bombardment of a national fort meant war. Hostilities had begun. There was an end to the sorely-tried patience of the North, and the new government now moved swiftly and with decisive action.

The voice of President Lincoln rang out above the intense excitement, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers for three months' service, for the defense of the national capital and the property of the government,—and the whole North rose to its feet as one man. There was to be war; and this terrible certainty was a relief after the terrible suspense of the winter. All the ordinary habits of the people were immediately changed. Every city, town, and village became a recruiting station, and ten times seventy-five thousand volunteers could have been sent forward had they been asked. The drum and fife filled the air with their stirring call, drowning even the church bell and organ on Sunday. The plow was left in the furrow, the carpenter forsook his bench, the lawyer bade good-bye to his clients, the student postponed the day of his graduation, and the clerk hastened from the counting-room to the tented field. Even clergymen transformed their pulpits into recruiting stations; and, with the national flag festooned above and around them, preached the gospel of freedom for the black man, and the duty of patriotism for all. Military bands electrified the people with their patriotic strains of music, and the streets echoed with the measured tramp of soldiers marching to camps of rendezvous. Young men surged through the crowded streets, saluting the national colors with loud huzzas, wherever they were unfurled; and white-haired men lifted their hats reverently, and with tearful eyes, to the flag that represented the authority of

a once united people. It had been dragged in the dirt at Fort Sumter; it had been dishonored; and the insult should be avenged.

My home was in Chicago during the war, but I had been summoned to Boston just before the bombardment of Sumter, by the illness of my aged father, and was there during the opening scenes of the four years' conflict. I had never seen anything in New England like the excitement that prevailed. People seemed to forget to eat and sleep. All ordinary business was suspended. There was but one thought, one topic of conversation,—the war! the war! the war! The day after the call of the President for seventy-five thousand volunteers, cartridges for the departing regiment were made in Boston by the hundred thousand. Army rifles from the Springfield Armory were ordered in like quantity. Fifteen hundred workmen were engaged for the Charlestown navy yard. At the recruiting offices hundreds of the best citizens enlisted, and to the dependent families which many left behind them, there was pledged personal and pecuniary aid. Whatever of skill, knowledge, or wealth was possessed by the people was put at the service of the Government. Banks in the city and out of it were princely in their offers of help.

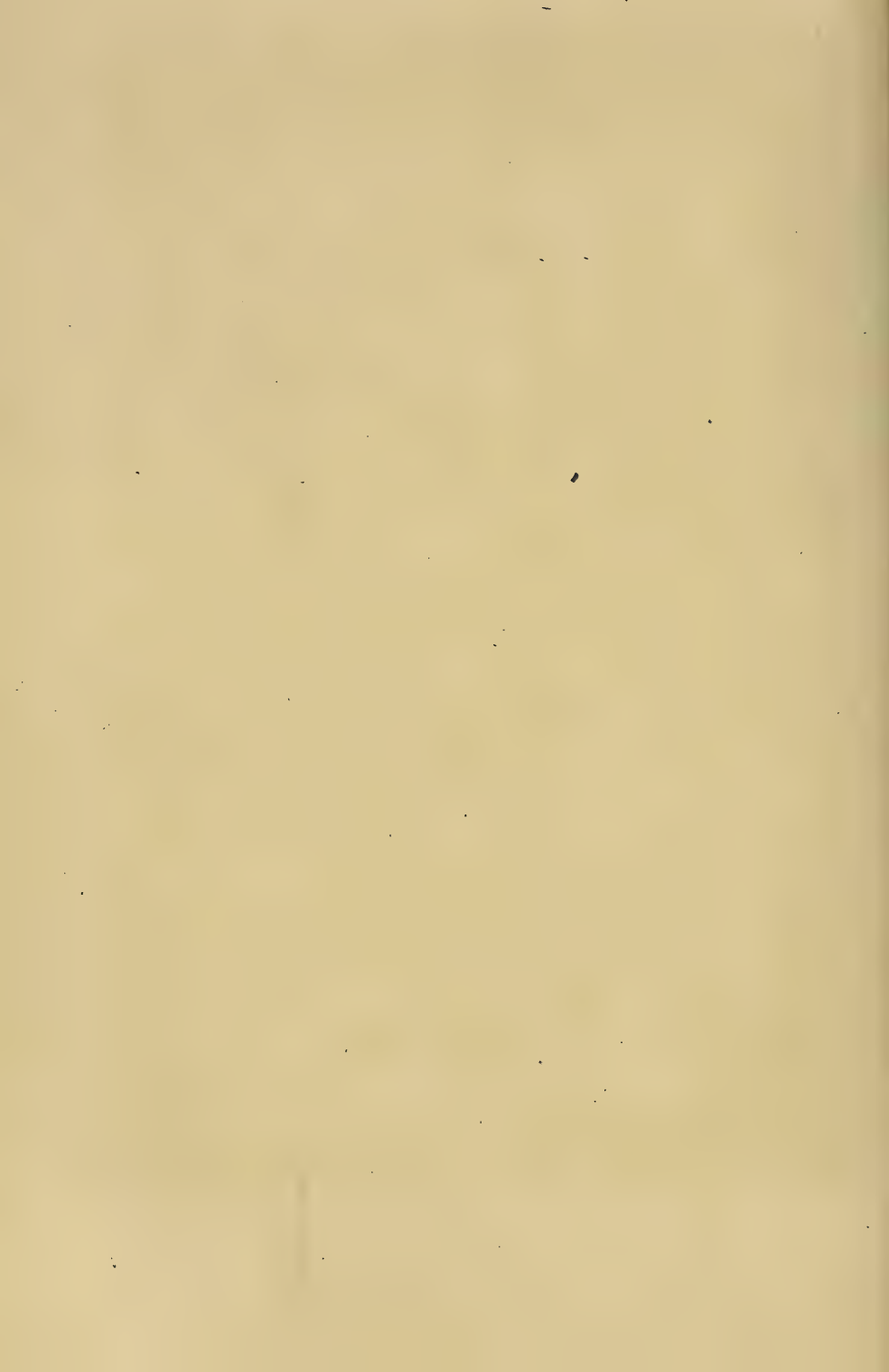
Enthusiastic meetings were held in every part of the North. Money was offered the Government by wealthy citizens in large amounts. Legislatures made munificent appropriations, and responded with ardor to the calls of the loyal governors. Love for the old flag became a passion, and women crocheted it prettily in silk, and wore it as a decoration on their bonnets and in their bosoms. One could not get beyond the music of patriotic songs which thrilled the listening air. Regiments marching to encampments, or to Washington, were impeded in their progress

by the shouting, cheering, frenzied crowds, that ran before them and followed on after them, with ringing acclamations.

The bombardment of Sumter had stunned and paralyzed the North at the moment; but it was only the slow settling back of the billow that now broke in thunder on the shore. After a short stay in Boston, I left for Chicago. Everywhere the same excited groups of people were met, and everywhere was displayed the national flag. At Albany, where we halted for dinner, we heard of the reception given the Massachusetts Sixth Infantry in its passage through Baltimore. A vast and angry mob had opposed its progress; showers of stones, brickbats, and other missiles were hurled upon their heads from the house-tops, and thrown at them from the streets, killing some and injuring others. It was startling news, and appalled those who read the exaggerated accounts of the papers. The war had indeed begun.

In Chicago, there was even more stir and excitement than I had seen elsewhere. Everybody was engrossed with the war news and the war preparations. The day was full of din and bustle, and the night was hardly more quiet. On the evening of the very day that Fort Sumter capitulated to the secessionists, an immense meeting of Chicago's citizens was held in the great republican wigwam, where Abraham Lincoln had been nominated for the presidency, and ten thousand men of all religious creeds and party affiliations came together to deliberate on the crisis of the hour. There was no talking for effect. All the speeches were short and to the point. The time for harangue was over, the time for action had come. Before the vast assemblage separated, Judge Mannière, one of the most eminent and popular men of the city, administered to this great body of people, the oath of loyalty to the government. The multi-





tude rose, and with uncovered heads and upraised right hands, repeated the words of the following oath:

"I do solemnly swear in the presence of Almighty God, that I will faithfully support the constitution of the United States, and of the State of Illinois. So help me God!"

Eight days after the fall of Sumter, troops were despatched from Chicago to Cairo, a point of great strategic importance. It is situated at the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and is the key to the navigation of both. It is also the southern terminus of several railroads, of which the northern termini are in the very heart of the great grain-bearing region of the Northwest. Its importance as a military post at that time could not be over-estimated. If the South had seized it, it could have controlled the railway combinations of the Northwest, and closed the navigation of the two great rivers. Southern leaders were well aware of the value of Cairo as a railway and river center, and were hurrying their preparations to take possession of the town. But their plans were checkmated by Chicago. In less than forty-eight hours, a body of infantry and a company of artillery, composed entirely of young men from the best families in the state, were ready to start for Cairo.

A long train of twenty-six cars, with two powerful engines attached, waited at the station, panting, puffing, and shrieking, as if eager to be gone. As it moved slowly out along the pier, tens of thousands of people, who lined the lake shore, bade the soldiers farewell with deafening cheers. Round after round of hurrahs rang out from the Prairie City, and were seconded by the long, shrill shrieks of all the locomotives employed in the neighborhood, and waiting at the different railway stations. They were none too soon in their occupation of Cairo, for many of the inhabitants were credited with a heavy leaning toward secession, and would

have been glad to welcome Southern instead of Northern troops. The South was in earnest, and the North now began to believe it.

The President of the Southern Confederacy had also called for volunteers, and for men to take out letters of marque, as privateers, to destroy the commerce of the North; and his proclamation was received with an enthusiastic response. To meet this, President Lincoln declared all Southern ports blockaded, and denounced as pirates the commissioned privateers. Nothing daunted, the Southern leaders sent messengers to Europe, to obtain a recognition of the Confederacy as an equal nation contending with the North. As an inducement to England to break the blockade, they promised her an ample supply of cotton, and to establish free trade with her. All these events fired the North, and kept the war spirit of the country at fever heat. In six weeks from the fall of Sumter, over half a million of men had volunteered for the defense of the Union, nearly two hundred thousand of whom had been accepted, and were on the march or drilling, preparatory to active service.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MY PERSONAL WORK AND EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR — THE SANITARY COMMISSION — CIRCUMSTANCES THAT LED TO MY LECTURE WORK.

The Civil War — The Relief Work of Women — The Sanitary Commission — Blessed Memories — Woman Suffragists renew their Work — “The First Woman Suffrage Lecture I ever Heard, I gave Myself” — “The First Woman Suffragist Convention I ever Attended, I called, and Presided over Myself” — I am Invited to Become Editor-in-Chief of the Woman’s Journal, in Boston — We remove from Chicago to Melrose, Massachusetts — I enter the Lecture Field with Reluctance — No Ambition for Public Life — James Redpath, Founder of the Lecture Bureau — The Great Impetus he gave to Public Lecturing — “It is preposterous that you should continue to bake and brew, to sweep and dust, to make, to mend, and to launder.”

TO protect Washington was the agony of the Northern people. To re-open the Mississippi, which had been blockaded below Cairo by the secessionists, was the passion of the West. Regiment after regiment was ordered forward in haste, and although illy equipped for their work, and no preparations had been made to receive them, inevitably entailing on them much privation and suffering, there was no complaint. Both chambers of Congress were occupied by troops for some time, as well as the public squares, and the President’s house. Arms were stacked in the rotunda of the Capitol, and the building itself was turned into a fortification. Washington had all the appearance of a besieged city.

The entire North was one great camp, and the clash of arms and the music of military bands utterly drowned the old hum of industry. A military frenzy stirred the great

Northwest, and her sons gathered in uncounted thousands for the defense of the nation. The lines were sharply drawn between the loyal and the disloyal states, and after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, the whole country accepted the situation, and girt itself with strength and patience for a long fratricidal war.

It was months after the war opened before the Sanitary Commission was organized and in the field, and it was yet longer, before relief work for the soldiers was generally carried forward under its admirable system. But women did not wait for that. They refused to release their hold upon the men of their households, although the government had taken them out of the home and organized them into an army. Whether sick or well, the women were determined that they should receive home care, such as had never before been known to soldiers, and that was the prevalent feeling of the country. No failure of their plans of relief abated the ardor of the women, and no discouragements stayed the stream of their beneficence. Relief societies were organized everywhere, working independently, and in accordance with their best judgment. There was very little co-operation of societies in the beginning, and not unfrequently there was clashing.

Some of them proposed to follow the volunteers of their neighborhoods with their benefactions, or, as they phrased it, "to provide them with home comforts when well, and with hospital supplies and nurses when wounded and sick. If such a plan could have been carried out, it would have been admirable, but the difficulties in the way, and the failure of their attempts, soon brought that method into disrepute. The constant movement of troops rendered it impossible for express agents to forward boxes to special regiments, and, as much of the freight sent to the soldiers

by these Relief Societies was perishable, baggage cars were flooded with decaying fruit and vegetables, pastry and cake, and badly canned meats and soups, which became spoiled and were thrown away en route. For a time there was great waste of the lavish outpouring of women. It did not, however, check their liberality, but it compelled better methods, and out of this chaos of individual benevolence and abounding patriotism, the Sanitary Commission finally emerged with its marvelous system.

I was reluctant to enter upon the work of the Commission in an official capacity, for I saw that it would take me from home, break up my habits of study and literary work, and take me altogether too much from my husband and children. But the need of relief work for the sick and wounded men of the army became more and more imperative,—the necessity of a better organization and wiser methods were more keenly felt,—and the government was preparing for a more vigorous prosecution of the war than it had yet ventured upon,—and I felt compelled to withdraw all objections and obey the call of my country. My husband was very desirous that I should enroll myself regularly in the work of the Commission, and aided me in finding a suitable housekeeper, and governess for the children, so that home interests should not suffer because of my absences. And when Dr. Bellows, president of the United States Sanitary Commission, proposed that my friend, Mrs. Jane C. Hoge, and myself should become associate members of the Commission, with headquarters at Chicago, we consented, and remained at our posts until the October after the war closed.

The Relief Societies, all through the Northwest, very quickly affiliated themselves in some way with the Northwestern branch of the Sanitary Commission at Chicago.

And, as new societies were formed, they also wheeled into line, and adopted our methods of work, until we had, not only through the Northwest, but through the entire North, a compact organization of aid societies, auxiliary to the Commission.

The work of the next three or four years was severe in the extreme. Many women broke down under the incessant strain, and some of them died. I resigned all positions save that on my husband's paper, and subordinated all demands on my time to those of the Commission. I organized Soldiers' Aid Societies, delivered public addresses, to stimulate supplies and donations of money in the principal cities and towns of the Northwest; wrote letters by the thousand, personally and by amanuenses; answered all that I received, wrote the circulars, bulletins, and monthly reports of the Commission; made trips to the front with sanitary stores, to the distribution of which I gave personal attention; brought back large numbers of invalid soldiers, who were discharged that they might die at home, and accompanied them in person, or by proxy, to their several destinations; assisted to plan, organize, and conduct colossal sanitary fairs, the histories of which I wrote at their close; detailed women nurses for the hospitals by order of Secretary Stanton, and accompanied them to their posts; in short, the story of women's work during the war has never been fully told, and can never be understood save by those connected with it. Whatever of mine was published during this period, or whatever related to my work during those stormy times, was carefully preserved by my husband.

It is not necessary for me to give a detailed account of those memorable years of work in this place; for I have already given my personal experiences and reminiscences of those crucial days in a large volume fully illustrated with

plates and famous battle flags, entitled "My Story of the War,"* which has reached a sale of about sixty thousand copies. I shall never fail to congratulate myself, that I was identified with the work of the Sanitary Commission during the great Civil War. In no other way could I have learned

"How close to grandeur is our dust,
How near to God is man,"

than through my labors at the rear of battle-fields, in hospitals, and in camps. If there had ever been a time in my life, when I regarded the lowest tier of human beings with indifference or aversion, I outgrew it during the war. History boasts of one Philip Sydney, who forgot his rank and his anguish, and yielded the cup of water from which he was about to slake his thirst, to a dying soldier, whose longing eyes were fastened upon it. But I knew scores of brave fellows, who not only endured the keenest suffering patiently, that others more needy than themselves might first receive attention, but who declined the furlough that would have taken them home for a fortnight's vacation among kindred and friends, in behalf of some poor fellow who was so homesick that only the sight of his humble home, his wife and children, could save him from death.

On one occasion, when going from ward to ward of a hospital, in Helena, Arkansas, I came upon a poor fellow evidently near death. He accepted my offer to write a letter to his mother, but, pointing to a comrade in the next bed, said,

*MY STORY OF THE WAR: A woman's narrative of four years' personal experience as nurse in the Union Army. A complete and thrilling record of the author's experiences among sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals, camps, at the front, and on the battle-field. With many anecdotes, pathetic incidents, and touching scenes, portraying the lights and shadows of the war "as seen by a woman." Beautifully illustrated with steel-plates, and many famous battle flags printed in sixteen colors. Royal octavo. 700 pages. Sixtieth thousand.

See last page of this volume for full description and how to obtain it.

“Write for him first; I can wait.”

I doubted if he could wait, for already the pallor of death was overshadowing his face, and I urged him again, saying :

“Speak as rapidly as you can, and I will write rapidly ; there is time for both letters.”

But he persisted ; “Take him first !” and I was obliged to obey. Writing as rapidly as possible, I watched the brave fellow who had given up his last earthly comfort to his comrade, and who was failing fast. Noticing that my eyes sought him constantly, he beckoned feebly to one of the nurses, who turned him in bed that I might not be disturbed by his whitening face and shortening breath. And when I moved to his bedside to receive his dictation, he had passed beyond the need of my services.

We are accustomed to think that men are more impatient in illness, and bear pain with less fortitude than women. But I have passed through wards of hospitals, every bed of which was occupied by a sick or wounded soldier, where the stillness was oppressive and unnatural, because every man was nerving himself to bear his suffering without a groan or exclamation. No one would admit that he regretted his enlistment, or accept the compliments offered to his heroism. “I am no better and no worse off than the rest !” was the answer given me again and again. The memory of the grateful looks of dying men who needed light as they passed down the dark valley, — the broken words of thankful convalescents, removed from the hospital to the Soldiers’ Home, happy in the prospect of regaining health, — the pressure of hands, that had acquired womanly softness by long illness, when I have written at dictation a letter to distant mothers, wives, or sweethearts, — the affectionate “Good-bye !” of whole wards of maimed, wan,



ENTERING THE DARK VALLEY—"WRITE FOR HIM FIRST; I CAN WAIT."

I came upon a poor fellow evidently near death. He accepted my offer to write a letter to his mother, but, pointing to a comrade in the next bed, said, "Write for him first; I can wait," and I was obliged to obey. Noticing that my eyes sought him constantly, he beckoned feebly to one of the nurses, who turned him in the bed that I might not be disturbed by his whitening face and shortening breath. And when I moved to his bedside to receive his dictation he had passed beyond the need of my services.

emaciated soldier invalids, as I have taken leave of them for my home in the North, — these are among the most blessed memories of my life.

All through the war I was buoyed up by the sympathy of my co-workers, and by demonstrations of gratitude from the brave men for whom I labored. At one time three somewhat decimated regiments, returning from the front to Minnesota, with one to Wisconsin, reached Chicago, completely exhausted by their long comfortless ride and lack of food. For them to go farther in their weary and famished condition was hardly possible. Their arrival was unexpected, and the members of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home were all engaged elsewhere on important duties, except Mrs. Hoge and myself. It devolved upon us to provide a dinner for the men, and to furnish the lunch which they must take with them for the last stage of their journey. It was a very simple and easy thing to do, only requiring us to give orders to subordinates in the Soldiers' Home near our headquarters, where there was always an abundance of food, cooked and uncooked, in every variety, and to supervise the work.

But the hungry fellows were overwhelmed with gratitude, and magnified this little service into a generous deed of great importance. When they departed, they left with one of the clergymen of Chicago a contribution from their hard-earned and scanty savings, for the purchase of a testimonial to Mrs. Hoge and myself. We were each presented with a gold-lined silver goblet, and a verd-antique table bell of rare shape,—the former bearing on one side the inscription, "*Poculum qui meruit fuit*;" and on the opposite side, "*Mihi fecistis*." But the most highly prized gifts I have received have been the comparatively inexpensive souvenirs of every sort and variety, made by individual soldiers, to

whom I have ministered, manufactured from all kinds of material, with scanty and imperfect tools. Among them were fourteen photograph albums bought of sutlers, of every shape, in every style of binding, with every conceivable decoration and embellishment, each emblazoned with a photographic frontispiece of the maimed or emaciated soldier who gave it.

The Sanitary Commission could not disband immediately at the close of the war. The hospitals were filled with soldiers suffering from sickness and wounds, still needing surgical and medical treatment, nursing, and sick diet. The depositories of the Commission were bursting with supplies which would be wasted, if not served to the sick and convalescent soldiers for whom they were provided. So we remained on duty, our work growing less and less every day, the hospitals rapidly thinning out; for the happy fellows were eager to return to their homes, now that service to their country no longer required their absence. Their impatience often led them to undertake the journey before they were sufficiently strong, and as they were mustered out of the service, and were civilians, on reaching Chicago, they dropped into the care of the Commission, until they were able to proceed. Sometimes we accompanied a poor fellow to his journey's end, only to see him succumb to death in the presence of welcoming kindred and friends. We were mustered out of the service in October, 1865, the work being then about over.

Never was a nation more profoundly thankful for the return of peace than were the American people. They turned to the duties of quiet life with infinite gladness, and sought to forget the dark days of conflict through which they had toiled. The vast army of nearly a million of men resolved itself into its original elements,—and soldiers



Lucretia Mott

The first of these is the fact that the United States is a young nation, and that its history is a history of growth and development. The second is the fact that the United States is a nation of immigrants, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these immigrants. The third is the fact that the United States is a nation of free men, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these free men.

The fourth is the fact that the United States is a nation of law, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these laws. The fifth is the fact that the United States is a nation of progress, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these progress.

The sixth is the fact that the United States is a nation of peace, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these peace. The seventh is the fact that the United States is a nation of justice, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these justice. The eighth is the fact that the United States is a nation of freedom, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these freedom. The ninth is the fact that the United States is a nation of equality, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these equality. The tenth is the fact that the United States is a nation of unity, and that its history is a history of the struggle for the rights of these unity.

again became civilians, members of homes and components of families. Peace had returned, such as mothers prayed for, when they kissed their sons "good-bye" with quivering lips, and sent them to battle,—peace, such as the brave men who had thrown themselves into the conflict had fought for, and believed in,—the nation was saved, and slavery abolished. The people have not forgotten those who died that the nation might live, and the numerous State and National Soldiers' Homes tenderly care for those who were disabled in the struggle, and are indigent and homeless.

The war over, I resumed the former tenor of my life, and again took up the literary and philanthropic work which I had temporarily relinquished.

The Woman Suffrage movement which had been inaugurated by Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, some dozen years before the war, had been suspended during the struggle, when the nation's life trembled in the balance. With the return of peace it was resuscitated, and I became identified with it. I had kept the columns of my husband's paper ablaze with demands for the opening to women of colleges and professional schools; for the repeal of unjust laws that blocked their progress; and for the enlargement of their industrial opportunities, that they might become self-supporting. But I believed that all these things could be accomplished without giving them the ballot. During the war, and as the result of my own observations, I became aware that a large portion of the nation's work was badly done, or not done at all, because woman was not recognized as a factor in the political world. In the work of public school education, and municipal government,—in the struggle with the liquor traffic, and with organized social impurity,—in the protracted duel between labor and capital, and in the imperative demand for a

higher standard of business honesty,—in the work of charity and correction, and in the care of the dependent, defective, and delinquent classes, men and women should stand shoulder to shoulder, equals before the law; and until this is attained, the highest success in these departments of work and reform can never be accomplished.

I saw how women are degraded by disfranchisement, and, in the eyes of men, are lowered to the level of the pauper, the convict, the idiot, and the lunatic, and are put in the same category with them, and with their own infant children. Under a republican form of government, the possession of the ballot by woman can alone make her the legal equal of man, and without this legal equality, she is robbed of her natural rights. She is not allowed equal ownership in her minor children with her husband, has no choice of domicile, and is herself the legal property of her husband, who controls her earnings and her children;—her only compensation being such board and clothing as he chooses to bestow on her. “Women of England!” thundered Canon Kingsley, when English women were struggling for equal ownership of their own children with their husbands, and for property rights, “You must first secure legal equality with men, and then shall you have social equity!” The good men of the nation, just, large-minded, and fair, are better than the laws that are made for women, and they protect the women of their households from the legal injustice and severity that ruin the lives of many, and break the hearts of more. Laws are not especially made for the protection of those who are safe in the anchorage of manly respect and affection, but for the weak and defenceless, those who are wronged and outraged, and who are placed at the mercy of the semi-civilized and conscienceless human beings who still infest society. “I go for all sharing the

privileges of the government," said Abraham Lincoln, "who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."

I had been reared and had lived all my life among the best and noblest men; my estimate of men in general was a lofty one; and my faith in them was so strong, that I firmly believed it was only necessary to present to them the wrongs and injustice done to women, to obtain prompt and complete redress. A hundred times in those early and verdant days I said with the greatest confidence, "Men are in every way so excellent that you may be sure when we carry to them our grievances, they will hasten to do us justice; when we lay before them our need of enfranchisement, they will be prompt to confer on us the ballot; we have only to compel their attention, and our cause is won." Alas! experience has taught me a very different lesson. In the present composition of political and legislative bodies, no cause, whose claims are based *only* on eternal right and justice, need appeal to politicians, legislatures, or congresses, with expectations of success.

I began immediately to promulgate my Woman Suffrage views through the columns of my husband's paper, and also through the daily press of Chicago which was open to me. My first invitation to lecture on the subject of "Woman's Rights and Wrongs," came from a Baptist clergyman of the city, whose standing was of the highest, and who put his church at my service, and became in part my advertiser, for he wished to raise money from the lecture. The audience was large, filling the lofty auditorium completely, among whom were many men and women who, for years, had held the same views as those which I advocated, but had not expressed them.

At their suggestion, I soon arranged for a Suffrage Con-

vention to be held in Chicago, the first ever attempted in that city. The leading clergymen of Chicago participated in it, — men like Revs. Dr. Edward Beecher, Edward Eggleston, Dr. Hammond, Robert Collyer, and others equally well known. Several able lawyers, chief of whom was Judge James B. Bradwell, came to the platform, espoused the cause, and answered the objections of those who were timid, hesitating, or opposed. I had invited prominent advocates of the movement from various parts of the country to be present, — Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Dickinson, — and the convention proved a notable success. It was the first Woman Suffrage Convention I ever attended, — as the lecture which I delivered in the Baptist Church was the first Woman Suffrage lecture I ever heard. As far as I was concerned, I was a pioneer in the reform. Soon afterwards, the Illinois Woman Suffrage Association was organized, and I was elected its first president.

In January, 1869, at my own cost and risk, I established a woman suffrage paper, "The Agitator," which, from the start, espoused the temperance cause, as well as that of woman suffrage. I conducted the paper for a year, and with the help of my husband, who took charge of the business, made it a success, and lost no money. In January, 1870, the "Woman's Journal" of Boston was founded by Mrs. Lucy Stone, and a joint stock company was formed for its weekly publication. I was invited to merge my paper in this new and promising advocate of the suffrage reform, and to become its editor-in-chief. I accepted the invitation with much hesitation. For there were associated with me as "editorial contributors," Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Henry B. Blackwell, — so brilliant a coterie of men and women, as caused me to doubt my fitness for the editor-



ship, notwithstanding my large experience in newspaper work.

For two years I occupied this position, aided superbly by my husband, for my services were continually sought in the lecture field, and then I resigned all editorial work, and gave myself wholly to lecturing. In the meantime, Mr. Livermore had disposed of his paper in Chicago, with the entire publishing business, and returned to the East with our children. We made our home in Melrose, Massachusetts, where we have since resided.

Twenty-five years of the civilized life of to-day is a long period of time, for we measure life by accomplishment rather than years. "That life is long which answers life's great end." The life of the present age is illumined by knowledge, refined by art, literature, and music, stimulated by incentives to noble living, and glorified by hope, aspiration, and love. One year of civilized life measured by its quality counts for more, and is longer, than a hundred years among savage and barbarous peoples, and whoever has lived, — not vegetated, — through the last twenty-five years, has lived longer than Methuselah.

It has been my fortune, during this last quarter of a century, to occupy the position of a public lecturer on the Lyceum platform. It was not one of my seeking. I had no ambition for public life. With my pen, the care of my family, and my interest in the philanthropic organizations to which I gave devoted work, I was well content. But my acceptance of an active membership in the Sanitary Commission, carried me inevitably into methods of work different from any that I had before known. It was necessary for me to organize women into Soldiers' Aid Societies, — to induct them into ways and means of work which should meet the imperative needs of the hour, — to go to the front with

hospital nurses, and place them where they were needed, or accompany boat-loads of supplies, for the proper distribution of which I was responsible. I was obliged to narrate publicly my experiences and observations while engaged in this work, to quicken the activity of other workers, and stimulate the collection of hospital supplies. And when some great enterprise like a colossal Sanitary Fair was to be inaugurated, it was necessary to arouse the enthusiasm of the people, and mass the various forces into a solidarity. All this called for public speech ; I could not escape from it.

The public lecture courses of the country, then as now, always in quest of "novelties," came forward with their bids for service.

"Arrange in the form of a lecture your own varied experiences in the office, the camp, the hospital, and at the front ; deliver it in our course, and we will give the entire receipts of the evening to the Sanitary Commission."

The bribe was potent, and the task proposed not difficult, and before the close of the war, I was, in the parlance of the press, a "public lecturer." There was such eagerness to hear every detail concerning the war and the army, that I was forced into positions without my consent being asked or given, from which I should certainly have shrunk had there been time for a half hour's deliberation. If I hesitated from early prejudice against women orators, or from lack of preparation, a pressure was brought to bear upon me, and I was asked,—"Are you not willing to be a voice in the service of your country, after having seen battlefields where tens of thousands of men have given their lives to save it?" And I was obliged to surrender. I saw the quiet days of the past vanishing in the ever-receding distance like a lost paradise, but was comforted by the thought that when the war finally ended they would return. Peace came at last, but during

those days of hardship and struggle, the ordinary tenor of woman's life had changed. She had developed potencies and possibilities of whose existence she had not been aware, and which surprised her, as it did those who witnessed her marvelous achievements.

A movement for the higher education of women was inaugurated. Colleges, universities, and professional schools were opening their doors to women. Industries, trades, and remunerative vocations, which hitherto had ignored them, now invited their coöperation, and women were becoming self-supporting members of the community. Hard and unjust laws which had grievously hindered them were repealed, and others affording larger protection and opportunity were enacted. Great organizations of women for missionary work were formed, and managed solely by themselves. Women by the hundred thousand wheeled into line for temperance work. Women's clubs sprang into being, — clubs for social enjoyment and mutual instruction and help. Woman Suffrage Leagues multiplied. Everywhere there was a call for women to be up and doing, with voice and pen, with hand and head and heart.

I continued to receive invitations from the lecture courses of the country, flattering in tone and persuasive with promised compensation. James Redpath, chief of the Lyceum Bureau which bears his name, and of which he was the founder, was brainy to his finger tips, magnetic in speech and manner, and could concoct more schemes over night than half a dozen men could manage. He gave an impetus to the business of public lecturing, which lasted beyond his day, and is felt at the present time. Had it not been for Mr. Redpath, I should never have entered the lecture field at the close of the war. He arranged all details, and in the beginning made the way easy for me. Understanding the

popular taste as I did not, he suggested lecture topics, made engagements, and, altogether, was the most indefatigable of agents. My friends, and notably my husband, coöperated with him in this undertaking.

“It is preposterous,” said Mr. Livermore, “for you to continue baking and brewing, making and mending, sweeping, dusting, and laundering, when work of a better and higher order seeks you. By entering upon it, you can advance your views, make converts to the reforms with which you are identified, and openings for two or three women who can do this housework as well as you. You need not forsake your home, nor your family; only take occasional absences from them, returning fresher and more interesting because of your varied experiences.”

There was force in his manner of stating it, and the matter was settled.

Melrose,

April 12, 1897

My dear Mr. Cooke,

I will write Mr.

Ames, as you desire, and
urge your claims, (as to ability
and scholarship,) to be
appointed to the editorship
of the Christian Register. But
I have no expectation, however
you may be endorsed or urged
for the position, that you will
get it. Some one who is non-
committal, who has a quasi-
scientific style of writing and
talking, and who knows how

to keep religion out of a religious paper will be chosen.

Yrs. truly,
M. A. Livermore

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER THE WAR—MY PLATFORM CAREER—A LECTURE DELIVERED OVER EIGHT HUNDRED TIMES—THE COMI- CAL SIDE OF A LECTURER'S LIFE.

Intellectual Giants in those Days—Stern and Inspiring Times—The People at a White Heat of Intellectual Life—My First Lecture—The Life of a Lecturer—James Redpath's Lyceum Bureau—Brainy to the Tips of His Fingers—Erratic but Magnetic—The Prince of Managers—Beginning of my Platform Career—My Resolve to Work for Women during my Life—Do "Women who miss Marriage miss Everything?"—Titles of Lectures most frequently called for—Entertained in Private Homes—Faith in the Future of our Country—Kindly Lovers of our Race—When a Frolic is in Order and a Good Laugh comes in—A Bridegroom's Valise in Place of my own—"Oh, dry up!"—Some Amusing Experiences—Oliver Wendell Holmes' Fee of Two Dollars and a Half—"The Lecture warn't as funny as expected"—Billed as "Live Stock."

A HOST of vital but tempestuous questions were launched upon the country, demanding immediate consideration. The nation was still palpitating with the passion and agony of the fierce civil conflict. A million of men, North and South, had gone into death, or into an invalidism or mutilation which is worse than death. And through them, four or five times a million women and children had been plunged into widowhood and orphanage, —were grief-stricken and desolate,—to whom life could never again be the same that it was before the war. An army of a million soldiers who had been trained to waste, burn, destroy, ravage, and slaughter, and who had been practicing what they had been taught for three or four years, had been disbanded, and the men sent to their homes.

Would they resume their former law-obeying, law-abiding habits, and melt away into the peaceful haunts of industry? Ill-concealed anxiety on this subject was present everywhere.

The South was utterly impoverished, stripped, peeled, and ruined. It had lost everything for which it had flung down the gage of battle,—its importance in the national government,—its slaves,—its fortunes,—its cause,—and the very flower of its young men. Disappointed and defiant, it sat down in the ashes of its dead hopes, in despair. Four millions of black slaves had been flung out of the depths of an imbruting chattelism, and had become owners of themselves. Overweighted with the ignorance and hereditary vices of slavery; trained to have no thought for the morrow; without preparation for freedom or self-support; without leadership, industrial aid, or a dollar of capital; they were suddenly lifted to the level of self-supporting men and women, and told to take care of themselves.

A vast debt of thousands of millions of dollars had been incurred in defense of the nation. How was it to be paid? The currency of the country was depreciated, and specie had entirely disappeared from circulation. How was this to be remedied? Hundreds of thousands of the disbanded soldiers were physical wrecks, unfit for labor, and yet poor, without homes, or with families dependent upon them for support. What must be done for them? The great President, who had piloted the nation through the stormy sea of war into the haven of peace, and who would have been the leader in the work of reconstruction, had been ruthlessly assassinated. And the incapable and inconsequential man who succeeded to his great office proved a marplot, whose plans were so big with mischief, that constant surveillance was necessary in order to checkmate them.



Eng^d by G. E. Perine & C^o N. Y.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

But the people were not left without leaders. There were giants in those days. Secretaries Seward and Stanton, although in declining health, were able to render good service, as also were Sumner of Massachusetts, Fessenden of Maine, Chandler of Michigan, Ben. Wade and Josh. Giddings of Ohio, and the brainy, loyal brothers Washburne of Maine, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The great war governors of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana—Andrew, Curtin, and Morton—were on the alert, as of yore, for the honor and welfare of their country. Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan were in government service, as likewise, in some capacity, were Generals Meade, Hooker, Logan, Burnside, Thomas, Garfield, and others of equal worth. Horace Greeley was editor of the New York Tribune, Henry Ward Beecher was in the pulpit of Plymouth Church, Chief Justice Chase was on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and George William Curtis kept the pages of Harper's publication aglow with the demands of right, justice, and a high standard of political morality.

On the lecture platform, William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips discussed the questions of the hour, with remorseless moral logic and brilliant oratory. Thither Emerson carried to somewhat mystified audiences his wonderful philosophy of life, delivered mostly in aphorisms. Bayard Taylor led them "up the Rhine and over the Alps" with a knapsack, and later into prehistoric Egypt. Bishop Simpson brought the authority of religion, and the doctrines of the great church of which he was the head, to the illumination of problems to be solved. "Petroleum V. Nasby," with cutting irony and withering satire, exposed the fallacies of the enemies of union and freedom. While Anna Dickinson, the untrained Quaker girl, who had come to the front like a second Joan of Arc, saved state after state for the republican

party by her magnetic oratory, and made it possible for any woman who had anything to say, and knew how to say it, to follow her on the platform.

For a few years the nation was at a white heat of intellectual life and activity, and the questions which had arisen have been so rapidly settled, that future students of history will marvel as they read the story. The abolition of slavery by constitutional amendment, and the enfranchisement of the colored male population of voting age, ended the long sectional strife between the North and the South, and they were reunited, not as before, in loose confederation, but in the indissoluble bands of national coherence, firmly welded by four years of war, suffering, and immeasurable loss.

It was in these stern and inspiring times that I was called to the lecture platform. I never sought the place, for I realized my disadvantages. I was no longer young, and lacked grace and beauty, and in those days it was most heterodox to intimate that there was a ghost of a chance for a woman, if she lacked either of these over-prized charms. Moreover, I had never received an hour's training in elocution or voice culture, and had paid no attention to the study of oratory, having had no ambition in that direction. But I possessed magnificent health and vigor, was pre-eminent among women for a power of persistent, unflagging work that could hold sleep in abeyance until my task was completed, and could endure any amount of fatiguing labor or travel with only temporary disadvantage. I had always been a student and worker, so that I entered on the new life, without dropping out entirely from the old.

Neither school, college, nor university could have given me the education I have received in the lecture field. Generally, before the end of the season, the work for the next year has been planned, the lecture bureau and local commit-

tees aiding by suggestions, and expressions of preference with regard to subjects of lectures. The work of investigation and preparation has followed, and the days of reading and research in libraries, aided by most intelligent and courteous assistants, have been fruitful in varied and valuable information. The severer work in my own study, where I have put into systematic form the material collected, culling, pruning, consolidating, illustrating, and shaping, has always been a delight. The largest freedom of utterance on the lecture platform has been allowed me, a freedom I have sought not to abuse, and I have been careful not to intrude my own particular "hobbies" upon an audience, unless requested to "trot them out."

The subjects of my lectures have included a wide range of topics, — have been biographical, historical, political, religious, reformatory, and sociological. My first lecture in lyceum courses related to women. The great awakening of women, which is one of the phenomena of the closing nineteenth century, was just then making itself felt. I realized that it was the young women of the country, rather than those of middle age, who would be most largely benefited by it, and who most needed stimulating and instruction. They were our future; the civilization of the next half century would be shaped by them in a large measure, and they needed help as they stood on the threshold of womanhood.

The men and women who have reached the age of forty years and upwards, and who have lived good lives, in faithful and honorable activities, are likely to continue in that same line of well doing, and to be a power for good to the end. But if it has been otherwise, and they have passed the half-way house of life in ignorance, stupidity, and frivolity, without any high or earnest purpose in life, content to be the driftwood of society, and to be borne hither and yon as

its current may carry them, we can expect nothing better of them as they hasten on to the final goal. It is not easy to teach the adult of twenty-one the simple art of reading; and much more hopeless is the attempt to galvanize into life the atrophied mental and moral natures of mature men or women. I determined, if possible, to reach our young women, and entitled my first lecture, "What shall we do with our daughters?" I advocated the thorough physical training of our young girls; equal education—not necessarily the same—with young men in colleges and universities; that every girl should be equipped for the future of life with a trade, a profession, or a remunerative vocation, and that the doors of trades, paying employments, and suitable business should be open to them; that they should receive the most careful moral culture, and the wisest domestic training, as they are to be the wives and mothers of the future; and that they should be given an equal legal status with young men by the American government.

Feeling that I had "received a call" to this work, to quote the phrase of the clerical profession, I was constrained to speak more freely and fully than had been customary. This brought upon me some small unfavorable criticism in the beginning of my platform career. But I was so confident that I was right, that I received it without reply, giving it no attention whatever, and continued to say what I believed ought to be said. I have delivered this lecture over eight hundred times in twenty-five years, and in every part of the country from Maine to Santa Barbara. It has been published in book form, and even now is called for, on an average, a dozen times a year, and is yearly revised, and re-shaped to adapt it to the changing conditions and circumstances of women, in this latter half of the nineteenth century.

Following out a purpose to work for women, my next lecture was entitled, "Superfluous Women." It was suggested by Mr. Gregg's essays on "Redundant Women," as he calls those who are unmarried, and who exceed men in England in large numbers, as they do in sixteen of the United States, on the Atlantic sea-board and Gulf coast. In this lecture I maintained my opinion that marriage is not the *only* legitimate business of women, and that Dr. Maudsley is not right when he declares that "the women who miss marriage, miss everything." Before the mental vision of every one there arise hosts of women, who *in* marriage "have missed everything." What then? Dr. Maudsley does not tell us. All women do not marry, and cannot, and we are, for many reasons, entering an era when a large minority of our most gifted, scholarly, and useful women will decline marriage. My lecture was a plea that women should receive so complete a training, that, married or unmarried, they would have firmness and fibre, and be able to stand on their own feet, self-supporting, happy in themselves, and helpful to the world.

Another lecture was "The Women of the War," and then followed "The Women of the Revolution." I was requested to prepare a series of biographical lectures on distinguished women,— "Queen Elizabeth," "Maria Theresa of Hungary," "Madame Roland," "Madame de Stäel," "Ann Hazeltine Judson," and "Harriet Martineau." They were called for by schools and academies.

In the course of the next ten or twelve years, the whole country was seething with interest in the questions that relate to women. The doors of colleges and universities, professional and technical schools, that had been closed to them for ages, opened to them, and women were invited to pursue the same courses of study as their brothers, and were

graduated with the same diplomas. Trades, business, and remunerative vocations sought them; and even laws which feel the change in public opinion very slowly,—usually dragging a whole generation behind it,—even these were annually revised and amended, and yet failed to keep abreast of the advancing civilization. All these changes are prefatory and prophetic of the time, when, for women, law will be synonymous with justice, and when no opportunity for knowledge or development will be denied them on the score of sex.

I prepared and delivered other lectures suggested by the times, among which were: "A Dream of To-morrow"; "The Perils of the Republic"; "The New Aristocracy"; "Has the Night of Death no Morning?" "The Learned Women of Bologna"; "The Problems of the New West"; "The Battle of Money"; "The Battle of Life"; "Beyond the Sea"; "The Boy of To-day"; "Concerning Husbands," etc. My Sunday lecture work has been very extensive. Wherever the Sunday has found me, when on a lecture trip, usually some clergyman has offered me the use of his pulpit, or invited me to speak on some special topic. During the twenty-five years of my life on the platform, I have spoken once from somebody's pulpit, more than half the Sundays of the year. To meet this demand, I have prepared lectures adapted to the place and occasion, always unsectarian, and always ethical or religious: "The Highest Type of Manhood"; "Bearing One Another's Burdens"; "Shall we survive Death?" "The Christianity of Christ"; "Do thyself no Harm"; "Does Liquor Traffic Pay?" and others.

In the beginning of my lecture work, Mr. Redpath advised me to ignore the two vexed questions, Woman Suffrage and Temperance. "Let these subjects alone, and

never talk of them publicly; never lecture in courses that are run by women; allow us always to make your engagements and fix the compensation, and in twenty years you shall be a rich woman." I will not deny that I took time to consider his proposition, for I had known the want of money in the past. My decision was soon reached, for freedom is a necessity to me, and I have bought it with so large a price that I can never relinquish it. I have delivered temperance lectures whenever invited, attended Woman Suffrage conventions in all parts of the country, and have never declined to lecture in a "Woman's Course," if I was free from other engagements.

I cannot understand how one who makes lecturing a profession can fail of becoming optimistic. It is true one learns much more than is desirable concerning the evils of society, when itinerating through the country. But to offset this, in no other way can one so well understand the heavenly side of humanity, or comprehend the nobleness of our common nature. If a tender philanthropy has blossomed into an organization that is doing noble work;—if a free school has been formed for the incapable children of recently arrived emigrants, who cannot speak our language;—if a childless mother has adopted into her abundant home the desolate orphans whom death has kindly bereft of worthless parents;—or a generous man endowed a town with a public library and reading-room, which will prove a liberal education to children yet unborn, the lecturer is sure to be informed of the divine deed, and is likely also to be brought into personal contact with it.

A woman lecturer is more generally entertained in private homes than in hotels, unless she expresses a wish to the contrary. Here one learns faith in the future of the country. Not through exhibitions of splendid talents, or the narra-

tions of illustrious deeds, but by quietly observing how almost universal is the desire of the average father and mother, to train their children to a loftier standard than they have themselves attained; by noting the habitual self-control so necessary to usefulness, and the habitual self-denial, on which so many have been nourished and grown strong; by seeing how the children of the family are educated out of waywardness and animalism, into subordination to the law of right; by the gentle patience and forbearance of the mother, and the wise good-temper of the father, maintained even when reproof is administered. One's estimate of values changes with these observations, and, in time, one comes to rate brilliancy of talent and dazzling achievements a little lower than the meek and quiet virtues, which transform many homes into the highest ethical training-schools. One Niagara, with its thunderous waters, is enough for a continent; but that same continent needs tens of thousands of gentle streams, that shall fructify every meadow and farm.

My last quarter of a century of life, a good half of which has been spent on the lecture platform, has taught me that there is more good than evil in the world. Comparatively few deliberately choose the wrong, and persistently follow it from day to day, and the moral quality of an action always inheres in the motive. Passion and appetite hurry many into evil courses, whose better natures, in calmer moments, do not consent to their misdoing. And poverty on one hand, and wealth and luxury on the other, are alike responsible for sins differing in character and degree. We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it. We rarely speak of the rarer contagion of good which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Our country abounds in kindly lovers of the race, who

think profoundly on the great questions now surging to the front, that concern the bettering of the world. I have met them here and there in my journeyings, and listened spell-bound to their plans and prophecies, till I too "have seen distant gates of Eden gleam." Shall not the dream of the ages be realized? It was the belief in "a good time coming" that inspired Plato's divine "Republic,"—that planned Sir Thomas More's "Utopia,"—that suggested the "Arcadia" of Sir Philp Sydney,—that stimulated Harrington to sing his "Oceana,"—that stirred Fourier to plan his blundering labor paradise,—that led Jesus and the apostles to foretell the new heaven and the new earth. Shall this hope which humanity has carried in its heart like a heavenly seed through the ages never come to fruitage?

But is there no "fun" in the life of a lecturer? Is there never a time when a frolic is in order, and a good laugh comes in? Assuredly, and it comes at unexpected times, and from unlooked-for sources. Vexed though I was at first, I laughed heartily afterwards, when, on one occasion, I opened my valise, to take therefrom the orthodox black silk gown which I was to wear in the evening, and found it missing. In its place, I beheld with dismay, the wedding garments of a stalwart bridegroom, who was to have arrayed himself for his wedding that night, in white satin vest and necktie, white kid gloves, delicate hosiery, and patent leather shoes of the latest fashion. A careless porter at the hotel had misplaced the checks on our not dissimilar valises. I began to feel the importance of revising my facial expression, when a woman who sat opposite me on a train, and had stared me out of countenance for an hour, informed me in a confidential whisper, that she "recognized me as a trance medium the moment I stepped into the car, for I had the expression of one."

One evening I was presented to my audience by a young lawyer, whose dead mother had been one of my girl friends, and who evidently desired to make the occasion as pleasant as possible for me. He had personally attended to the



I AM TAKEN FOR A TRANCE MEDIUM.

decoration of the platform, which was bright and fragrant with flowers. This was his introduction :

“Ladies and gentlemen: I have great pleasure in presenting to you this evening, a lady of whom you have read and heard for forty years. During that time she has written and lectured extensively under the *nom de plume* of Lucy Stone. To-night I present her by her true name, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.”

I had great difficulty in persuading the young fellow that I knew who I was better than he did. When finally convinced that Lucy Stone was the real name of a very much alive woman, I think he was somewhat appalled to find there were two of us.

On another occasion, I delivered the opening lecture of the first course ever arranged in a small city of Western



Robert Calleyer



Robert Calley



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

New York. The chairman of the lecture committee who was to introduce me, was somewhat bumptious in manner and speech, and I was informed that he had a "talent for oratory." As he proceeded in his presentation speech, I became interested, for he gave the audience my biography, — a romantic narration, but unfortunately not a word of it was true. According to his story, I was born in Chicago at a time "when wolves howled about the cabin," and "Indians screeched in chorus." He had talked for nearly twenty minutes, when suddenly, from the midst of the densely packed house, some one called out in a tone of intense disgust, "Oh, dry up!" For a time it seemed as if no lecture would be given that night. The whole affair was so ludicrous, that it was difficult for us to subside into decorous gravity.

The very next week Robert Collyer gave me a "send off" before a Western audience in this sententious fashion:

"Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who will talk to you this evening, was born in Boston, and is so proud of it that she has ever since refused to be born again."

I remember an evening passed with Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields, in their home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in Massachusetts. Somehow the conversation turned on the experiences of lecturers, and several amusing "yarns" were told, all vouched for as authentic. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared that he had received the smallest fee ever paid a lecturer. He was promised five dollars, but was paid only half that amount. In explanation of the reduction of the fee the comment was thrown in, that "the lecture warn't as funny as folks expected." Charles Sumner had been sued in Iowa by a lecture committee for five hundred dollars, the amount of damages due them. Overtaken en route by an attack of illness, he had failed to meet his lecture engage-

ment, and they demanded "damages" or another date, which he could not give them.

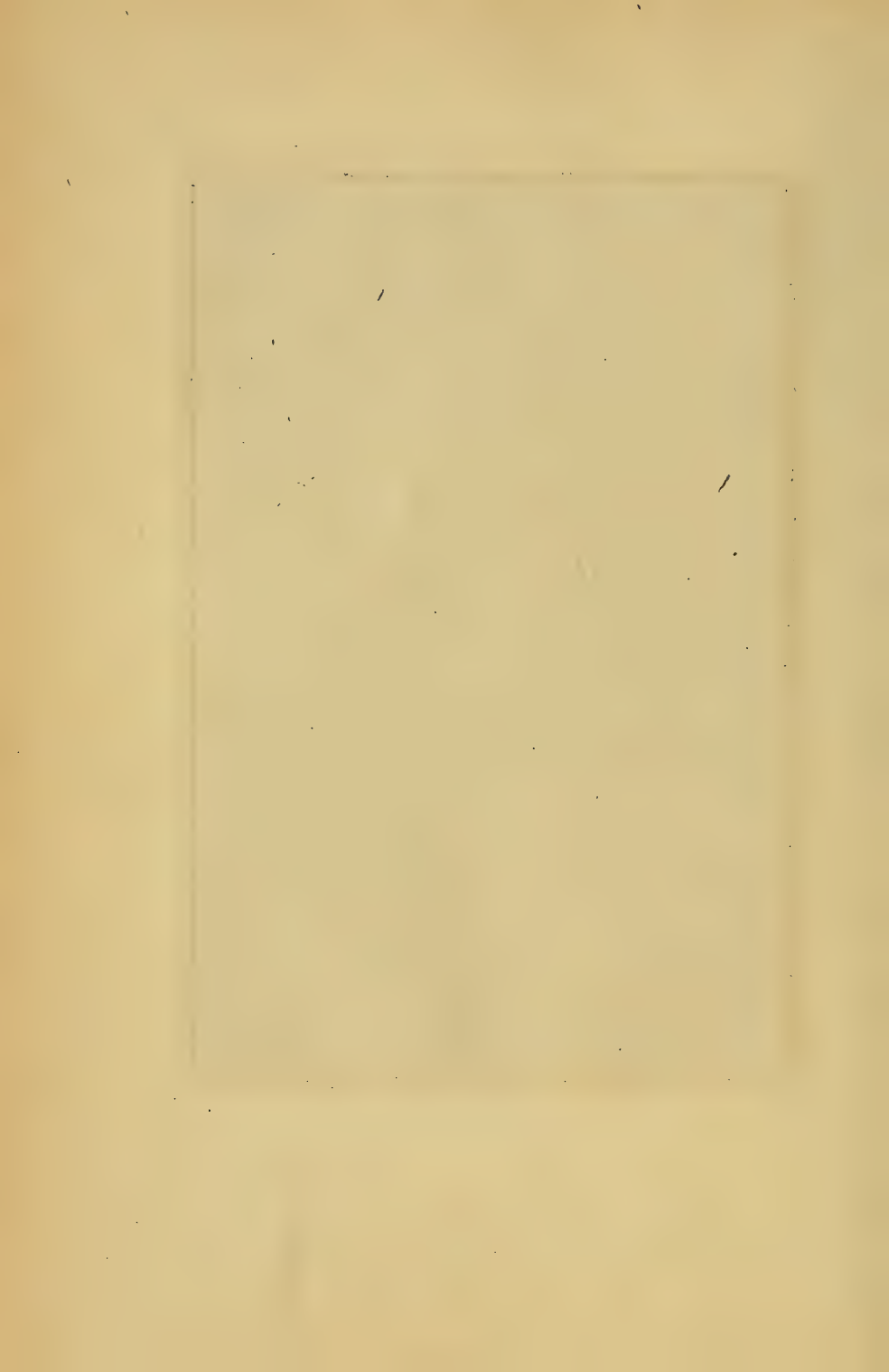
Wendell Phillips had reached his destination, but found the lecture committee unable to decide which of two of his lectures to choose for the evening. "Perhaps I had better deliver them both," said Mr. Phillips pleasantly. On reaching the lecture hall, he was gravely informed by the committee that "they had decided to take his advice and hear both lectures. They would arrange for a half hour's intermission between them, when the audience would be glad to meet him socially, and shake hands with him." "All of which," said Mr. Phillips, "came off according to programme, but I am sorry to say they paid me but one fee."

I was on my way to fill an engagement at Big Rapids, Michigan, when the engine broke down, and we stopped twenty-five miles from the town for repairs. I telegraphed the committee that it would be impossible for me to reach Big Rapids before nine o'clock that evening. After asking another date for the engagement, which I was unable to give, they directed me to come on with the train. We reached Big Rapids at half past ten. A lad on horseback was waiting at the station, and galloped to the hall to stop the "promenade concert," with which the audience was beguiling the time until my arrival. A carriage, containing the committee and the lecturer, followed after. My lecture began at eleven o'clock, and we left the hall at midnight.

Unity Club in Cincinnati has maintained a most successful course of Sunday afternoon lectures for nearly twenty years. On one occasion, when I had an engagement in this course, my agent arranged for a lecture on the Saturday evening previous, to be given in a large town some fifty miles from Cincinnati. There was but one train by which I could reach Cincinnati on Sunday, and that passed through



WENDELL PHILLIPS



the town at five o'clock in the morning. It was so important a matter that I would run no risk, and made my own arrangements with the proprietor of the best livery stable in the town, who agreed to call for me and drive me to the station in season for this early train. I was informed by the committee that I need give no further thought to the matter, as the man was known to be perfectly reliable, and



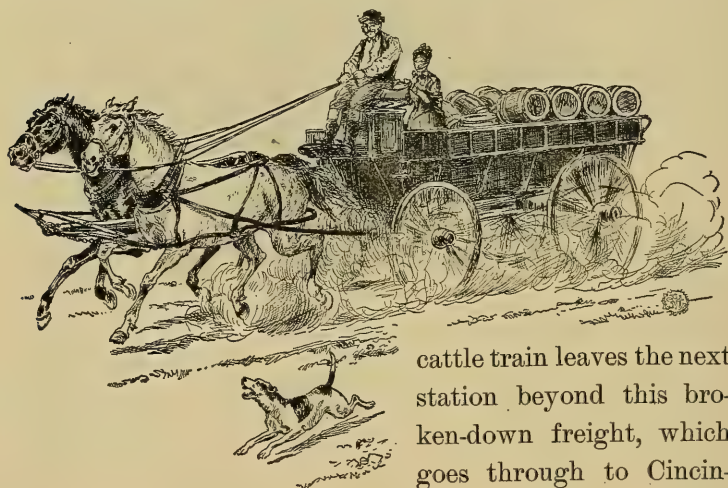
IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB.

Keeping a lecture engagement under difficulties.

had never failed to keep an engagement. "Give yourself no anxiety, Madam," were the parting words of the stable proprietor; "if I am alive to-morrow morning, I shall call for you promptly."

It is fair to assume that the man died suddenly during the night, for I never saw him after this interview. I waited on the piazza of my friend's house, "gripsack" in hand, and trunk by my side,—and heard the morning train

whistle into town and whistle out again, and I was left. As soon as the telegraph offices were open, I notified the Cincinnati committee of the *contretemps* that had befallen me. No one could be found on so short notice to take my place, and the committee proposed to send an engine for me, if I were willing to ride in the engineer's cab. This was the best arrangement that could be made, for it was Sunday. I had traveled on a locomotive before in emergencies, and so at one o'clock, dressed for the lecture, and wrapped from head to foot as a protection from dust and cinders, I started with the engineer. We spun along merrily until within sixteen miles of our destination, and then we came upon a derailed freight train. We could go no farther. Consulting various time tables that hung in the cab, the engineer's face suddenly brightened. "In seven minutes," said he, "a fast



MY RIDE IN A BEER WAGON.

There was no seat for me, so I stood behind the driver.

cattle train leaves the next station beyond this broken-down freight, which goes through to Cincinnati without stopping. We must catch that train, Madam."

He assisted me to alight, and then to mount into a beer wagon which some one had hitched to a post, climbed in

himself, and drove rapidly. There was no seat for me, so I stood behind the driver and steadied myself with my hands on his shoulders, not a little concerned about my feet, over which the empty beer kegs in the bottom of the wagon were in danger of rolling. Just as the conductor of the cattle train was giving the signal to start, we reached the station, and I asked him for passage to Cincinnati. Producing his



I AM BILLED AS "LIVE STOCK."

printed instructions, which forbade him to carry any freight but "live stock," or any passengers but the drovers of the animals, the conductor refused my request, saying:

"You see that I cannot take you, Madam; you will have to wait for another train."

"If I am not 'live stock,' will you please tell me what I am?" I queried impatiently and in dismay.

There was a laugh, a hurried parley between the two men, and then the conductor of the cattle train decided to transport me to Cincinnati, if I would go as "live stock." I was weighed as "live stock," billed as "live stock,"—but put into the caboose, not into the cattle car,—and when I reached my destination, my bill was made out according to my weight avoirdupois, and I did what my four-footed traveling companions never do,—I paid my bill, and took a receipt for it. It was a hard, weary afternoon's work, but I kept my engagement, and was enthusiastically welcomed by the audience that had waited for me an hour and a half, in a packed and crowded Opera House.

CHAPTER XXX.

KEEPING LECTURE ENGAGEMENTS UNDER DIFFICULTIES — THE VICTIM OF A PRACTICAL JOKE — NARROW ESCAPES FROM ACCIDENTS — PLATFORM EXPERIENCES.

How I Kept my Lecture Engagements — Traveling by Special Train — My Earnest Efforts not to Disappoint an Audience — A Company of Young Men take Possession of my Wearing Apparel — Having a Gay Time — Taken by Surprise — An Intoxicated Auditor — “Shut Up” and “Keep Still” — A Wag in the Gallery — “Ben Butler!” — Some Narrow Escapes — Collision of Passenger Trains — Falling through Bridges — My Experience on a Missouri Ferryboat — The Hoarse Cry of a Dozen Voices — “Fire! Fire! Fire!” — A Weird Experience — Our First Trip to Europe — Why Americans go Beyond the Sea — Experiences of an Ocean Voyage — A Storm at Sea — The Steward who knew “Nothin’ ’bout the Storm” — “’T was the Cap’n’s Business” — On the Threshold of the Old World.

ON another occasion I had an engagement at Lansing, Michigan. We were two hours late when we reached Jackson, Michigan, and failed to make connection with the train to Lansing. I have always been very punctilious in keeping my engagements, and doubt whether any lecturer has disappointed audiences less frequently than myself. Desiring to reach Lansing if it could be done, I sought the Division Superintendent of the road, and bargained for a special train to Lansing, for which I was to pay almost the entire amount of the lecture fee promised me. I telegraphed the lecture committee the cause of my detention, and that they might expect me twenty minutes behind time. I had lectured in that course three years in succession, and was quite certain of the patience and good nature of the audience.

On my arrival, I was conducted to a large parlor adjoining the lecture room, handsome in its appointments, and evidently the headquarters of a society or club. Here I hurriedly changed my dress, leaving my traveling suit, bonnet, cloak, and other discarded articles of apparel on chairs and sofas, in a very helter-skelter-fashion. My large valise wide open on the floor, revealed its contents at a glance, which were of a miscellaneous character, an abbreviated hoopskirt with a bustle attachment, such as was worn at that time, being among them. There was no time for an orderly arrangement of my belongings, and I supposed the apartment was at my service until after the lecture.

I was detained in the lecture hall at the close some ten or fifteen minutes, by old friends, and when I returned to the parlor to pack my valise, I found a company of young men in possession, not only of the room, but of my goods and chattels. It was their club room, and its occupancy had been given me without their knowledge, their consent to my use of it being taken for granted. They were having a gay time, and the hall resounded with their badinage and shouts of laughter. One of them, with his hat on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, was attired in my hoopskirt, and was strutting about with a great pretence of being hampered by it. Another had donned my traveling dress, and was caricaturing a woman's way of managing skirts. A third had dressed himself in my bonnet, which he had put on hind side before, and then tied on with my veil to keep it on his head, and was marching about the room wrapped in my long winter cloak. Others were rumaging my valise, in quest of something for their transformation or adornment, while a few were protesting against the performance. To say that they were surprised at my appearance is to state the situation feebly. Never was a company of young



AN AWKWARD MISTAKE—A COMPANY OF YOUNG MEN IN POSSESSION OF MY ROOM AND BELONGINGS.

To say that they were surprised at my appearance is to state the situation feebly. They were having a gay time. One of them with his hat on one side, and a cigar in his mouth, was attired in my hoopskirt. Another had donned my traveling dress. A third had dressed himself in my bonnet, which he had put on hind side before, and others were rummaging my valise.

people so abashed as they. They tried to escape from the room, but their unaccustomed garments impeded their progress. Nor could they easily remove them. They had fastened themselves into my clothes, but they could not get out of them without my assistance, and I was obliged to unbuckle, unhook, untie, and unbutton the "feminine attire," into which they had intruded.

On still another occasion when I had missed my connections, I was obliged to take a special train from Springfield, Ohio, to fill an engagement on the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railroad. The train was made up of a locomotive, tender, and one short car for the accommodation of the conductor and myself. The former was a most genial, elderly man, whom I had known at the East, as a conductor, almost fatherly in his aspect and demeanor, but at the same time bubbling over with fun, and greatly addicted to practical jokes. We passed through several large towns and inland cities on the way, when the train "slowed up" as a precautionary measure, for it was running out of time, and was only expected by the officials at the stations. As we approached one of these towns, the conductor said to me :

"I wish you would look out the window as we go through this next town, and observe the curiosity on the faces of these people. They know that something unusual is taking this short train over the road at this hour, and they are dying of curiosity to know what it is. Just observe them !"

The car was without fixed seats, and contained only chairs, one of which the conductor placed near the window so that I could study the faces upturned to the passing train.

"I must run to the door," he said, "to see that every-

thing is right; you may be sure these people will want to know what's up."

The faces of the crowd did indeed express curiosity. All eyes were fastened upon the windows of the car as the train maintained its slow progress through the streets; the people ran along by its side and kept up with it, as if they expected something was to happen. I learned afterwards that the waggish conductor, as he stood on the steps of the platform, informed the people that he had on board the train the wife of General Grant, then an object of intense public interest, and was taking her to Toledo to meet her husband.

I was one of the speakers at a temperance mass meeting held in the Opera House at Taunton, Massachusetts. Some matter of local interest had caused great excitement, and the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. In my address, I made the statement that the habitual use of intoxicating drinks robs men of their intelligence, stunts their mentality, and deprives them of will power and moral force. And I backed up my assertion by illustrations.

"You are all aware," I said, "that a man lies in Charles Street Jail, in Boston, soon to be executed for murder. Before the sentence of death was passed upon him, the Judge asked him if he had anything to say before his doom was pronounced. Rising slowly to his feet, he said: 'Your Honor, I have listened attentively while my trial has been in progress, and I am compelled to say that I think I have had a fair trial, and that the crime of murder has been conclusively proved against me. But, Your Honor,' continued the wretched man, 'I have this to say, solemnly, in the presence of God, before whom I shall shortly appear: I have no more knowledge of going to East Boston and murdering Mrs. Bingham in her cellar than an unborn child. From the moment I left my home at the North End, till I awoke in

Charles Street jail, a period of two weeks, during which the murder was committed, all is a blank to me. I was drinking heavily at the time.’”

A tall, fine looking man, handsomely dressed, but grossly intoxicated, rose in the audience, some half-dozen seats from the platform, and steadying himself by holding to the chair in front of him, cried out in stentorian tones:

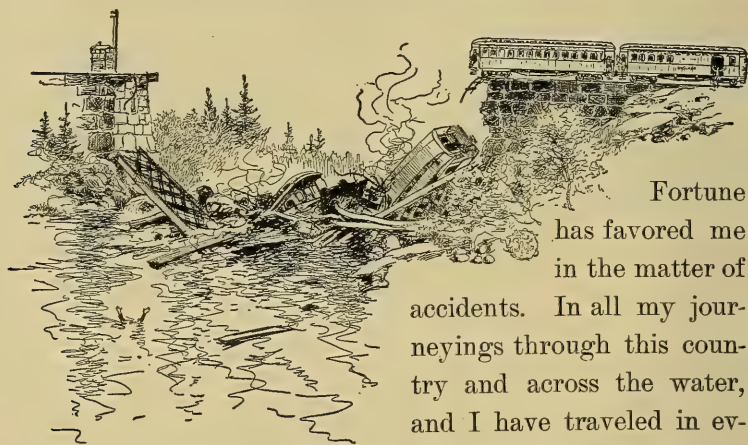


AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION.

“Mis’ speaker, I demand er name er wretched man.”

“Mis’ Speaker, gi’ us er name er wretched man!” He was immediately pulled down into his seat by the men sitting around him, and I proceeded. A second time he struggled to his feet, and called out louder than before: “Mis’ Speaker, I demand er name er wretched man!” A second time he was pulled down, and exhorted from all parts of the house to “Shut up!” and “Keep still!” with an accompaniment of hisses, and ejaculations of disapprobation. I resumed my address, but the moment the man was released from the imprisoning clutch of his neighbors, he was again on his feet with a more imperative demand: “Mis’ Speaker, yer shan’t perceed t’ll yer gi’ us er name er wretched man!”

I was about to comply, for the sake of order, and half a dozen men sprang from their seats to remove him from the hall. But all proceedings were halted, and the drunken fellow quieted, by a wag in the remote part of the gallery, who shouted in a clear ringing tone, "Ben Butler!" The press and the politicians were very busy with Butler at that time, and it was quite the fashion for them to charge him with every conceivable misdoing. After the laughter had subsided, my tipsy interlocutor again rose, and bowing to me with drunken gravity, said, "Mis' Speaker, I'm sas'fied!" At which there was another burst of laughter.



ON THE VERGE OF DESTRUCTION.

We were saved before we knew our danger.

Fortune has favored me in the matter of accidents. In all my journeyings through this country and across the water, and I have traveled in every state of the Union but two, and in every territory but two, no harm has befallen me. I have been on trains that have collided, where my fellow travelers have met death and frightful injury; but I have been unharmed. The locomotive and forward cars of a train on which I was traveling went through a bridge, drowning some and maiming others. But the car in which I was riding was checked, and held by the brakeman, on the very verge of destruction, and we were saved before we knew of our danger. The side of

the car where I had been quietly sitting for two hours was torn entirely out by collision with empty, derailed freight cars at one time, as we were entering Canandaigua, New York. Again I escaped injury, while every other passenger on that side was more or less cut or bruised. Not three seconds before the collision, I sprang from the seat where I was dozing and reclining against the window, for an unaccountable feeling of fear seized me, for which there was no visible reason, and the accident found me unharmed, standing in the aisle.

I was snowed up on a train in Iowa for thirty-six hours, when the weather had dropped to thirty degrees below zero, but suffered only temporary inconvenience. Food was brought us by farmers in the vicinity, who traveled on snow shoes, and fuel was supplied from the immediate locality of the train, the superintendent telegraphing the conductor to use the station house for fuel if necessary.

Before the bridge was built that spans the Missouri river from Council Bluffs to Omaha, it was crossed by transfer boats, large or small, as the occasion demanded. I arrived at Council Bluffs, at one time, during a violent wind-storm, which had prevented boats from crossing for forty-eight hours. Crowds of passengers, on both sides the river, were impatiently importuning the transfer company to take them across. And as the throng increased with the arrival of every train, and the wind had lulled a little, it was decided to start one of the large transfer boats and cross if possible. Hardly had we put out from shore, when it became evident to those in charge that the crossing could not be made in so large a boat; so we put back for a smaller one, into which we were packed like sardines in a box. While making the change from the large to the small boat, we noticed that the crew of the small boat were so intoxicated as to be almost

helpless. Not expecting to be called on duty that day, they had given themselves to a general carouse.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were fairly started on our way. It was necessary to lengthen the journey, in order to go round a sand-bar, which the fearful gale of the past forty-eight hours had made very prominent, and we steamed up the river a mile. Before we had rounded the bar, or made half the distance across, the terrible cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" rang out over the boat. The wind was still blowing with great fury. I had taken my position near the door of the small cabin in which we were sheltered, and had kept it ajar for ventilation. Pushing it open, I saw, to my consternation, that the forward part of the boat was in flames, and that we were steaming in the very teeth of the wind. I looked out upon the river to measure my chances for life, should I be obliged to jump overboard. I saw that the current would bear me away from the boat and not draw me under. I found that I could easily lift the unpaneled door from its hinges, that it was neither large nor heavy, and I believed that I could jump with it into the water, retain my hold of it, and be borne to the shore by the current. I remembered the local proverb, "Whoever is drowned in the Missouri, is not only drowned, but buried." The great quantity of sediment, which is carried in the water of this river, soon fills the garments of the unfortunate who has fallen into the turbid stream, and weighs him down like lead.

Without delay I unfastened my clothing, so that I could shake it to the ground in an instant, and I unbuttoned my heavy boots. "I do not believe I shall be drowned, if I have to jump overboard," was my mental comment. All the planning was the work of an instant. I felt no fear, nor was I aware that I was making an effort to maintain my



A MEMORABLE EXPERIENCE — THE TERRIBLE CRY OF FIRE! FIRE! RANG OUT OVER THE BOAT.

Pushing the door open I saw to my consternation that the boat was in flames. I looked out upon the river to measure my chances for life, should I be obliged to jump overboard. I unfastened my clothing so that I could shake it to the deck in an instant, and I unbuttoned my heavy boots. All this planning was the work of an instant in the midst of the shrieking and fainting women, frightened children, and equally frightened men.



calmness and self-possession in the midst of the shrieking, fainting women, frightened children and equally frightened men. There were courageous men among us, who rushed out to the bow of the boat, seized the axes and hatchets from the hands of the drunken crew, and while they were singed and scorched, they hewed away the burning timbers, when others helped to extinguish the flames with water, and the danger of a terrible catastrophe was averted. I congratulated myself that I had not lost my presence of mind during the excitement, and was grateful for the superb health which gave me strong nerves and a calm temperament, that did not fail me in time of danger.

I reached Omaha in season to keep my lecture engagement, but lectured to a small audience, owing to the terrific storm of wind which even then had not subsided. The Opera House was lighted by an arrangement of gas jets just above the cornice, which the wind continually extinguished, so that it became necessary to turn off the gas except from the footlights. I lectured into total darkness, unable to see one of my audience, while I was visible to them. It was a weird experience, intensified by the roaring of the wind around the building.

I was obliged to return to Council Bluffs by the first boat the next morning, a trip which I could only think of with dread.

Just as I was dropping asleep after the fatigue and excitement of the day, I heard the cry of a dozen voices: "Fire! Fire! Fire!" I sprang to my feet, quivering in every muscle like a frightened animal and drenched with perspiration. But no fire was to be seen, the hotel was quiet, the wind had sobbed itself asleep, and hearing no repetition of the alarm either inside or outside the house, I went back to bed. A second time I was wakened in the

same way, only to find again that the alarm was false, and I began to wonder if my nerves were serving me a trick. Still a third and a fourth time was my sleep broken by the cry of "Fire!" and at last I understood that my nervous system had sustained a severe shock, although I had been able to hold myself in good control in time of danger.

There is no lack of variety, excitement, and interest in the life of a lecturer, and I have had my full share of its amusing and serious phases. But as I look back over the past, I like, best of all, to recall the noble people whom I have met,—the good fathers and mothers, and the beautiful homes, which are the centers of a nation's strength and a nation's honor. As the aggregate of these may be, so will a nation be. I like to remember that the number of good, unselfish men and women is everywhere increasing, and that they are exerting a right influence in every community. I rejoice in the vast material progress of the age, in the widening spread of popular instruction, and the advance in higher education. I rejoice, too, in the growing triumphs of art, literature, and science, and in what they promise for the future. I grow young again as I realize that a new day has dawned for women,—a day prophetic of good to men as well as women, since one sex cannot be uplifted without the other sharing in the gain. In observing the general upward trend of human life, signs of which are detected all about us, we can prophesy a larger, nobler, and finer civilization yet to come. It cannot ultimately fail, for are not these the signs of its coming, as the first faint streaks of light in the gray east portend the coming of the day?

Early in the spring of 1878, Mr. Livermore and I made our first trip to Europe. We had long contemplated a visit to the Old World, and had gradually prepared ourselves for it by a careful study of some of the world-famous works of

art, which we hoped to see, historic localities, eminent personages, and mountain scenery. We wished to travel by ourselves, and would not accompany even our friends on an excursion trip. We had definite aims and plans with which others might not sympathize, and so we would make this long-contemplated visit together.

To most Americans the realm of enchantment lies beyond the sea. We are happily remote from the traditions, prejudices, and usages of the Old World, and move with audacious rapidity to the solution of social problems that relate to universal civilization. This is probably the reason why Americans are driven across the ocean by an irresistible impulse. They are always welcome to the European localities which they frequent, as are heavily-fleeced sheep to the wool-buyer, or geese plethoric of down to the feather merchant, and for the same reason: they pluck well. Then, too, we are an offshoot of European races, and it is perfectly natural that we should wish to see the land of our ancestors, and look into the faces of our kindred beyond the sea. We know what energy, enterprise, smartness, and speed can accomplish; but standing in the midst of their exuberant results, we have an idea that patience, art, and genius have also accomplished much in the long ages that have gone, and we desire to see for ourselves.

Our nation and our government smack of yesterday, and are almost tiresome in their newness; and we desire to know something of those governments, the roots of which reach back into a prehistoric antiquity, and which rest on foundations that were laid thousands of years ago.

Foreign travel really begins with the first day at sea. For the ocean is an unknown locality, and the huge ship on which we embark and on which we are to live for a week or more, inhabited by eight or ten hundred human beings, is worth

exploring, and is from the first an object of intense interest. I never wearied of studying its conveniences and elaborate arrangements. The ocean itself seemed to me more grand and vast than I had ever imagined, although I was born and reared on its shores. It was a watery highway through which our steamer glided like a fish, at a speed of four or five hundred miles a day. I had started with something of terror at the thought of crossing the trackless ocean; but in less than twenty-four hours my fears were gone. And I laughed as I recalled Mark Twain's declaration, that it is "safer to live on a Cunard steamer than on shore, since people are dying all the time on shore, while no Cunarder has lost a passenger since the steamship company was organized."

The eternal vigilance that is the law of the ship impressed me greatly. All through the day I saw the captain on the bridge, the helmsman at the wheel, and I heard the constant piping of the boatswain's whistle calling the men to duty, to which they promptly responded. I plucked up courage to accompany my husband "down below," where, amid fire and smoke, heat, soot, and noise, a little army of men bestowed on the monster engines more than a mother's devotion, and could not be enticed from their duty for a moment, by the strongest temptation they know,—the promise of a dram. All through the dense fog I heard the incessant bellowing of the steam whistle, uttering its hoarse warning to the ships that might be in our pathway, and, through the night as through the day, alike in calm weather and tempest, I heard the ship's bells ring out the hour, and the response in sonorous tones of the night watchman, "All's well!"

In mid-ocean we were overtaken by a storm. At the call of the tempest, the rising and swelling expanse of green

water was transformed into a battle-field, where Titans struggled for mastery. Huge, black waves, crested with foam, careered wrathfully as far as eye could reach, and charged on the ship like a squadron of advancing cavalry. Tons of water were hurled over the lofty bulwarks, and the salt spray was dashed high over the smoke-stack. Giant waves smote the steamer fore and aft and on either side, until she reeled from the shock, and shuddered with a sickening throe from stem to stern. Then, after a moment, gathering new energy from the fiery heart beating within her, and throwing off the mountains of water, as a racehorse shakes the raindrops from his mane, she rushed again to the attack, wrestling with the watery squadrons, and riding triumphantly over them, never swerving from her course, and only partially abating her speed for forty-eight hours, when the sea acknowledged its mistress and abated its hostility. At her pier the vessel seemed colossal in size; but when wrestling with the awful storm, now climbing aloft to the summit of watery mountains, and now submerged in the depths of the sea, she seemed but an atom between her passengers and eternity.

I called to mind with wonder and reverence the early navigators, the great pioneers of the ocean, and was amazed that any one could choose the life of a sailor, and thrilled with an overwhelming sense of man's power and of his victory over nature. Just as we were becoming familiar with life on board ship, lo! the voyage was over, and we stood on the threshold of the Old World.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THROUGH EUROPE — THE CATACOMBS UNDERNEATH ROME
— NINE HUNDRED MILES OF SILENT UNDERGROUND
STREETS — SIX MILLION DEAD BURIED THERE.

The Road from Marseilles to Rome — The Museum of all the Ages —
A World in Itself — The Eternal City — Giving Ourselves up to
Sight-seeing — The Campagna that once Contained over Thirty
Towns and Cities — Peopled by over Three Million Inhabitants —
“Where Cæsar fell, slain by the Hands of Traitors” — “Hannibal
Encamped on Yonder Hills” — The Arena of the Colosseum —
Drenched with the Blood of Christians thrown to Wild Beasts —
Sixty Thousand Soldiers in St Peter's, and the Church not Crowded
— Fifteen Miles through the Grounds of the Vatican — The Vatican
Museum — The Sistine Chapel — The Catacombs — Where the Early
Christians Buried their Dead — The Resting-place of Six Million
Dead — Inscriptions on the Walls — A History of Conflict and Blood
— Besieged by Beggars — Pompeii — Buried by an Overflow of Ve-
suvius for Sixteen Centuries.

WE had planned for a visit of two months in Italy,
amid the classic antiquities of Rome, Florence,
Naples, Venice, and other world-renowned cities. Rome
was our first objective point, and thither we hastened, stop-
ping only at Marseilles by the way. Few public highways
combine in themselves such elements of natural beauty as
the road from Marseilles to Rome. The Mediterranean is
on one side, with its deep blue waters, the Apennines are to
the north, with united, wavy outline, and overhead is the
heavenliest azure sky. All the way a panoramic picture
entrances the vision, in which are mingled groves of orange
and lemon, groups of fantastic olive trees, clad in silvery
sage-green foliage, oriental palms, spreading fig trees, hedges
of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander,—all enhanced by a bril-

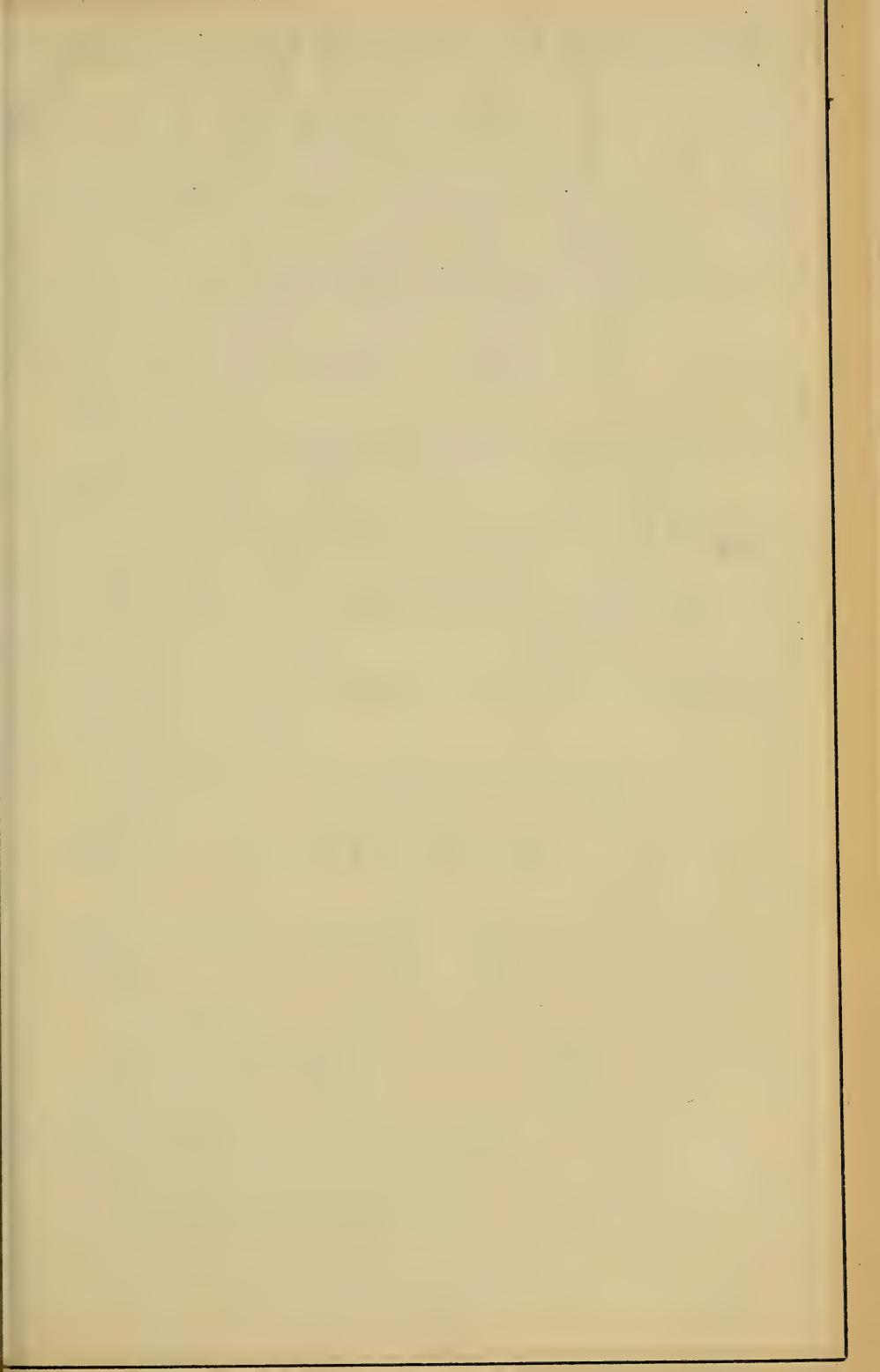
Melrose,

May 25, 1897.

My dear Mr. Flower,

I am very sorry
to disappoint you, but it
is impossible for me to send
you anything by June 1st.
We have a house full of
friends from Indianapolis,
who have come on to attend
the Unitarian, Free Religious
and Woman Suffrage meet-
ings, and who will not
return till the last of
next week. I am to speak





at several meetings, and
have an address to prepare
for Memorial Day, to be de-
livered at Andover. And
I am in poor health, working
at a great disadvantage,
needing rest and quiet, if
I have any thinking to do, and
unable this week to get it.

I am sorry to say that
I cannot help you this
week, but I do not see
how I can. W. H. Lums,
Lexington - Livermore

liant transparency of atmosphere, all blent together in soft gradations of tone.

Rome is the center of interest, because it is the center of European history. That is made up of two parts,—the first, narrating the conquest by Rome, of the old nations which she subjugated, and brought under her government; and secondly, the formation of the European nations of our own days, which were slowly constructed from the ruin of the Roman Empire. When the progenitors of the great Teutonic race, from which are descended the English, German, and American people, had conquered Rome, they settled within her dominions, and learned from the fallen mistress of the world, arts, laws, manners, language, and religion. Rome is the enthralling city of all Europe,—it is the museum of all the ages,—it is to-day a world in itself; for whatever has possessed greatness in the western world of the past, has left its traces in this city, in a crowd of monuments.

As we walked the streets of this fascinating city, we continually met monuments of a still older civilization, compared with which that of Rome seems modern. The Roman emperors brought as spoils from the nations they conquered, works of art, and monuments of antiquity that still adorn the city. And as we stood before the obelisk of the Lateran, the largest obelisk of the world, cut in red granite, in honor of the Pharaoh Thotmes IV, 1740 B.C., which once stood in front of the Temple of the Sun, in Thebes, Egypt, we realized that we were indeed in the presence of antiquity. As our stay in Rome was to be a matter of a few weeks only, we would not waste them in an unknowing and aimless wandering about the city, even with Bædeker's Guide Book as companion. We sought out the most notable guide of Rome, Flaviano Ciolfi, a gentle-

man and a scholar, an enthusiast in Roman art, literature, and history, a man born and reared in Rome, who spoke perfect English. We presented our letters of introduction to him from Americans whom he had served so satisfactorily as to awaken their gratitude, and arranged with him to show us what was most notable and best worth seeing, in the time at our command.

The best way to obtain a panoramic view of all that Rome was, when it was the theatre of mighty events, is to ascend the tower on the top of Capitol Hill. This hill is the highest point of Rome, and it was the hill of kings, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the Roman state, the birthplace of the most important events of Roman history. From Capitol Hill you are presented with an area more densely crowded with the footprints of history, than from any other point on the face of the earth. The Eternal City lies at your feet in the center of the vast plain called the Campagna,—a vast billowy plain, stretching far and wide, covered with grayish brown moss and coarse grass. In the early morning and evening, it is veiled with a semi-transparent mist, that lies in the hollows of the Campagna, and broods over the whole.

Once it contained over thirty towns and cities, say the authorities, which were inhabited by two or three million people, who saw, afar off, on one side, the rugged chain of the Apennines, and on the other an expanse of ocean, terminating their view. Here was room enough for the mighty Roman armies of the past, and space enough for their encampments. Over the Campagna, triumphant legions marched homeward, leading captive kings in their train,—savage beasts were borne from Africa which were dragged to the Colosseum, for the slaughter of Christians, that the appetite of Roman men and women for scenes of blood and

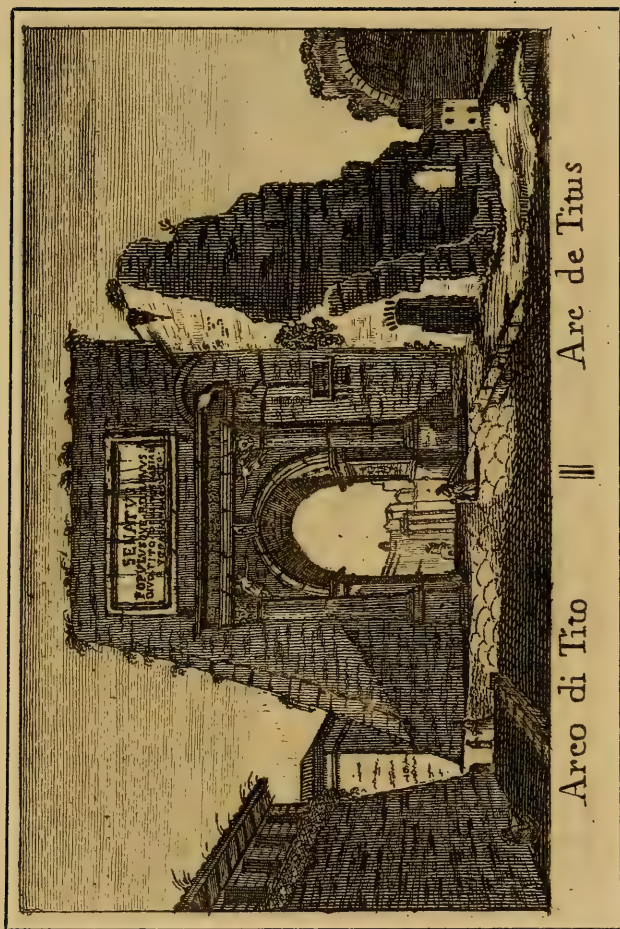
cruelty might be gratified — and ambassadors from Oriental princes hastened, eager to implore the favor of the Roman senate.

As you look down from your eyrie on Capitol Hill, at your very feet lie the sublime and melancholy ruins of the ancient city. In front is the Forum, where once crowds hung on the eloquence of Cicero, and where “great Cæsar” fell, slain by “the steel of traitors.” The remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter upbear themselves as perfect in architectural beauty, as when they first came from the hands of the sculptor, and the Arch of Septimius Severus still bears the inscription placed on it more than two thousand years ago. On the far-away hills Hannibal encamped with his Carthaginian army, burning with savage desire to destroy Rome. And through the distant gates of the city marched the invincible Roman legions that conquered the world. You can trace the Sacred Way, along which victorious generals marched in triumph. And the Appian Way, the “Queen of roads,” as the Romans called it, stretches before you, mile after mile, almost as perfect as when first completed, flanked on either side by ruined tombs and splendid mausoleums.

Under the guidance of Ciolfi, our admirable guide, who called for us punctually every morning, with horses, carriage, and driver of his own selection, we gave ourselves up to sight-seeing. We visited the Colosseum, the great Amphitheater, which, oval in form, covered six acres of ground, and accommodated comfortably one hundred thousand spectators. About one-third of the gigantic structure is still remaining, in good preservation, the remainder is in ruins. As the pyramids of Egypt were erected by captive Hebrews, who were the slaves of the Egyptians, so was the Colosseum built by captive Jews, brought to Rome by

the Emperor Titus, after he had conquered and destroyed Jerusalem. The amphitheater was dedicated to gladiatorial combats, naval contests, — when the arena was flooded with water, — to terrible warfare between wild animals, and to whatever was savage and murderous. For three centuries it was drenched with the blood of Christian martyrs, who were thrown to savage beasts, and yielded up their lives in unspeakable agony, rather than deny the religion of Christ. The passion of the Romans at this stage of their civilization, was for spectacular butchery, and no pastime was grateful to them, which did not reek of blood, and was not savage and merciless in its cruelty.

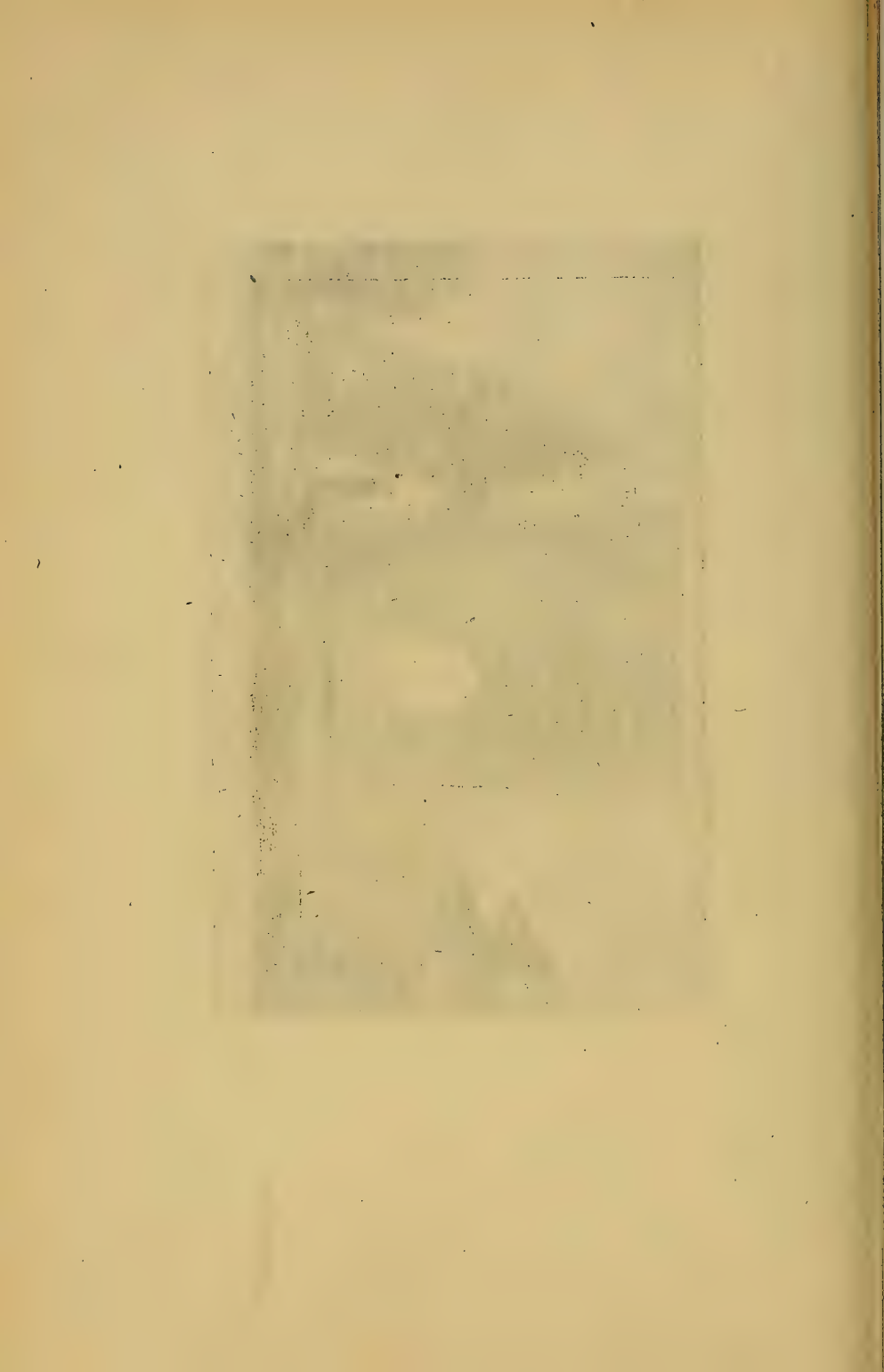
Little inferior in interest to the Colosseum, but less impressive architecturally, is the Arch of Titus, commemorating his triumph over the Jews. It consists of a single arch of Grecian marble of exquisite proportions, with fluted columns on either side. The frieze, which gives it special interest, represents almost perfectly in its marble sculptures the captive Jews, who walked as slaves in the triumphal procession, bearing the silver trumpets of the jubilee, the massive golden table of the shew-bread, and the golden candlestick with its seven branches, which to them was holy. From the day that Jerusalem was destroyed, and the Jews were brought captives to Rome, by the Emperor Titus, indescribable indignities have been heaped upon them by all civilized nations, until within the last half century. The Christian world has vied with the Pagan in its contempt for them, and its remorseless persecutions. We were told in Rome that no Jew would voluntarily pass under the Arch of Titus, which commemorates the destruction of his nation. The emperor is conspicuous in the frieze of the Arch, seated in a lofty chariot, and towering above the procession. But the Jews have decapitated the marble statue of Titus, for



Arco di Tito



Arco de Titus



every one has hurled a stone at its head when he has had opportunity, till the figure itself is nearly destroyed.

We studied the Roman Forum, with Ciolfi, till we gained a comprehension of it. It covered about four acres, and was not simply a place for orators. For here were located a court of justice, public exchange, public square, house of representatives, market place, and public assembly. It must have been a superb spectacle in its prime, with its beautiful temples, arches, and statues, the magnificent manifestations of Rome's power, luxury, and art. But the hand of time has been laid heavily upon it. Temples, arches, rostra, and columns have fallen, till but a few crumbling relics remain. Rome has been fought, besieged, stormed, plundered and sacked, again and again, for twelve hundred years, up to 1870, and has been made to drink to the dregs of the cup which she had often pressed to the lips of other cities. Immense accumulations of refuse and debris have, in consequence, buried ancient Rome under the modern city, fifteen, twenty, thirty, and forty feet deep. And the original site of the Roman Forum lies twenty feet under the soil of to-day.

We could not leave the Capitoline Hill and the Roman Forum without a visit to the historic dungeon, known as the Mamertine Prison. It consists of two chambers, one below the other, the real dungeon seeming to have been hollowed out of the eternal rock. It was formerly accessible only through a hole in the vaulted ceiling. For twenty-three centuries it has witnessed most terrible scenes of torture and suffering, and its stone floors have been wet with the blood of emperors, chieftains, senators, kings, and royal captives. It is affirmed that the Apostle Paul was immured in this dungeon, while awaiting execution by the order of Nero, and these pitiless walls undoubtedly resounded with his praise

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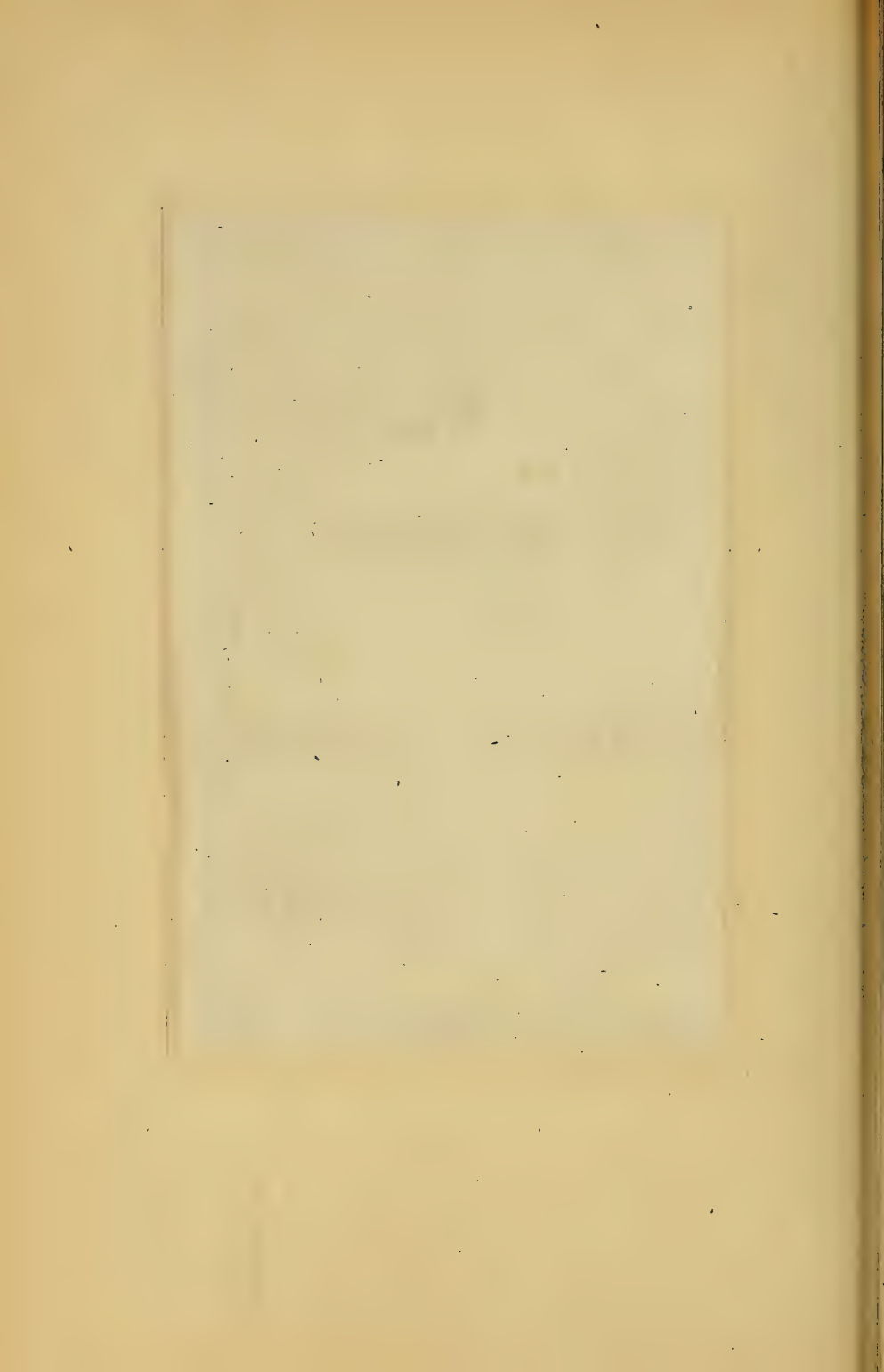
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Engraved by J. H. B. 1810.

Printed by J. W. M. Turner Esq. R.A.

THE TEMPLE OF SOLOMON

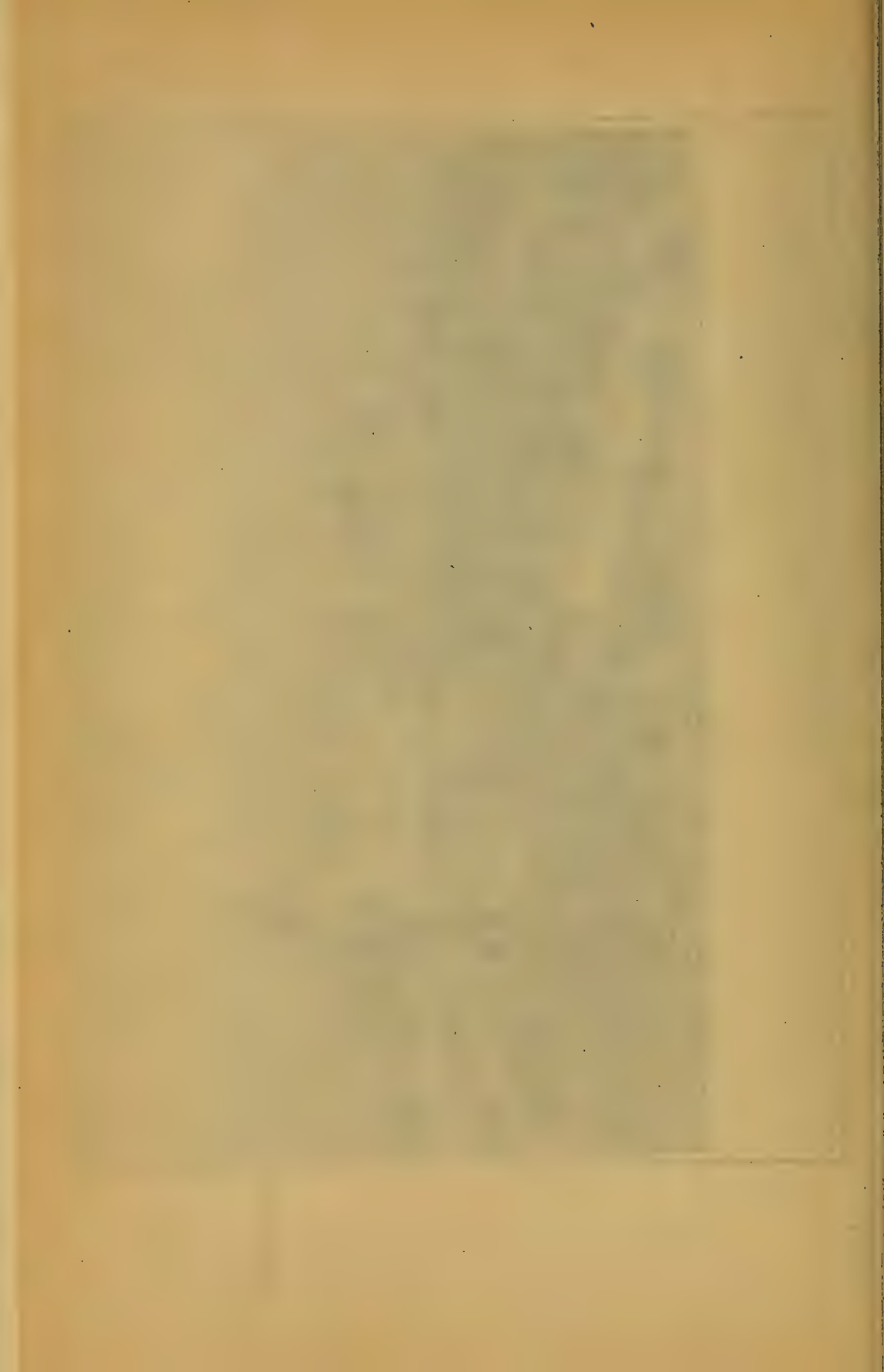






Engraving of the Roman Forum, Rome, A. H. Payne sc.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BROWN.



with which they are familiar; while to the traveler, who returns to the ancient city year after year, with never-waning delight and enthusiasm, it is never twice alike. Day after day we wandered among its underground ruins, its basilicas, churches, monuments, palaces, gardens, and galleries of art. These remain the great teachers of the world. For after our students of art have exhausted all modern instruction, they cross the sea, and sit down at the feet of the great artists of the past, and learn of them through their masterpieces.

We made repeated visits to St. Peter's, whose dimensions are simply stupendous. Rome was the center of pagan civilization, and the massive Colosseum, with its brutal record, best defines it. Rome was also the birth-place of the Christian civilization, and St. Peter's, with its harmonious and perfect proportions, is its best exponent. Almost every one is disappointed on first entering this magnificent temple, for it appears smaller than one has anticipated, and this is caused by its very perfection of form, and harmony of proportion. It is only by repeated visits that its vastness becomes apparent, and that one comprehends its grandeur, its perfect adjustment, and its faultless interior.

Distant people appear like children. The fluting of a column makes a niche large enough for a life-size statue. The cherubs that support a vessel of holy water, and which are seemingly infantile in dimensions, prove to be six feet tall, as you approach them. As you walk slowly up the long nave, empaneled with the richest marbles,—as through lofty arches you catch opening views of side-chapels, large as ordinary churches, and visions of wonderfully sculptured altars and tombs,—as the eye soars up into the magnificent dome with its resplendent decorations, you are

aware of a sense of satisfaction which you have no words to express. The unsurpassed and unequalled dome, made by Michael Angelo, rises three hundred and eight feet above the roof. It is surmounted by a copper ball that appears the size of a foot-ball from the ground, but it accommodates inside sixteen persons.

Ciolfi told us that Victor Emanuel, on his entrance into Rome, when he was made king of unified Italy, took sixty thousand of his soldiers into St. Peter's, and that twenty thousand more could have been easily accommodated. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, although he declared himself an eye-witness of the event.

The Vatican adjoins St. Peter's, and is the palace of the Pope and his residence. It is not only the most extensive palace in the world, but it is also a Museum of Antiquities, and contains a Library of priceless value. The antiquities in marble and bronze that have been exhumed from the soil of Rome fill numerous halls of the Vatican, while, undoubtedly, enough still remain buried in the earth, and in the bed of the river Tiber, to fill as many more. The Vatican is said to contain eight grand staircases, two hundred smaller ones, twenty courts, five thousand chambers, and eleven thousand halls, chapels, and private apartments. While the grounds of the Vatican are so extensive that one can ride or walk fifteen miles through them without crossing one's track.

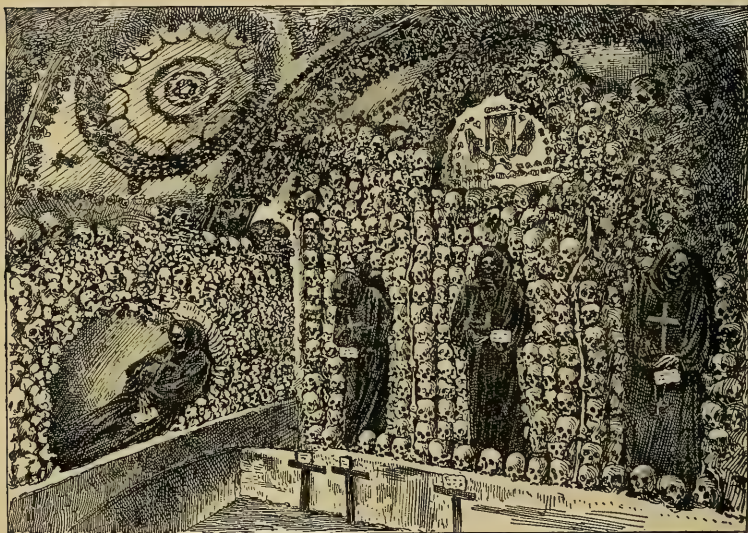
It is not possible to describe or see a hundredth part of the priceless collections in the Vatican museum. They are the grandest in the world. Among them are the Chambers of Raphael and the Sistine Chapel. The former are four or five dark, cold, gloomy rooms, some thirty feet square, the four sides of whose walls are covered by the works of Raphael, in fresco. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and

the western end of the church was painted in fresco by Michael Angelo. The central scenes of the ceiling represent the creation, in which appears the figure of Eve as she springs into being from the side of the recumbent Adam, and approaches her Creator with love and reverence. It is regarded as the most graceful and beautiful figure of woman ever painted. The same master genius upheaved the wonderful dome that crowns St. Peter's, and released from the imprisoning marble the marvelous statues of Night and Day, Morning and Evening, and the colossal figures of David and Moses.

The wondrous treasures of European museums are spoils from the ruins of Rome. In the museums of Naples, Florence, Munich, and Berlin, in the galleries of the Louvre at Paris,—in the British Museum at London,—in all European cities interested in art, you meet pictures and statues, which are reproductions of those found originally in Rome.

But of all the monuments relating to a prehistoric past, nothing interested me more than the Catacombs, to which we gave more time and study than to any other of the city's historic wonders. Concerning their construction and early history, nothing is known with certainty. It is, however, generally believed that these Catacombs, which are subterranean galleries, running underneath the city, and far out under the Campagna, were quarried by prehistoric inhabitants for building purposes. In the lack of building material, the early Romans excavated underneath the site of their future city, taking thence the abundant stone, which was soft and of volcanic formation. Like the streets and alleys of a city, these underground galleries continually intersect each other in endless entanglement and confusion. One is effectually and hopelessly lost, if he attempts to explore them without a guide.

On entering the Catacombs a lighted torch was given us, and carefully following the guide who led the way, we bent low under the arch of the chamber, and soon found ourselves in a black darkness, that was but dimly relieved by the single file of torches borne by ourselves, and the exploring party who accompanied us. Again and again, as we wound our way through the narrow, tortuous under-



TOMBS IN THE CATACOMBS MADE OF HUMAN SKULLS.

ground passages, turning to right, or to left, at almost every step, we lost sight of the foremost torches.

The sides of all the galleries are thickly perforated with tombs, which are oblong, horizontal niches, arranged like shelves, two, three, and sometimes six of them, one above another, from the floor to the roof, in which the dead bodies were laid and then sealed in. They remind one of the berths in a sleeping car,—or, to use the words of another, “they are the shelves of a vast library, where death has arranged his works.” They may well be termed vast, for

the most experienced archæologists have calculated the combined length of these underground galleries at upwards of nine hundred miles, and they assert that more than six millions of dead have been entombed in them. Here were the early Christians buried during the hot days of persecution, from the time of Christ's crucifixion to the conversion of Constantine, 300 A. D. Painted, or carved, on the outside of the tombs of a later period, one sees the palm branch, the symbol of conquest. Though they had been slain, they were conquerors. On the outside of other tombs is carved the dove and the olive-branch. The storms of life were over to those buried within, and they were at rest and in peace.

In course of time, one of the popes, who wished to signalize his reign by some wonderful deed, ordered the tombs of the Catacombs opened, in which the bodies of Christian martyrs had been buried, and Christian sepulture to be given their remains. Their re-interment in consecrated burial places was the occasion of a great pageant. During the term of the pope next in succession, the rude inscriptions which had been cut on the slabs that shut in the dead were removed, and are now to be seen in the great "Hall of Inscriptions" in the Vatican Museum. The most important and interesting of these have been collected, and arranged in a manner that shows the contrast between them and those taken from pagan sarcophagi and cinerary urns, which occupy the opposite wall of the hall. The floor of the "Hall of Inscriptions" is of tessellated marble, and the ceiling is covered with fine frescoes. The stained glass windows impart a religious solemnity to the lofty room, where, on opposite sides, the inscriptions are inserted in the walls as high, and as low, as one can read them. Those taken from the Catacombs are full of hope, charity, and love, and express firm faith in the resurrection. I transcribed a few of them:

"Weep not, dear husband and daughters, Petronia lives in God, and is buried in peace."

"My wife Albans, I grieve thy loss, for the divine Author gave thee to me as a sacred gift. Yet sleep in peace, for thou wilt arise, and temporary rest is granted thee."

"Here sleeps Gorgonius, friend of all, and enemy of none."

"Farewell, sweetest child! when thou shalt, in bliss, enter the Kingdom of Christ, forget not thy mother, and from son become guardian."

"Here Gordianus, Messenger from Gaul, with all his family, slain for the faith, rest in peace. Theophila, their servant, had this done."

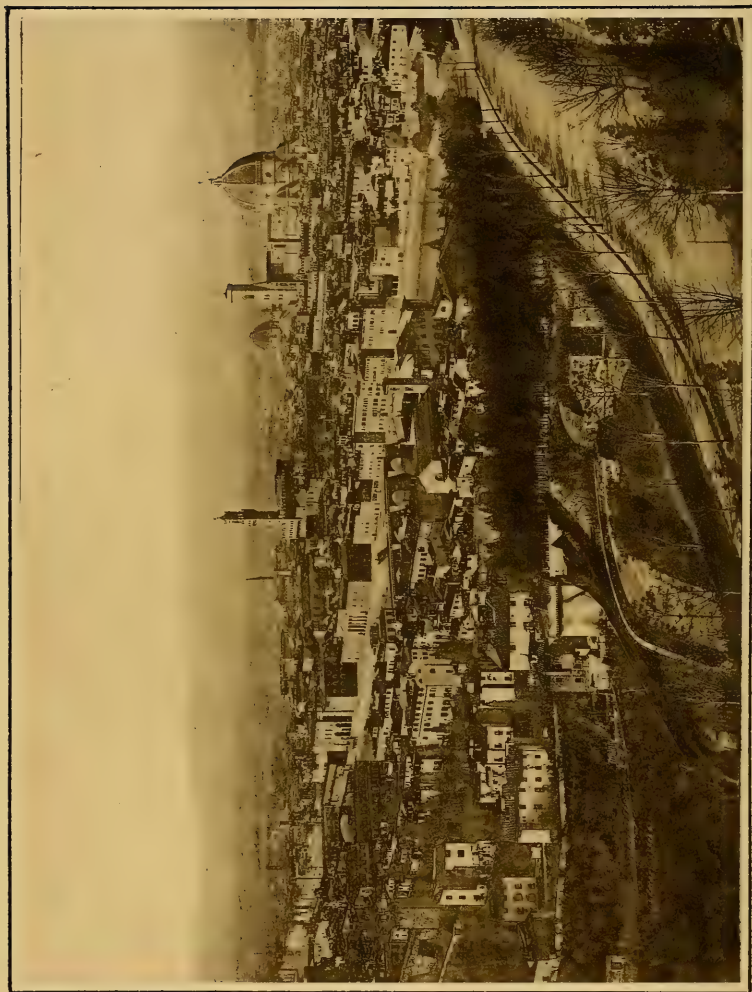
The pagan inscriptions express only grief and dismay,—neither hope, nor a belief in immortality. They present a strange contrast to those of the Christian dead.

"Marius has been snatched away from light and life."

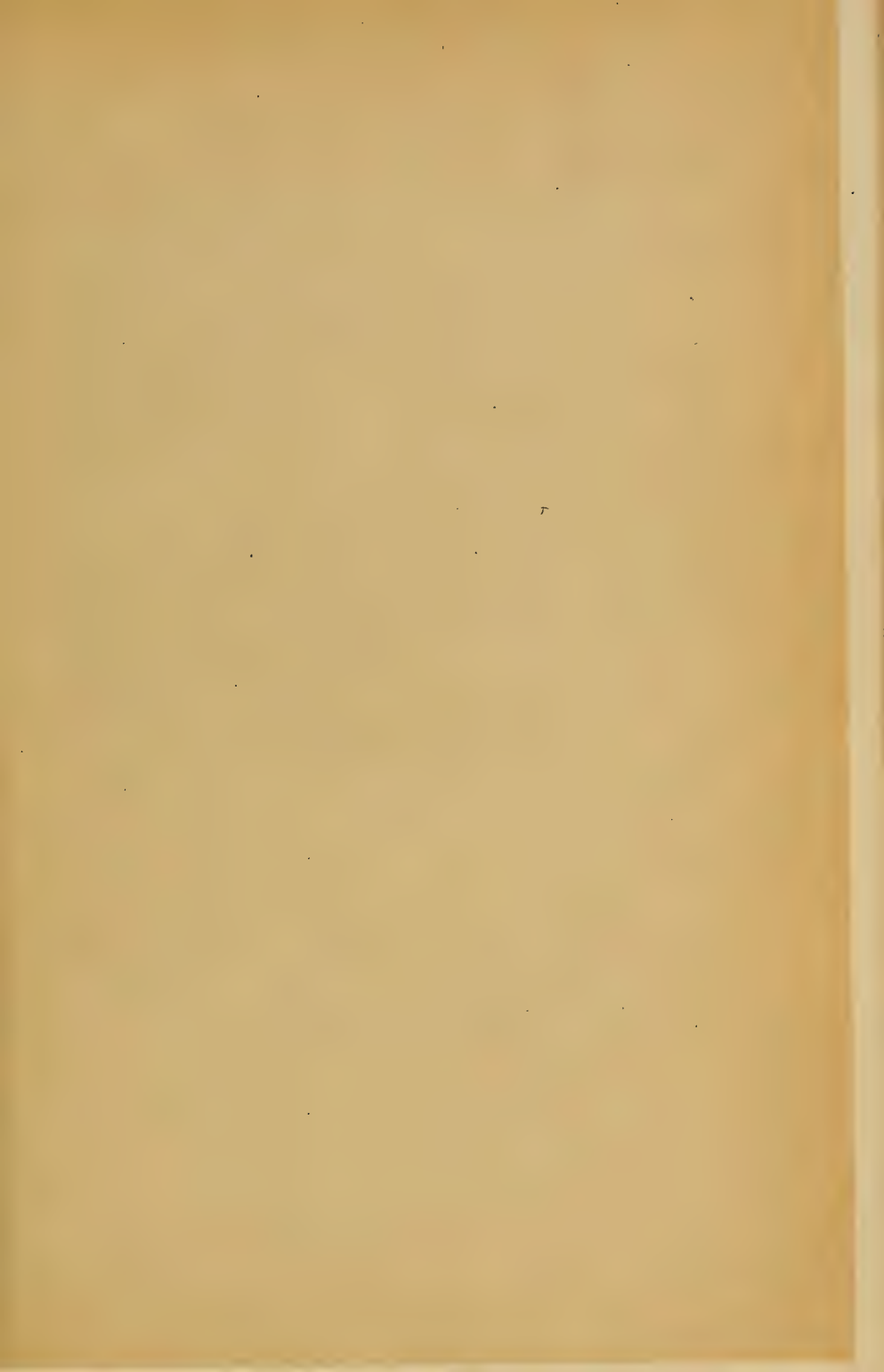
"Rest lightly on the bosom of Caius, Oh earth, who has been thrust out of life and light into darkness."

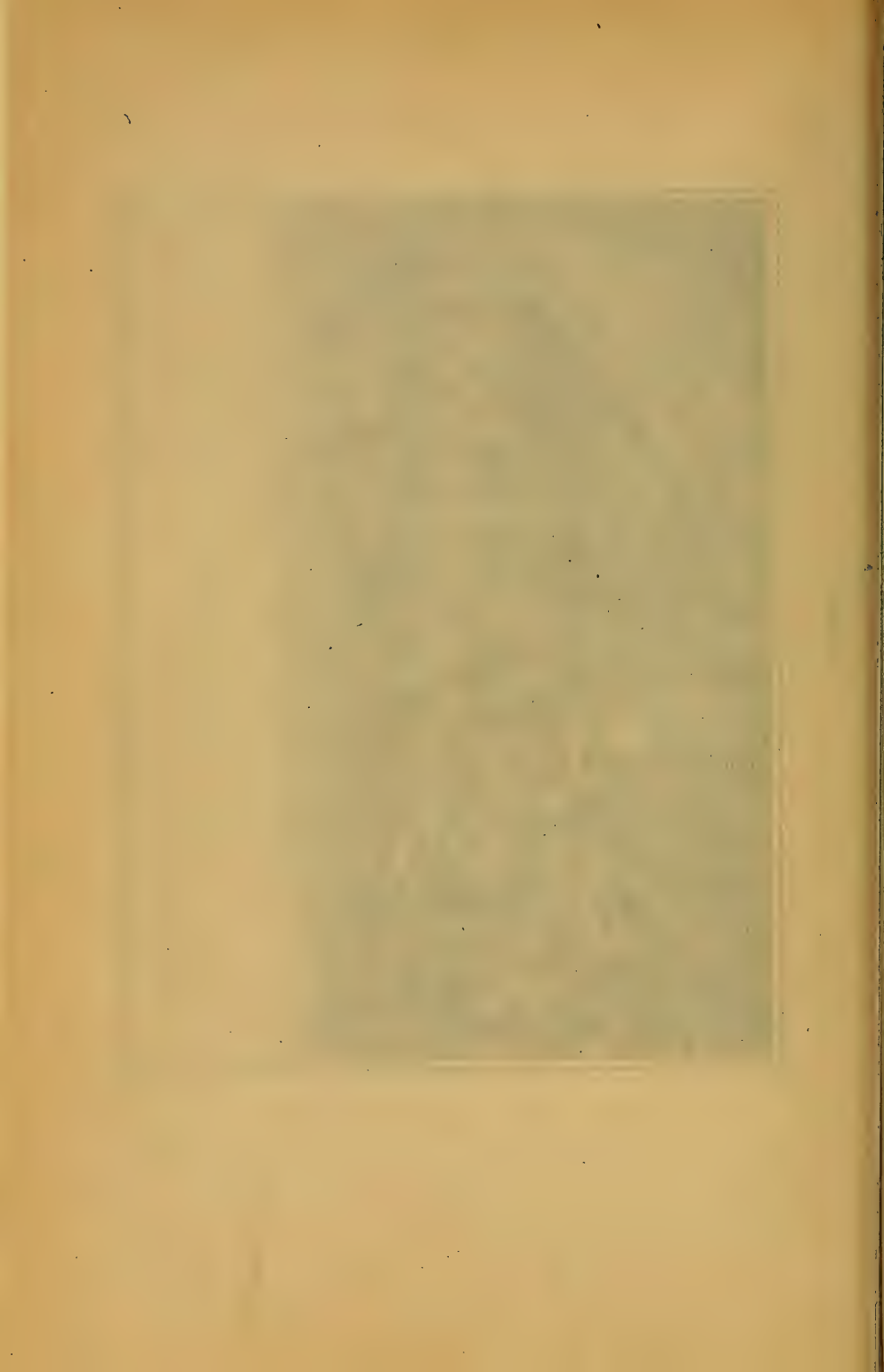
"Lucia Vera, wife of Claudius, has been dragged by the cruel gods to the shades of darkness. Let them be accursed."

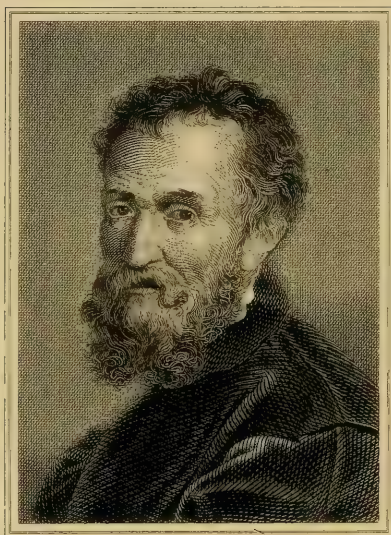
Whatever may have been the origin of the Catacombs, which undermined pagan Rome and the surrounding country, it is evident that they became a refuge for the persecuted, a dwelling-place for martyrs, and a rest for the dead. The Roman law protected before all, and above everything in the world, the places sacred to sepulture. Neither will, testament, nor donation could alienate the burial place. Thus protected by the respect of the Roman people for the dead, the early Christians prepared their cemeteries, which were also their temples, without fear of molestation.



FLORENCE







Portrait of a man, 18th century.

Portrait of a man, 18th century.



It was difficult to quit Rome, the fallen mistress of the world, the enthralling city of one's heart, when not a hundredth of its wonders had been explored, when we had only begun to comprehend the lessons it is forever teaching the world, when our acquaintance with it was so fascinating, but so brief. But after one more lingering walk through St. Peter's, one more moonlight ride round the Colosseum, one more drive at sunset over the Appian Way, between its massive tombs and superb mausoleums, one more drink from the fountain of Trevi,—for it is a “philtre of return,” and you will come back to Rome, if you drink from this fountain before leaving,—we went to Florence.

Beautiful Florence! This is the exclamation that bursts from all lips, when this city is beheld from a distant height. But the beauty disappears as you enter Florence, and you are enraptured no more. You are walled in between buildings of great height, built of very dark stone,—massive iron gratings protect the windows at the lower stories,—the palaces look as if they might be inquisitions,—the convents and monasteries as if they were penitentiaries. And well they may, for almost every palace, apartment, and window has its history of conflict and blood.

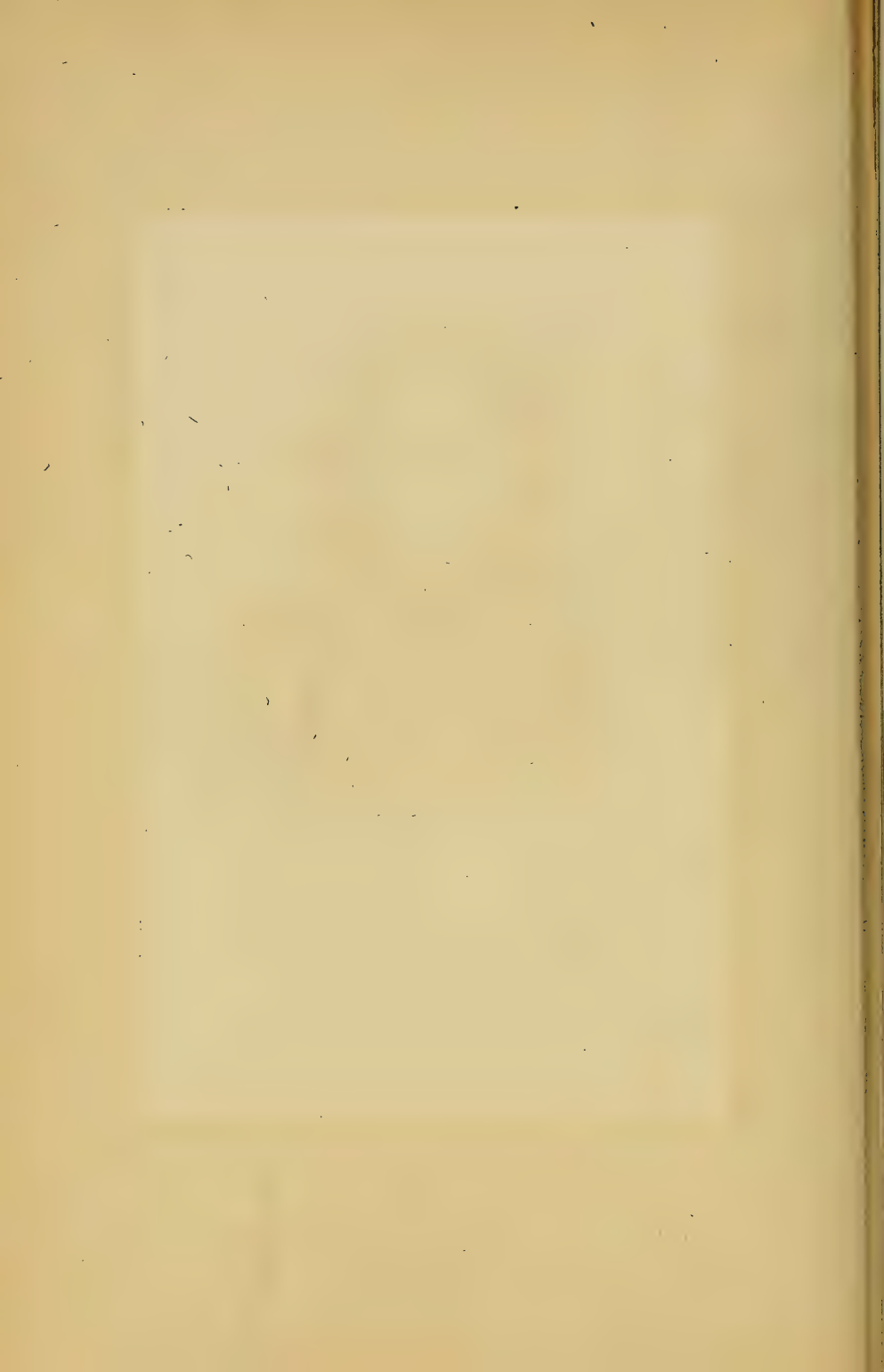
Florence is the Athens of Italy,—art constitutes its existence. Its three great galleries of art almost rival those of the Louvre in Paris,—the Uffizzi and Pitti galleries, and the Academy of Fine Arts. The Pitti gallery contains about six hundred works of art, pronounced by experts as unsurpassable of their kind. They are exhibited in about twenty regal halls, each sumptuously decorated with painted ceilings, costly furniture, and mosaic floors.

The dome of its famous cathedral was built in the tenth century, before that of St. Peter's, and served Michael Angelo as a model. “Like thee I will not build, and better I

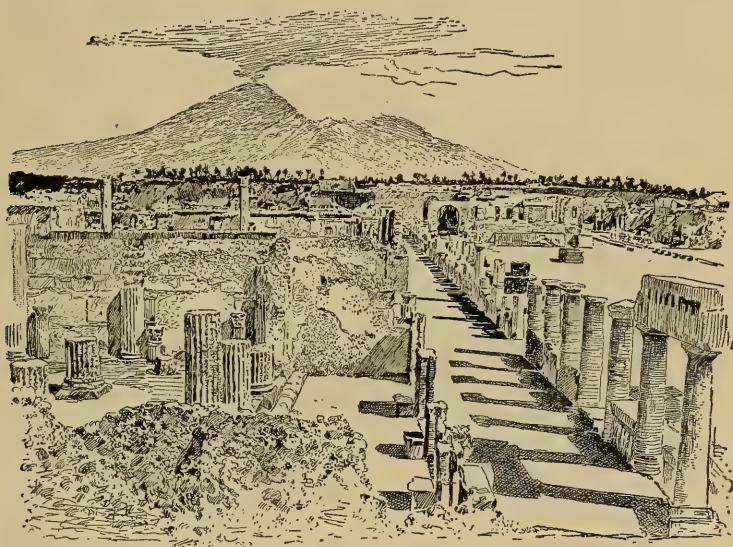


Eng. by J. T. Perkins - N.Y.

MRS. E. B. BRETTON BROWNING.



bay like an amphitheater, and rises up the slopes that culminate in the precipitous rock, on which the castle of St. Elmo stands. Right across the bay, and seemingly at only a little



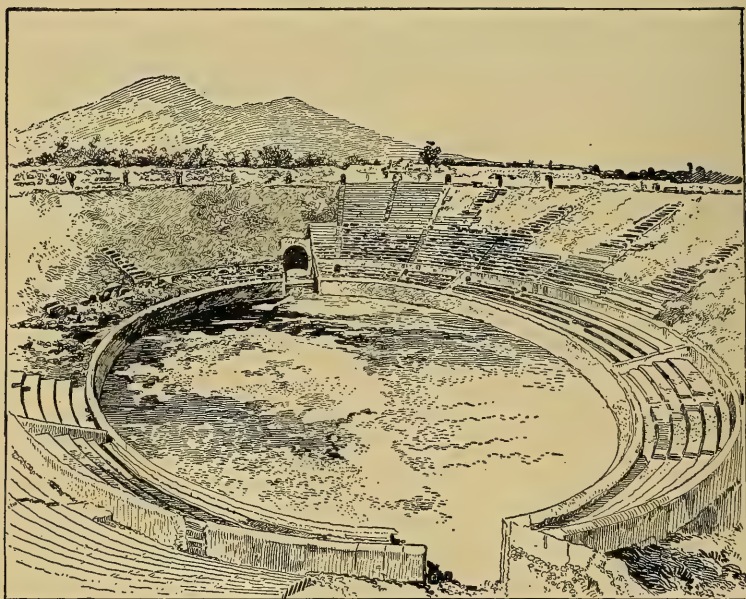
MOUNT VESUVIUS AS SEEN FROM THE RUINED STREETS OF POMPEII.

[From a recent photograph.]

distance, stands Vesuvius, the terrible mountain which has wrought so much destruction in the past. It remains a perpetual menace, belching incessant clouds of black smoke by day, which are lighted at night by the internal fires of the volcano, that rise and fall like the tides of the sea.

Naples is a city of noise, laziness, dirt, beggars, and of cruelty to animals. No one walks who can ride, no one is silent or quiet who can talk or make a noise. Neapolitans talk all day and half the night,—gesticulating, shouting, screaming, as if the person addressed were half a mile away. The number of carriages on the streets is incredible,—all rushing at the top of their speed, while the drivers shout to their poor beasts in fierce tones, and belabor them with a

whip or cudgel unmercifully. Every species of labor is dragged into the open streets and performed there, — cooking, laundering, sewing, mending boots and shoes, cutting hair, shampooing and shaving, tailoring, even washing and dressing babies and children. You are besieged by beggars whenever you step outdoors. If you bestow alms on any of them you are undone. From that moment you are spotted



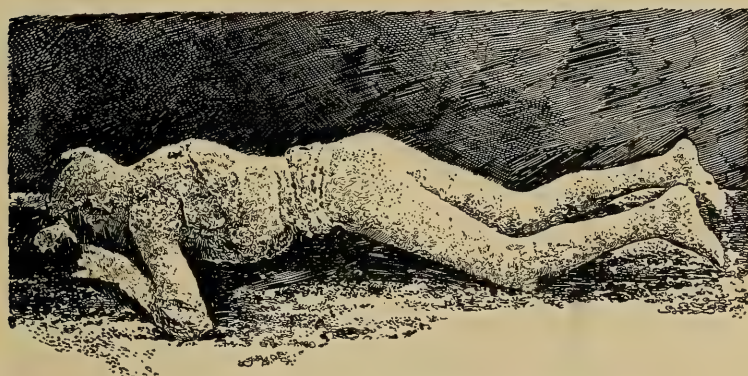
THE AMPHITHEATER — POMPEII.

[From a recent photograph.]

by the begging fraternity. If you ride or walk, the whole pack will follow you for miles, like hungry wolves, entreating and importuning charity in the name of the good God and the Holy Virgin. And when you refuse, they will curse you in stentorian tones, in the name of all the saints at once.

It is with a strange feeling that one buys a ticket at a railway station, to a city which was buried for more than

sixteen centuries. Stranger still is the sensation when the conductor of the train shouts "Pompeii!" and one alights, and walks through streets deserted for nearly two thousand years, and enters houses and shops that have long been tenantless. The marks of the chariot wheels that had worn the pavements, — the grotesque figures cut on the walls of the schoolhouse by the Pompeiian boy, — the apothecaries' shop, where were unearthed bottles of medicine and perfumery, — the baker's shop, where bread was baking in the



CAST OF A HUMAN BODY FOUND AT POMPEII.

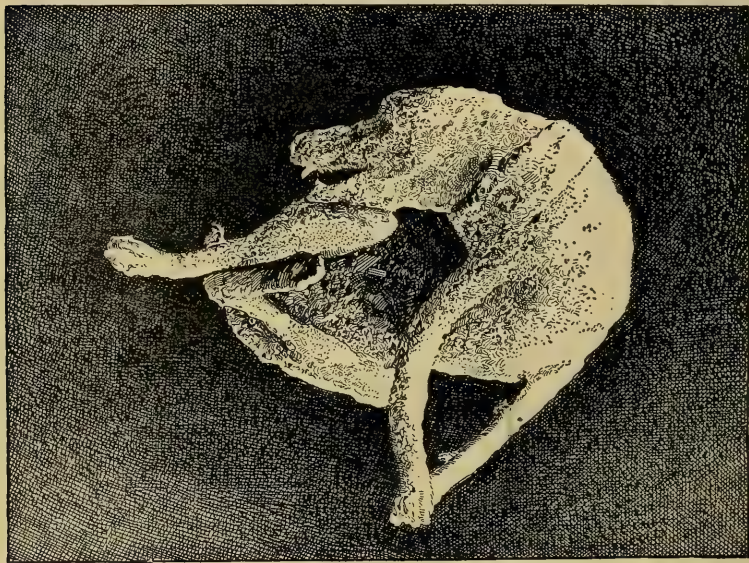
Buried for more than eighteen hundred years.

[From a recent photograph.]

ovens when the city was buried by an eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, — the bird shops, where the partially melted bronze cages were found, with heaps of calcined canary seed, — all these are shown you to-day.

You enter the houses decorated with beautiful paintings in fresco, whose colors have survived the storm of hot ashes and molten lava, you inspect the churches, and take a seat in the amphitheater with your companions, for half the city has been thoroughly excavated, in a most systematic manner. Whatever articles have been found in the excavated houses and streets, as the earth has been care-

fully sifted, have been placed in the Pompeian Museum at Naples, where Pompeian housekeeping has been reproduced. Neapolitans are accustomed to say that Vesuvius will fulfill the prophecy long since made, and bury Naples, as it has Pompeii and Herculaneum. A strange fate, indeed, if the



CAST OF A DOG FOUND AT POMPEII.

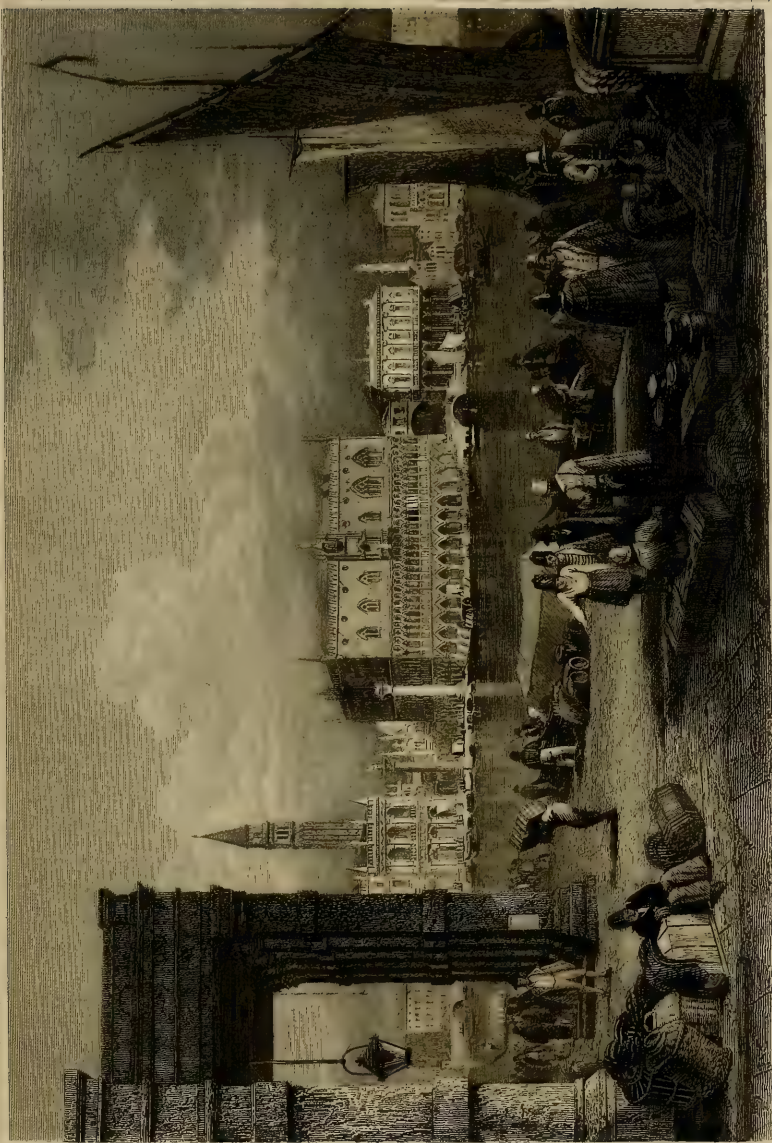
Buried for more than eighteen hundred years.

[From a recent photograph.]

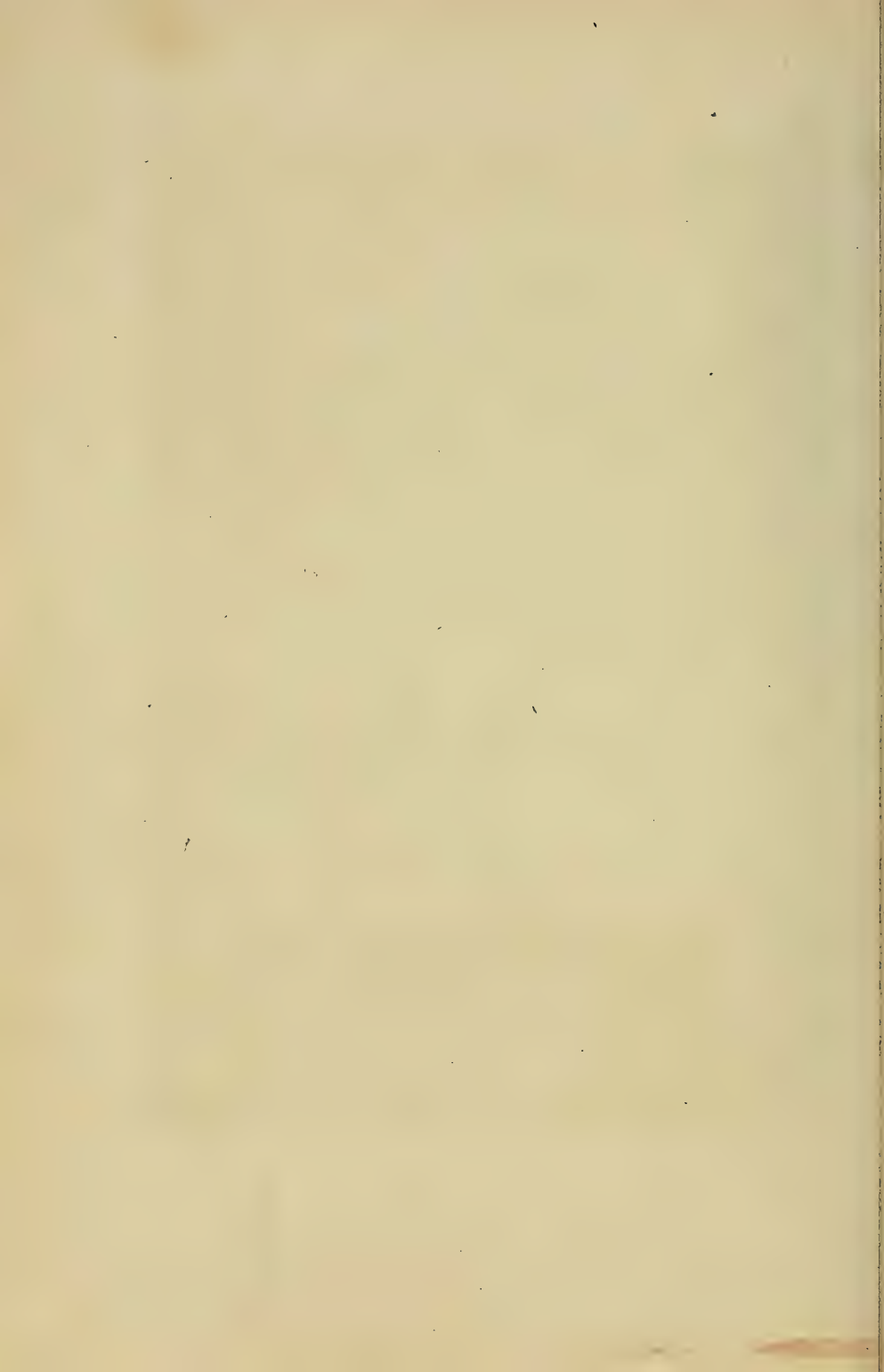
household utensils and works of art recovered from these buried cities should be re-entombed in the ashes of Vesuvius!

From Naples we went to Venice, a city of silence, as Naples is of noise. For there streets give place to canals of water, and the ordinary scenes and sounds of the street are not. Not a carriage, not a cart, not an omnibus, not a hearse, not even a wheelbarrow is in Venice,—neither horses, nor oxen, nor donkeys—for Venice has no need of them. The gondola and gondolier supply the means of transportation. One pays visits of ceremony in a gondola,





THE PALACE OF THE DOOR
 NOW THE IMPERIAL PALACE.
 341 Y. G. 1861.
 Photographed by N. A. P. Photographing Institution



attends a wedding in a gondola, goes shopping in a gondola, and solemnly proceeds to a funeral in a gondola. This graceful little boat is propelled by a gondolier, who rows with one oar, shouting a warning cry, to those who may be coming from an opposite direction, as he turns from one canal into another. Every location has a history, or a legend, or a romance connected with it. And as the gondolier calls out the names of places passed, they recall a flood of memories to the Venetian student. Venice should be seen in the daytime, when it is alive with small traffic. But it should be traversed by starlight, when the marble palaces are all alight, and echoing with song and laughter, and when the gondola leaves a trail of phosphorescence in the water.

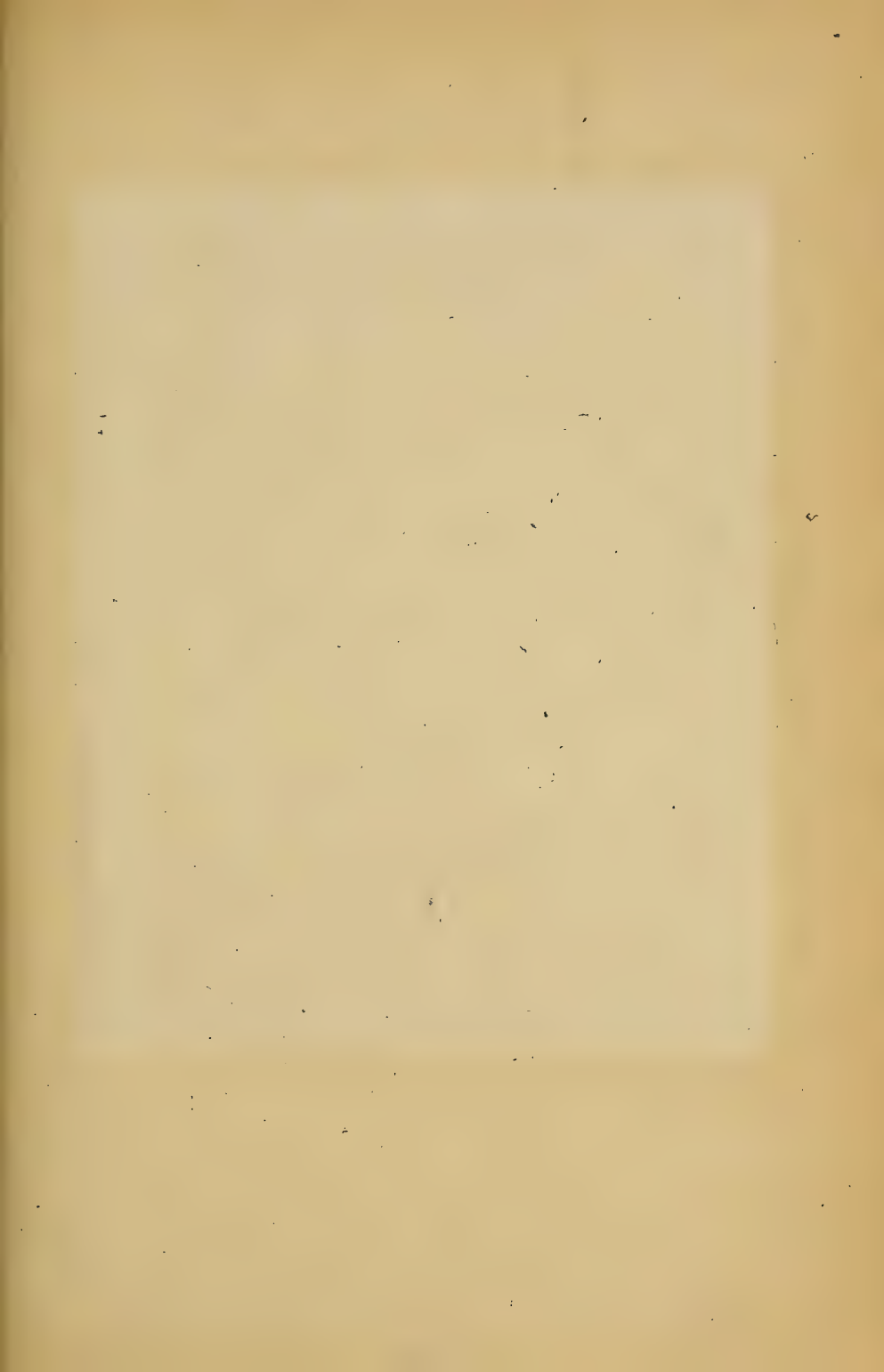
There are many lovely cities in Italy, each one of which is famed for some wonder of art, or architecture, some historical event of world-wide importance, or for being the birthplace or burial-ground of some personage of eminent celebrity. The great glory of Milan is its wonderful cathedral, a forest of marble pinnacles, a church populous with statues. Pisa boasts its leaning tower, and its much renowned Campo Santo. Bologna is proud of its University, founded in 1119, with its corps of learned women professors. Verona points to its amphitheater built A.D. 284, where twenty-five thousand people could sit, and seventy thousand stand. Genoa, the superb, vaunts itself on the fact that Christopher Columbus was born there, and Ravenna that it contains Dante's tomb. We were fortunate in having our trip so arranged that we could stop over to see these interesting specialties, and sometimes, as at Bologna and Milan, to do even more.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SIMPLON PASS—A STUMBLING MULE AND AN IRATE GUIDE—“DO-YOU-SPEAK-ENGLISH?”—THE UNIVERSAL YANKEE—GAY AND BEAUTIFUL PARIS.

The Valley of Chamouni—Clad in a vast Mantle of Snow—“Hold your Tongue!”—A Cathedral over Six Hundred Years in Process of Erection—The Foundation had decayed when the Tower was finished—“Do you speak English?”—“Good Lord! I should think I might!”—A Yankee from the Pine Tree State—We walk the Streets till Morning—The Universal Yankee everywhere—Gay and Beautiful Paris—The Playground and the Sewer of all Civilized People—Masterpieces of Art—Experiences in Paris—The Politeness of Parisians—A Veneer of Custom put on for Selfish Ends.

AFTER a visit to the Italian lakes, and a rest of a few days at beautiful Bellagio, on Lake Como,—the most delightful spot in the lake district of upper Italy,—we crossed the Alps by the Simplon Pass, to Martigny. From thence we drove over Tête-Noire, in an open wagon, to Chamouni. We toiled up the precipitous and stony road to the summit of Tête-Noire, where we stopped to dine, for we all needed rest and refreshment. We dared not make the descent in the rickety wagon, in which they had bestowed us at Martigny, for we were afraid it would collapse, while the horse stumbled, and the stupid driver spoke only an unintelligible patois. Our road led into a deep, sombre valley, and was bounded on one side by lofty, pine-clad mountains, from which avalanches perpetually descended. On the other side of the narrow zigzag road were sheer precipices, glacier rivers pouring into the gorge, and cataracts tumbling over the wall of rock, whose thunder we could hear, as we sat at the dining-room window.





Chamonix et le Mont-Blanc. (Côté du Nord).



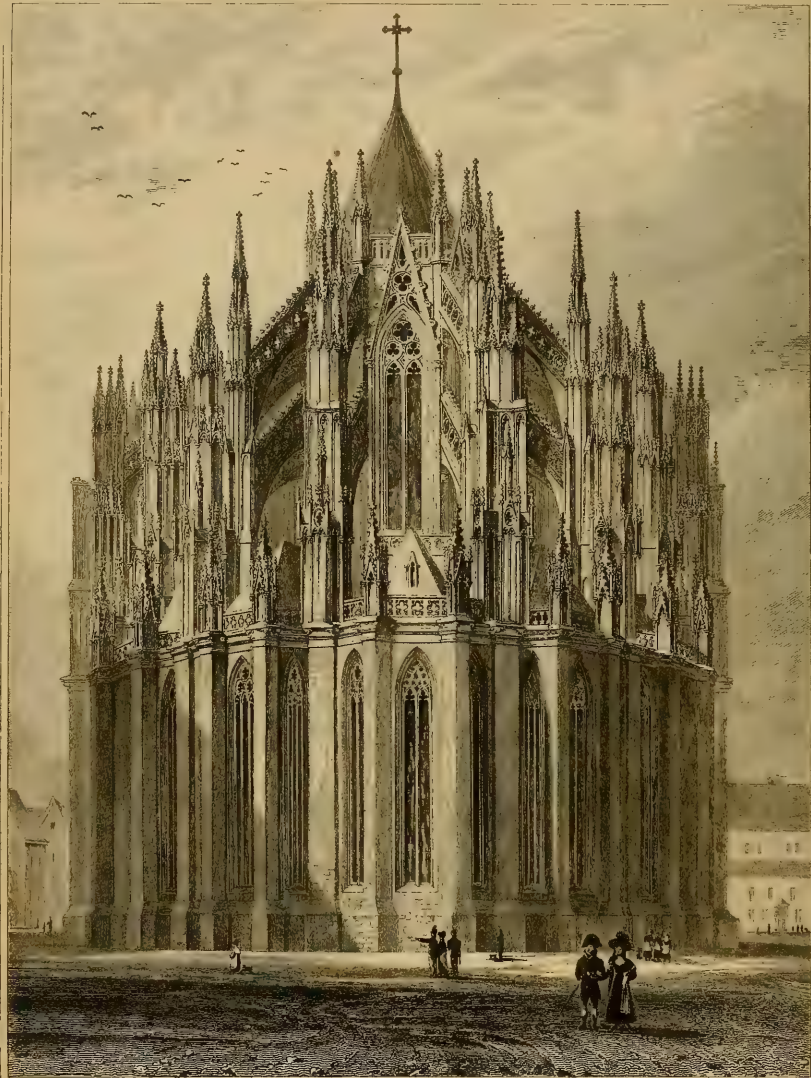
We had climbed mountains, and rode through cañons of dangerous reputation in Colorado. We had descended into the Yosemite Valley of California, and thence, sometimes afoot, and sometimes on the backs of trained mustangs, had climbed the ascents to Glacier Point, Nevada Falls, and Clouds' Rest, and had not been disturbed by an emotion of fear. But there we had strong and comfortable wagons, sure-footed and intelligent animals, and drivers and guides who spoke English, if ungrammatically,—and we had a feeling of safety, as we had not here. We would not risk ourselves with the only means of transportation at our service, and arranging with the drivers to follow on behind, with our valises and hand luggage, we walked down to Chamouni. We dared not send them ahead, lest they should ignore us altogether, and leave us to find the way alone.

At Chamouni, we got our first view of Mont Blanc. It had been cloudy and raining in the valley for several days, and the hotel was crowded with tourists, who had come hither on a pilgrimage to the dread Monarch of the Alps, who were impatiently waiting for clear weather. We joined the guests of the house in the parlor, and finding several acquaintances among them, spent the evening pleasantly. Before separating for the night, we went out on the piazza, when lo, the rain had ceased, not a cloud was visible, the sky was full of stars, and rising in majesty right before us, was the ponderous mass of the mighty mountain, with the evening star poised above its "bald, awful head." We were surprised and awed, and for a few moments not a word was spoken. A gentleman from Illinois, who evidently was well versed in English literature, broke the silence with a quotation from Coleridge's *Apostrophe to Mont Blanc*, delivered most impressively :

“Oh, silent mountain, sole and bare,
Oh, blacker than the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn co-herald!”

The next day we made the ascent of the Montanvert, where we saw the three glaciers that fill the highest gorges of the Mont Blanc chain, and at length unite in a huge glacier, the Glacier des Bois, that slowly descends into the valley of Chamouni. The upper glacier is the Mer de Glace, whose surface has the appearance of frozen billows, as if while the torrent was dashing down the side of the mountain it was lashed into billows by a tempest, raging above and around it, and then was suddenly stiffened by the fiat of God, and “stopped at once amid its maddest plunge!” With the aid of guides, one of whom went ahead and hewed steps in the ice to give us solid footing, while another helped us over the enormous crevasses that intersect the great ice waves, we crossed the Mer de Glace to the Chapeau which lies opposite. It was not at all hazardous, only fatiguing.

The day following, we ascended La Flégère, another elevation more difficult to climb than Montanvert, especially if one was mounted on a stumbling mule, as was again my fate. I was so much displeased with the awkward, ugly beast that had been assigned me, that I vented my dissatisfaction in unmistakable terms to the guide, which greatly incensed him. With angry face, and wicked eyes, he told me “if I did not hold my tongue, he would complain of me to the Master!” — pointing to my husband, toiling slowly up the ascent ahead of us. But I forgot both the stumbling mule and the irate guide, when we reached the summit, for, shining in a clear atmosphere, Mont Blanc was disclosed to us in all its grandeur, clad in a vast mantle of snow from



ENG. BY J. CLEGHORN

WESTWERK OF THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE. CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE

London Published by J. Virtue, 17, Lane



summit to base. We had crossed the ocean to see "this kingly mountain throned amid the hills," and had been prepared for disappointment; for we were told that the occasions are rare when it throws aside its draperies of clouds, and reveals its majestic proportions. We had been favored beyond most tourists, and giving the mules to the care of the guides, walked down the easy bridle-path much of the way, happy in the realization of one of our large desires.

After a week in Geneva, and its most interesting environs, we hastened to Antwerp by way of Cologne, only stopping in the latter city long enough for a hurried look at its great cathedral. It was commenced A. D. 1248, and was just nearing completion. It had been so long in process of erection that the foundations had decayed, and a larger force of workmen were occupied in repairing and fortifying those, than in the erection of the second tower. We reached Antwerp early one Sunday morning, in company with a large number of travelers whom we had happened to meet on the route, and who, like ourselves, were booked for the Hotel de l'Europe. After we were seated in the carriages awaiting us, one of the uniformed police came to us with the request that we would return to the waiting-room for a brief time. His language was such a mixture of Flemish and French, that we understood him only because he was good at pantomime. An election had been held in Belgium during the previous week, which chiefly concerned the cause of secular education. The radical party had carried the day, and the schools of the country were to be largely taken from the control of the Catholic Church. The joy of the winning party was so great, that Sunday was appointed as a day of festivity and rejoicing.

Delegation after delegation came in from the neighbor-

ing towns, and took its place in the procession that was forming, each accompanied by a band of music, and all bringing with them a display of banners, flags, mottoes, and illuminations, for the evening parade through the streets. All the while we were detained at the station, and not allowed to move until after the arrival of the last delegation, when it was near noon. At last the procession began its march up-town, when carriages and omnibuses were allowed to follow slowly behind, but never to press upon it, or break through it. Throngs of people crowded the sidewalks, filled the balconies of the houses, looked from the windows, and occupied every inch of vantage ground, clapping, cheering, saluting the campaign orators, and waving flags and banners, all of them radiant with delight.

The bands played the air of a campaign song, and straightway thirty thousand men's voices rang out on the air, singing the words, all beating time furiously with their sticks, and gesticulating to the crowds to unite in the swelling chorus. A favorite campaign orator was discovered marching in the procession, and was called on so imperiously for a speech that a halt was sounded, and without debate or delay, he was lifted to the shoulders of his comrades, and helped to maintain his position, while he delivered a stirring address in Flemish, when the air resounded with bravos and cheers, the bands joining in the applause. What was the occasion of this demonstration? What had stirred Belgium from center to circumference, for in all other large cities of the country the same jubilant proceedings were the order of the day. We urged our inquiries right and left, but neither policemen nor spectators gave us a satisfactory answer, nor one that we could comprehend.

Slowly and with some difficulty we made our way through the dense crowds to our hotel on Place Verte, where the proprietor received us, and from him we requested an explanation of the great procession. His reply was in worse French than any of us could speak or interpret. As the people of Belgium generally speak either Flemish or French, according to their locality and education, I fancied the cause of his obscure reply arose from his speaking French with a Flemish accent. So pushing pencil and paper towards him, I asked him to please write his reply, and that showed us that he did not understand French. I made another attempt at conversation. Speaking slowly and with great distinctness, I inquired,

“Do — you — talk — any — English?”

Throwing back his head with an amused laugh, he replied,

“Good Lord! I should think I might; I was born in Eastport, Maine, and my name there was Edward Barbour.”

We had had a similar experience at Milan. Needing a guide to show us through some parts of the city not usually visited by tourists, a man was sent us who brought excellent recommendations. One of the party addressed him in Italian. His answer gave proof that he was not a proficient in that language. As he was much fairer than the ordinary Italian, it was thought he might be a German, and he was accosted in that language. He shook his head and made no response. Then I tried him in French, but he looked discouraged, retreated from us a little, and said faintly, “Non, Madame!”

“Well,” said one of the company, “we must have a guide that can speak a language that some one of us can understand, French, Italian, German, or English.”

"I can speak English," said he quickly, with a brightening face, "if that's what you want. My father and mother were born here, but my wife and I were born in New York, and have only been here five years. We shall go back to New York, by and by, for we are Americans."

My husband and I were in Berne, Switzerland, in the railway station, waiting for a train. As I stood at the door of the waiting-room, I observed a porter at a little distance, who walked with an artificial leg, and who wore the familiar badge of the Grand Army of the Republic. I could not pass him without recognition, and addressing him in French, I inquired, "how it happened that he, a Swiss railway porter, was wearing the badge of the army veterans of my own country?" He replied in perfect English:

"Madam, I entered the infantry service of the United States army in June, 1861, and was mustered out in August, 1865, four months after the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox."

"Where did you lose your leg?"

"At Gettysburg."

"And then returned to the army?"

"Yes, I enlisted for the war, and I asked to be transferred to the Hospital Corps, and did duty in the hospitals till I was mustered out. I receive a pension from the United States government, which comes to me with such regularity that I can almost tell the day of the month by its arrival.

"Are you living here in Switzerland?"

"Yes, for the present. The old father and mother need one of their children to see them through, and all but myself are married, and living in the States. So I came, but when they are gone, I shall go back to my home, for I am a naturalized American citizen."



THE CATHEDRAL

in Antwerp

Louis Joseph. H. A. I.

In fact, we found the "Universal Yankee" almost everywhere. And judging from the signs of many of the shops, even in Italian cities, which advertised "Milwaukee Lager Beer," "Chicago Beef and Hams," "American Celluloid Cuffs and Collars," and other unique American products, we reached the conclusion that he had also gone into business almost everywhere.

To return to Antwerp. The procession disbanded after parading the city, and festivities were not resumed until evening. Then followed a night of revelry. The city was ablaze with light, for there was a general illumination of the public buildings, and of the private houses of those who sympathized with the great political victory. Flexible tubes, pierced for gas jets, outlined the exquisite details of the architecture of the Cathedral; every tower and spire seemed traced against the sky in lines of fire. Its famous carillon of sixty bells rang out in joyous peals; and companies of men and women, sometimes led by bands of music, paraded the streets, singing songs of victory. A mighty fair was opened at sunset, the proceeds of which were to be applied to the payment of campaign expenses, and the booths were filled with lively traffickers.

Accompanied by a guide who spoke English, French, and Flemish, we walked the streets of Antwerp until near morning, and studied the people. We sometimes came across groups engaged in heated discussions of the political situation, when one side would attack the Catholic clergy as unfit to have charge of public instruction, on account of their ignorance, disloyalty to the government, and immorality, from which gross charges the conservatives would defend them with equal vehemence. But there were no riotous proceedings, no brawls nor fights, no shooting, stabbing, nor cutting, nor did we meet an intoxicated person, even when

walking through the poorest and roughest sections of the city. We wondered if there were a city in the United States where a similar fête could be held through the night, and such marked differences of opinion and freedom of movement be allowed, without manifestations of drunkenness, rioting, and serious disorder.

We remained some little time in Antwerp, for it is a most interesting city. It was the birthplace of Rubens, and is full of his pictures, which even the uninstructed come to know at a glance, from the artist's skill in rich and brilliant coloring. An atmosphere of art pervades Antwerp, and no European city, except Rome, can boast more costly art treasures. The quaint, high-gabled, old-fashioned houses,—the ancient streets,—the peasantry, quaintly costumed and displaying old-time Flemish headgear,—the brilliantly uniformed soldiers,—the sombre priests,—the little milk-carts, drawn by dogs, and driven by women, who serve their customers from shining brass cans,—the gingerbread shops,—all these, with other features, give picturesqueness to the city which attracts tourists from all parts of the world.

We made a flying visit to Brussels, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague, which, though full of interest, we could not stop to enjoy, and hastened to Paris, where a World's Fair was being held. No city in the world is better known to Americans, and none is more frequented by them. It is at once the playground, and the sewer of all civilized peoples. Its motto is, first attract, and then amuse; and to do this, everything gay, bright, beautiful, and bewildering is brought within the city. The galleries of Paris contain master-pieces of art in every age. The Palais du Louvre attracts more attention than any other building in Paris, not only because of its architecture, but because of its immense number of works of art.

It is a series of enormous buildings, which, with the Tuileries, before its destruction, covered an area of nearly fifty acres. It has been estimated that the galleries of the Louvre contain seven miles of pictures. The catalogue of these makes a volume of seven hundred pages, the sale of which amounts to forty thousand dollars a year. The charge for the care of canes and umbrellas, left at the door, is not more than two or three cents for each. But the daily number of visitors to the Louvre is so large, that the aggregate of these small collections is twenty thousand dollars a year.

To judge from the styles of dress seen on the streets of Paris, one would never imagine that that city dictated the fashions of the whole civilized world. The colored plates sent to America, which pretend to illustrate Paris fashions, are never found in the shops of that city, nor are garments of their style seen on the streets. As a rule, the women of all classes are neatly and plainly dressed; those of the better classes are well-gloved, sensibly shod, with bonnets for street wear that are irreproachable, the predominant colors being dark, or wholly black. Even at receptions, and at the opera, American women were more richly dressed than those of Paris, and with an elegance of style and a perfection of fit that seem to be distinctively American. I went to Bon Marché for a light shoulder-wrap, and the young sales-woman brought me some flimsy garments of crêpe, embroidered showily, and trimmed with fringe. While I was regarding them dubiously, a more experienced attendant lifted them from the counter, and put before me silk-lined capes of camel's hair, properly trimmed,—suitable for the street, which were the very articles I was seeking.

"American women never wear those things!" was her comment to the little sales-girl, pointing to the crêpe gar-

ments, with a slight gesture of disdain. Turning to me with a bright face and a charming manner, she added, "American women prefer something better!" I am not sure but her tactful bit of flattery of the taste of my country-women would have sold the cape if I had not wanted it.

I made a visit to a Girls' Normal School in Paris, and was politely shown through the various recitation rooms. The classes in history and geography were occupied with the study of the geography and history of France, and had been for a year. I passed into the class in literature, and found it studying French literature. I ventured to inquire if the young ladies studied only what concerned their own country. With a courteous bow and smile, the principal replied to my question by asking another:

"Is not that best, since France leads the world in literature, art, and civilization?"

The French have accomplished very little in the way of mechanical inventions. Compared with the sewing-machines of America, those made in France are clumsy and ill-looking. This is also true of household furniture and conveniences, carriages, and other similar things. Art and skill, in France, do not appear to have been applied to the manufacture of the homely and necessary conveniences of life, as in America. They have ill-concealed contempt for mechanical invention, and hide sneers under the compliments they pay to American machinery.

One day while in the American machinery department of the French Exposition, I overheard the conversation of a group of French women near me, who were trying to puzzle out the uses of a complicated machine in front of them. They were so curious about it, that I should have ventured to explain it to them, if I had understood it, but it was as great a mystery to me as to them.

"Americans do everything by machinery," said one of the company to the others; "I am told they play their pianos and organs by machinery."

With an apology for intruding, I corrected her error as delicately as possible, and assured her that the piano and organ were played in America as in Paris, by hand, the real difference being that French people always achieve higher and finer results in all arts than is possible in America or any other country. Thanking me with exquisite politeness, she said :

"My brother, then, who goes often to New York, must have made a mistake. For, alas! he loves your America more than our beautiful France, and would die rather than say anything ill of her."

The French people have a reputation for politeness that is unsurpassed. If cordial speech, gracious manners, and an observance of artificial forms and conventionalities constitute politeness, then they are the most polite people in the world. But if it be true that genuine politeness is the kind expression of truly kind feelings, and that unselfishness is one of its integral qualities, it may be doubted if much that passes for politeness in France is not a mere veneer of artificial custom, which is used for selfish ends. There is too much ceremony in French politeness, and too little heartiness, too much cringing and bowing and grimacing. It does not require much study, or a long residence in Paris, to open one's eyes to its hollowness and hypocrisy. One is treated with less profuse courtesy in England, but it is evidently more sincere. And while it is not easy for Americans to reciprocate the florid politeness accorded them in Paris, they accept that of England in good faith, and with pleasure, and form attachments in the "mother country" that are life-lasting.

Among the many congresses that were held in Paris, during the French Exposition, was the International Women's Rights Congress, which assembled in July and August of that year. Sixteen different organizations from England, France, Russia, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and America sent delegates. There was a large attendance of men and women, other than delegates, from all parts of Europe, who sympathized with the reform. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Theodore Stanton, the son of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and myself, were the members of the American committee who called the Congress. It was opened by M. Leon Richer, editor of *Le Droit Des Femmes*, a most able man, whom I had known for some time through his very pronounced magazine, and by correspondence. At the very first meeting addresses were made by two American women, Mrs. Howe of Boston, and Mrs. Jane G. Jones of Chicago, whose daughter delivered the address of the mother. Both addresses were received with enthusiasm.

At the third session Miss Louise M. Hotchkiss of Boston, a teacher in its public schools, delivered a very able and earnest address on "The Education of Women in America." She demanded co-education and equal advantages for both sexes. She enforced her demand by logic and precedent, and illustrated the beneficent results sure to follow, by well-authenticated facts. As soon as Miss Hotchkiss had taken her seat, a member of the Paris municipal council offered a resolution, advocating the reforms she had outlined,—equal and co-education for boys and girls, young men and young women,—and it was carried unanimously without debate.

I was unable to attend any but the preliminary meetings, in which the work of the Congress was planned. For we were due in London the last of July, and our tickets were purchased before the first public meeting was held.

Melrose,
June 6, 1897.

Dear Mr. Cooke,

I could not get
the pastor of the Trinit. Church
office last week, when I
was disengaged. I have
now asked for it for next
Friday afternoon, 3 o'clock
and have asked Alice
Blackwell to answer to you
at your home, as well as
to me. I think we can have
it. So get your invitations
ready, and fill in the
date when you know it.



I will write Mrs. Olds
and Mrs. Schlesinger. I will
write Mr. Blackwell and Alice
can you not? I have already
said to them that we shall
want them. I am afraid
we cannot get Mrs. Howe
for she has been cancel-
ling engagements on ac-
count of illness.

Yrs. truly,
Mary F. Livermore

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FACE TO FACE WITH OUR ENGLISH COUSINS — EMINENT PEOPLE WHOM I MET — TURNING OUR FACES HOMEWARD.

Our English Civilization — London the great World Center — Its Gay and Courtly Life — A Storehouse of Universal Knowledge — Effects of Unequal Distribution of Wealth — Given to Excessive Drinking — English Social Life — An Embarrassing Situation — The Early Friend of George Eliot — The Minister of Finsbury Place Chapel — “I hope the Men of America will emigrate where Women will be kept in their Places” — The Coffee House System of England — “Free and Easies” — Miss Martineau’s Scrupulous Cleanliness — Treating a Cow like a Lady — Giving her Pig a Bath — A Long Struggle — Turning our Faces Homeward.

TO Americans, a return to England after sojourn on the continent, is like going home. Again we are among people of our own race and blood, who speak with us a common language. Our civilization is only a continuation of the English civilization under different conditions, some of them more favorable, some of them less so. Whatever Americans are doing or beginning in the way of a high civilization, English people have also been doing for years, or are now attempting. In fact, the English civilization has affected that of all countries, and, to-day, the aims and the culture of the world are more or less Anglicized. Our libraries are pauperized if they lack the works of Shakspeare, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Bacon, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, James and Harriet Martineau, Tennyson, Frances Power Cobbe, Tyndall, Huxley, Lecky, Lubbock, D’Israeli, Gladstone, and of scores of other authors of high rank. Notwithstanding Americans grumble

at England, and criticise her at times most severely, at heart they are proud of their "mother country."

One finds it difficult, while in England, to realize how small is her territory, it is so crowded with cities, towns, cathedrals, palaces, villas, country seats, museums, churches, hospitals, and — people. The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has a population of between thirty and forty millions. Yet England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales together are little larger in territory than the states of North and South Carolina and Georgia. It is the boast of England that she holds truth and facts in higher estimation than any other nation, but her regard for these is surpassed by the homage she pays to wealth. In no country is wealth more worshiped than in England. And yet one never sees the vulgar display of wealth, nor the wasteful extravagance of it, which is so common in America. Every household practices a careful economy, and when people cannot pay for luxuries, as a rule, they do not buy them. You will always find American travelers in the first-class railway carriages, while wealthy Englishmen travel in those which are second-class.

The grandeur of London, with its gay and courtly life, its points of historical interest which one touches at every step; its inexhaustible stores of museums, picture galleries, libraries, churches, abbeys, and towers, is beyond description. It was a great city of over one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants in the days of Queen Elizabeth; but to-day it has a population of between five and six millions. Walk the streets of London when you may, they are always crowded to overflowing, and the rush of its commerce and trade is like the roar of the sea. The river Thames, which divides the great city, is the most populous river in the world. A hundred ships a day sail out of its mouth to the



WESTMINSTER ABBEY

four quarters of the globe — north, south, east, and west. A dozen magnificent bridges span it, and on either side sits London, as unchangeable and unalterable as her historic tower, or her venerable Abbey.

One cannot in a year familiarize himself with the scenes and localities of London, immortalized by history, romance, and poetry, or become acquainted with the geography of its highways and byways, as they were in the historic past, and as they are to-day. So much is London a great world center, a vast storehouse of universal knowledge, that one can learn more in that metropolis, at the proper headquarters, concerning the political, industrial, and social status of countries like China and India, than by traveling through them with intelligent guides. Their history, geography, climatic conditions, the peculiarities of their people, with all other desired information, can be acquired from the same sources. The same is true of the ancient and dead cities of the past.

If one may choose the time for visiting England, let it be early in the month of May, the very first, if possible. Then with a season that is from four to six weeks in advance of our climate, one can comprehend and appreciate "the dance around the May pole," the "crowning of the May queen," and the Maying parties of which Tennyson and other authors have so often sung. Then is the air of England soft and balmy; everywhere flowers are in bloom, and the earth is covered with a carpet of green velvet. There is a charm about travel in England that is found nowhere else in the world. The absolute finish and perfection of everything is mellowed and beautified by time.

We can never have the green turf, nor the mantling ivy, that hides the decay of venerated but ruined structures, and which gracefully drapes castle and tower, hall and country-

seat throughout that island garden. The fierce heat of our summers, and the rigor of our long winters forbid such perennial verdure. There are no waste places in England, such as we have in America, no long stretches of wild forest, hacked and hewed in recklessness, and then burned over from sheer prodigality,—no hillsides gashed with deep fissures,—nor is the earth upheaved in mighty billows, as if Titans were disemboweling it, every few miles of one's progress through the beautiful country. The small territory of England is in the hands of a comparatively few gentlemen, who keep it neat and orderly, and give to it care and culture.

One cannot avoid observing the evil effects of the unequal distribution of wealth, that prevails in England. She has not suffered from a war of invasion for eight hundred years, and has not had a civil war for two centuries. Her acquired wealth is immense, and this, added to her increased power of producing and amassing, has made her the richest nation of the world, until within a few years, when our country has outstripped her in the race for wealth. The real estate of England, by right of primogeniture, descends to the eldest son, and the rest of the children must shirk for themselves, so that in the course of years, the landed estates of England have passed into the possession of a relatively small number. This, with other unfair advantages in favor of the wealthy, has really locked up the enormous property of the "mother country" in the hands of a few, rendering the poor, poorer, year by year, and constantly increasing their number. One sees such poverty in England, and in London especially, as makes the poverty of America almost competence. While the excessive drinking of the English people, surpassing what we see in our own country, almost minimizes the inebriety of America into

sobriety. Is there not a tendency in our own country to this condition of things?

We chose as our abiding place in London the Inns of Court Hotel, in High Holborn. Unpretentious in its external appearance, one does not imagine it can be a comfortable hotel, for, outwardly, it is devoid of what we regard as attractive hotel features. To reach our apartments, we passed through the main building on High Holborn, crossed the street by a covered gallery to the "Annex," which was new, handsome, and convenient, and then walked through that to a second street. Here were our rooms, large, airy, light, and well-furnished, and fronting on the street. They looked out upon a beautiful park, where flowers were in blossom, fountains playing, and birds singing in the leafy shades of the fine old trees. Here we found genuine comfort and quiet, undisturbed by the noise and dust of the streets, and a home feeling settled upon us, when we returned to them fatigued with sight-seeing. It seemed as if we were located in our charming quarters for life.

As soon as we presented our letters of introduction, we began to learn something of the hospitable nature of our English cousins, and to get glimpses of English social life. Men and women with whom we had corresponded for years, but who were somewhat mythical to our imagination, we now met face to face, and found them as interesting in conversation, as they were entertaining in correspondence. Before we could accept the numerous invitations of our friends, it was necessary for us to go "shopping," and to consult tailors and dressmakers. For our wardrobes had been prepared for travel, sight-seeing, and hotel life, and not for social functions.

Our first visit was to the house of Mrs. Peter Alfred Taylor, whose husband was a member of Parliament, a lib-

eral in politics, and an adherent and friend of Gladstone. Mrs. Taylor was a lifelong and valued friend of George Eliot. In the autobiography of this great woman, arranged by Mr. John Cross, in which the story of her life is told by extracts from her letters and journals, at Mrs. Taylor's suggestion, there are many interesting letters written by George Eliot to Mrs. Taylor, which reveal their mutual love and faith in one another. Mrs. Taylor stood firmly by the friend of her early days, to the last, defending and upholding her against all hostile critics, and glorying in the fame which crowned her first among the literary English women of the time.

Among the guests whom we met at Mrs. Taylor's were Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Bright, and Miss Caroline Biggs, editor of the *Englishwomen's Magazine*; Miss Helen Taylor, the gifted step-daughter of John Stuart Mill; Hon. Duncan MacLaren, member of Parliament from Edinburgh; and his lovely wife, Mrs. Priscilla MacLaren, the sister of John and Jacob Bright; the Ashworths; the Stansfelds; the Ashursts; Miss Lydia Becker, the leader, among women, of the English Woman Suffrage movement and the editor of the "*Suffrage Journal*"; Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, who had temporarily abandoned her studies, and her work for the higher education of women, that she might lead the increasing opposition to the "Contagious Diseases' Acts" of England, which were fearfully inimical to women of the lowest class; Madame Venturi, the friend and biographer of Mazzini, the Italian patriot; and Mrs. Margaret Lucas, another sister of the Brights, who was the president of the British Women's Temperance Association until her death, when she was succeeded by Lady Henry Somerset, who has already won the regard of the world by her noble deeds and courageous leadership.

A large number of Americans were present:—Colonel Thomas W. Higginson of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was spending a year abroad; Mrs. Jenny June Croly, whose name is identified with the New York press; William Henry Channing, nephew of Rev. Dr. Channing, whose permanent home was in England, but most of whose life had been passed in America; and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Moncure D. Conway. Mr. Conway was the minister of Finsbury Place Chapel, where on Sunday morning, one was not only sure to meet a most interesting congregation, but to hear a philosophical address on some religious topic, that was unsurpassable in clearness of statement, and lofty ethical aim.

Mrs. Taylor has given the best part of her life to reform movements. She has won for every cause which she has espoused the respect of the public, and has drawn into its service liberal men and women, who have rendered it invaluable aid. She identified herself with the movement for the unification of Italy, and worked untiringly until it was accomplished. She was the leader of the movement for the higher education of English women, until her labors were no longer necessary. During the American Civil War, she formed a society in England for the assistance of the freed people of the South. And she was one of the earliest advocates for the enfranchisement of English women, giving to the work time, money, and thought, always ready to aid when her services were needed. Gentle, dignified, and of charming presence, she remains to-day the center of a circle of friends who regard her with respect and affection.

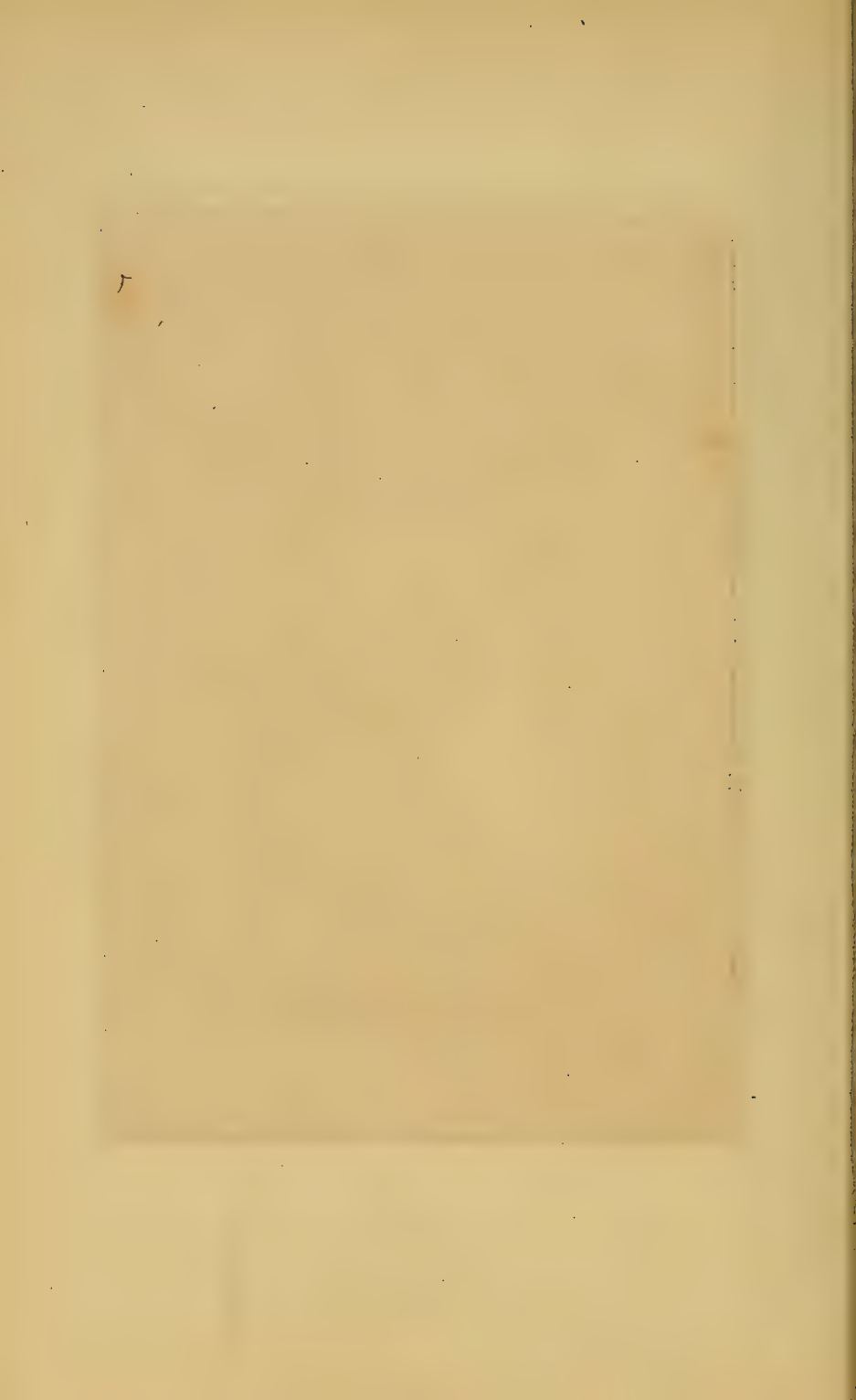
We had the great pleasure of meeting John Bright, "the grand old commoner," and his favorite sister, Mrs. Duncan MacLaren of Edinburgh, with other members of the Bright family, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomasson. Mr. Thomasson was a nephew of the Brights, and also a member

of Parliament. John Bright so closely resembled the pictures I had seen of him, that it seemed as if he must have stepped from one of the picture frames, to dine with the assembled company. Massive and strongly built, with a certain air of power and authority in his bearing, the man would have made an immediate impression upon me, even had I never before heard of him. He was the central figure at the dinner table, and led the conversation, which had started off in a discussion of the differences between the English and American governments. Mr. Bright considered the government of England, in many respects, vastly superior to that of America, and it would have been strange if he had not thought so. The women of the company conversed equally well, and spoke as pertinently on the subject of monarchial and republican governments as did the men, all of whom were connected with the English government; sometimes differing in opinion with the honorable gentlemen, and sometimes complaining that they failed to do justice to America. It was evident that Mr. Bright's family and kindred were very proud of him; yet this did not prevent their criticising him, and even taking sides against him, when they thought him in the wrong.

The conversation finally drifted to the subject of woman suffrage, and Mr. Bright, always brusque in speech, even at times, to rudeness, blurted out an emphatic dissent to the statement made by his sister, Mrs. MacLaren, that the cause of woman suffrage was gaining ground in England. A discussion followed in which I took sides with her, and said that "not only was the reform gaining in England, but in America, and everywhere throughout the world." I added that there was little doubt on our side the water that ultimately the women of the United States would be enfranchised on the same terms as men



JOHN BRIGHT



"When that time comes," said Mr. Bright very emphatically, "I hope the men of America will have pluck enough to emigrate somewhere where women will be kept in their places."

"Bless your soul!" said Mrs. MacLaren, "I wonder that the women of America, and of England too, have not long ago emigrated, and left men to themselves."

All this was said without any display of temper on the part of either, but with the brusqueness characteristic of Mr. Bright's manner and speech, whether in society or in Parliament.

Mr. Jacob Bright was a very different man from his distinguished brother, while not at all his inferior in ability. We were guests at his house on several occasions, when we always met bright and charming people, and were made perfectly at home by the large and gracious hospitality of both host and hostess.

We were dining with Mr. and Mrs. Bright and a few friends, on one occasion, when I found myself in a somewhat embarrassing situation. I was seated beside my host, and was so interested in his conversation, that I neglected to turn down my glasses, to indicate that I wished no wine. Before I was aware of it, the butler had poured me four different kinds of wine, in as many different glasses. Mr. Bright observed it, and turning to me, said politely :

"Now you must tell me what kind of wine Mr. Livermore and you are in the habit of taking, for evidently we haven't it on the table."

When I assured him that we took no wine of any kind, and, in answer to his inquiries, that we were equally abstinent in the matter of malt liquors, brandy, and all distilled spirits, he asked, in surprise,

"You don't mean to tell me that you are teetotalers?"

"Yes," I replied, "we are teetotalers, and always have been."

"And why, pray, if I may be allowed to inquire? Do you fear that you may lose control of yourselves, and not keep within a moderate use of these beverages?"

"No," I replied, "we have never been obliged to consider that possibility. We have never used wine, are not fond of alcoholic drinks, and entirely abstain from them, without even thinking of them." Thinking I might as well explain our position fully, and avow the great principle underlying our refusal of wine, I continued:

"If we enjoyed wine, ale, and the stronger drinks, Mr. Bright, and were sure that we could hold ourselves in check, and never go beyond the line of safety, I see so many people in your country and mine who are unequal to this self-control, and who are continually steeped to the lips in misery, poverty, and crime because of excessive drinking, that I am compelled to listen to the voice sounding down through the ages: 'they that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves.'"

During our conversation, the chat at the dinner table had grown less and less, and finally had ceased altogether. And though I was surprised, I was glad that a low murmur of assent came from all, and that Mr. Bright reached out his hand to me in hearty endorsement, saying:

"You are right, Mrs. Livermore; we all ought to do the same."

I had the great pleasure of meeting Miss Frances Power Cobbe on several occasions. She was intensely interested in the subject of anti-vivisection, and was fighting the battle of the dumb animals and maintaining their right to life and the pursuit of happiness, with as much energy and zeal as if they were human beings suffering physical torture, under



FRANCES POWER COBBE



the plea of scientific investigation. Miss Cobbe was also much interested in the advancement of women, and had the great cause been without a leader, or were it likely to fail for lack of championship, she would have rushed to the front as she had done in earlier days. But there was a large contingent of men and women at work for woman's higher education and enfranchisement, and Miss Cobbe felt free to lead in the cause which lay so near her heart, that of anti-vivisection, into which she was putting all her great force. The cause of liberal religion had been dear to her from her early youth, and, with tears in her eyes, she told me how much she regretted that there was no pulpit open to her, from which she could utter her highest and holiest thoughts.

Through Miss Cobbe I became acquainted with the Drs. Hoggan, husband and wife, who, like herself, were interested in all reform movements. And I passed a most delightful morning with her, listening to her comical story of her early experiences in the Ragged schools and Reformatories of Bristol, where she worked with Mary Carpenter. She has incorporated the whole facetious and interesting narration in her recent "Autobiography."

I was invited to deliver an address in St. George's Hall, on "The Duties of Women in Regard to the Life of a Nation." Mrs. Duncan MacLaren presided, and among the large number of superior women on the platform was Miss Cobbe. She followed me in a speech of nearly half an hour, full of force and fire, and glittering with the satire which she knows how to use upon illogical opponents. I had opportunities of hearing many of the great public orators of England, sitting at times half the night behind the lattice, which encloses the unventilated and uncomfortable pen in the House of Congress, called by courtesy, "The

Ladies' Gallery," that I might hear distinguished members of Parliament. I also had opportunities of hearing the leading women of England, and found that they equaled the men in both matter and manner. Neither men nor women seemed to have any special training for public speech, nor indeed could I learn of any English system of education, that corresponds to what we term "voice-culture."

We were also exceedingly fortunate in meeting the Misses Abby and Susan Martineau and their brother, the favorite nieces and nephew of Harriet Martineau, the eminent literary Englishwoman of the last century. We enjoyed a few days visit with them, in their pleasant home at Edgbaston, Birmingham, and learned from them many interesting incidents in the life of their aunt not mentioned by any biographer.

The Misses Martineau were actively engaged in ministering to the working-women of Birmingham. Noon rests were established for them, where they could bring their lunches, and enjoy the comfort and conveniences of well-furnished rooms, to which lavatories were attached. Two or three of their benefactors were always in attendance, to render service to their protégées. The Misses Martineau were also instrumental in establishing lecture courses for women of all classes, which instructed them in their own physiology, domestic science, the care of their children, household sanitation, and how to meet the various emergencies that are constantly occurring in households. For young women there was special teaching on the subjects of hygiene, healthful dress, ethics, and whatever might be of service in their daily vocations. Entertainments were provided, concerts, dramatic recitations, exhibitions of stereopticon views, and the women were constantly visited in their

homes, so that there was direct personal contact between the so-called upper classes of women, and their working sisters. It seemed impossible that the working women of Birmingham could drop very low, either in morals or the amenities of daily life, while this wise and kind befriending of them was maintained.

The Coffee House System of Birmingham, which prevails more or less throughout all England, won my admiration. At the time of my visit there were nineteen of these houses in Birmingham, which in their appointments ranged all the way from handsome, well-furnished establishments, to those in cellars, which the most abject human beings might feel free to enter. They were all scrupulously clean, and, practically, run upon the same plan. Coffee, cocoa, and good tea, with milk, were served from the counters, with a simple and excellent lunch of bread and meat, and sometimes other eatables, at the lowest possible figures. Connected with each Coffee House was a hall, where its patrons gathered for social enjoyment, entertainments of their own, and the maintaining of their "free and easies." There were also lavatories and smoking rooms for their exclusive use. At certain times and hours the men were allowed to bring the women and children of their families, to enjoy with them the social occasions. Alcoholic liquors in every form were tabooed in these Coffee Houses. The patrons were expected to be clean, orderly, and polite in their behavior, and to take care of the house property.

At hours when the workingmen were at leisure, I did not see a Coffee House that was not well filled with them. They are managed by a company of stockholders, and the stock, at the time of my visit, paid so large a per cent. that the Earl of Derby sent a hundred pounds to Mr. Martineau for investment in it. The houses established in the best

localities of the city make money ; others lose ; but on an average, Coffee House stock was paying ten per cent. when I was in Birmingham. They are morally beneficial to the community, and do much for the education and general improvement of workingmen and women. They are rivals to the public houses, and provide the club-house for temperance workingmen and women, which the drinking man claims he finds in the saloon and gin-palace.

We happened to be in London when Rev. Dr. James Martineau, the great Unitarian divine of England, delivered his last sermon in Portland Street Chapel,—a very remarkable discourse to be delivered at any time of a man's life, but still more remarkable in consideration of Dr. Martineau's advanced age. It was almost as great a pleasure to meet Rev. Mr. Gaskell, whose wife was Charlotte Brontë's biographer. He assisted in the preliminary services. I sought an interview with the venerable clergyman, with whose deceased wife I had corresponded, during the period when she was the historian of the Brontës, and afterwards met Dr. Martineau in his own home. The large, ripe scholarship of one, and the Christian courtesy and charity of both, that added lustre and serenity to their old age, was the logical result of glorious living through a long term of years. As I listened to them, and admiringly observed them, an undertone of petition was running through my thoughts,—“May my last days be like theirs!”

“Do not mention the woman question in your talk with Dr. Martineau,” was the advice given me by one of his friends; “it is an unpleasant topic to him on account of the long estrangement from him of his sister Harriet, and of circumstances connected with it.” I was well acquainted with the details of that sad alienation, and needed no caution to avoid even a remote allusion to it.

I wished very much to visit the old home of Harriet Martineau at Ambleside in the lake country, and was fortunate in obtaining from one of her nephews a letter of introduction to the present occupants of the "little farm," which opened to me the house and grounds. It was interesting to sit in the library where this gifted woman had wrought so bravely in defense of the right, or for the extermination of the wrong, or to help forward some struggling enterprise or heroic reform. But the chamber where for fifteen years she calmly confronted death, and yet wasted no time while waiting for its coming, seemed almost holy ground. Ready to depart on the briefest summons, she busied herself with work for the world, never divorcing herself from human interests, never deaf to the plea of suffering, and quick to hear the cry of the oppressed, until the day came when she passed through the low gateway, and entered that other chamber of the King, larger than this and lovelier. In the evening I walked out upon the terrace as she did, "to meet the midnight," as she said; or, as her religious friends declared, "to meet her God." I rejoiced in the contemplation of what had been achieved in the past and for the promise of the future, and longed to congratulate the noble woman for what she had done to bring in a better day.

I visited the Harriet Martineau cottages, built of Westmoreland granite, which look as if they might last a thousand years, and which she had persuaded the villagers to erect with the savings they accumulated, by foregoing their nightly visits to the public houses. And I passed a half-day with the devoted couple, who for more than twenty years had been in charge of Miss Martineau's farm, living in a stone cottage she erected for them. They had never desired a change, although their mistress "had some peculiarities," as the good wife told me.

One of these was Miss Martineau's passion for scrupulous cleanliness. Everybody and everything about her must be clean — very clean. She would have the cow washed, curried, combed, and provided with clean bedding almost every day. "She would have her treated like a lady!" the woman explained. "Cows are clever beasts," she continued, "and when they are kind and affectionate you do not mind doing a good turn for them. But the big pig Miss Martineau always had, — he was another kind of fellow, I can tell you."

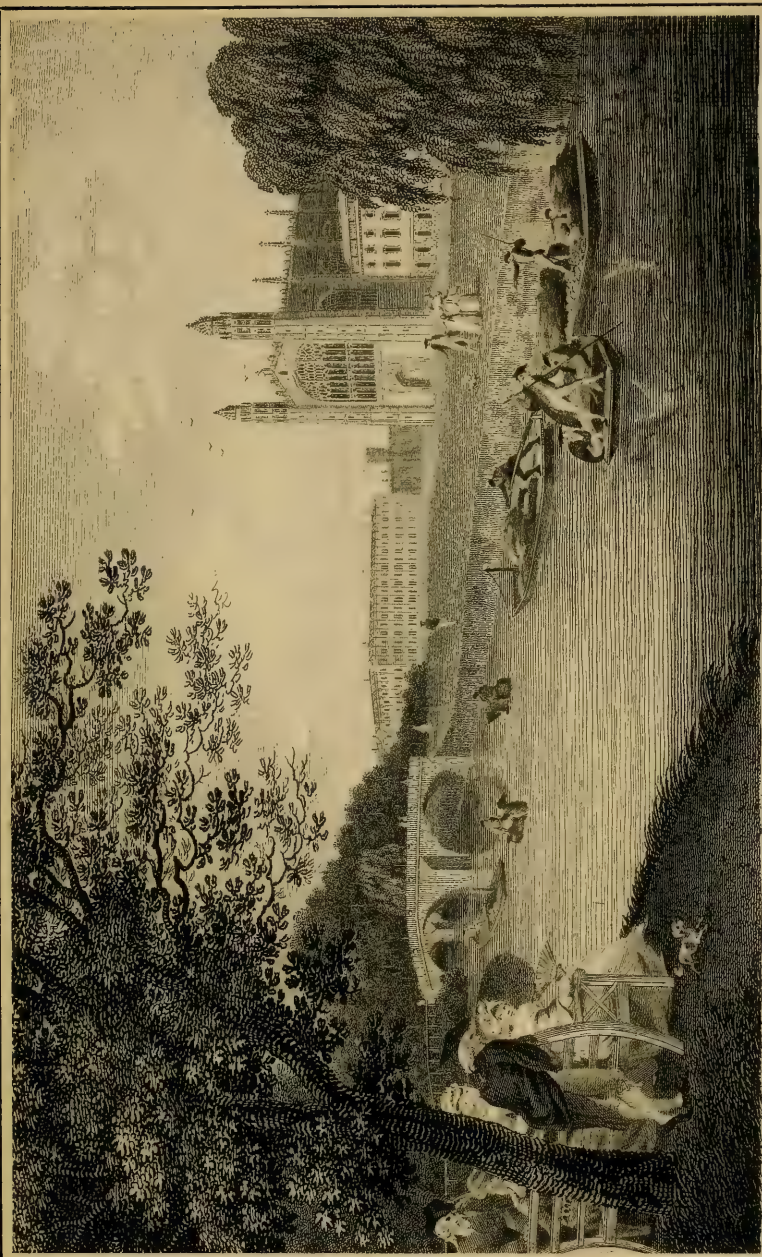
And then she proceeded to tell us how they were ordered to put the pig into a tub of warm soap suds every week, and scrub, and comb, and dry him. His feet were washed as carefully as those of a baby; the stone floor of his pen was scrubbed and dried, and clean litter put in every day for piggy's bed. "This warnt no small job now, I tell you," said the woman. "Piggy never liked these proceedings, and from the minute the washing began until I got through he squealed so that I was deaf for a whole day afterward. You never heard such squealing in your life! And what good did it all do? The pig liked to be dirty, and he tried to be dirty; and by the end of the next day he was as nasty a pig as could be found anywhere. Nevertheless we had to do it. But then, the dear lady was so good to the poor, and to little children, and to my man and me when we were sick, that I didn't used to make a bit of fuss about washing him; it was little enough I could do to pay her for all her kindness."

Through Miss Frances Power Cobbe, I received an invitation to a conference held at the house of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, and there, among other eminent people, met the Bishop of London and Cardinal Manning. The latter impressed me immensely. He seemed more like a spirit

than a human being. He was so spare of flesh that it was said of him, "he had hardly body enough to conceal the nakedness of his soul," and this sentence fails to give one an idea of his attenuation.

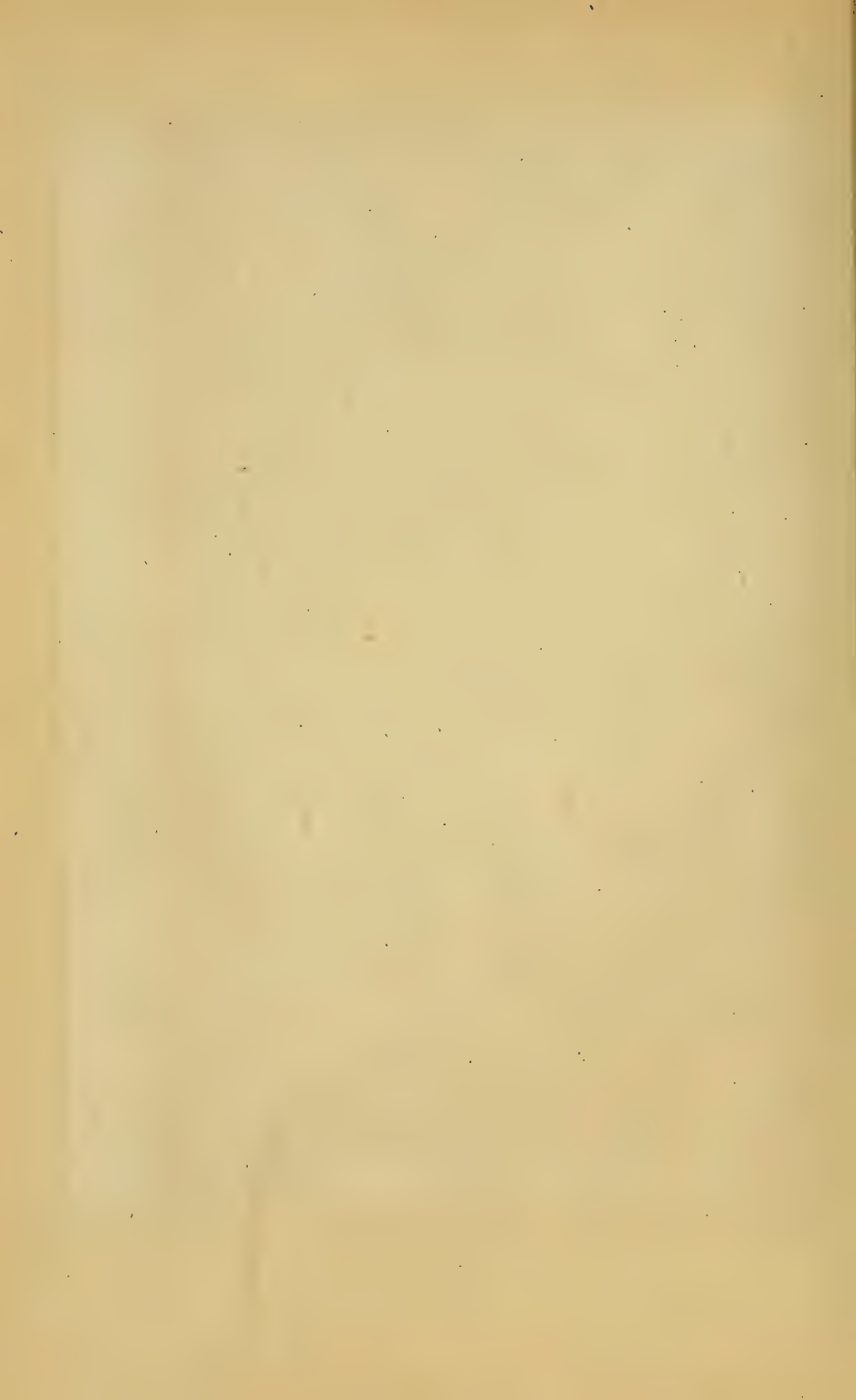
I do not remember the object of this meeting at the house of Lord Coleridge, though I have an idea it related to anti-vivisection, nor was I as much interested in it as in the people who attended it. Of those who addressed the meeting, Cardinal Manning's utterances were the most notable. Although an old man, there was no sign of age or infirmity about him. He spoke with authority, and his words were accepted as finalities. His eyes burned with a dull but intense fire, as if they gave out heat, and his look seemed to penetrate to one's soul. He was deferred to as a being of a higher order than any other of the company. I observed that he deferred most respectfully to Miss Cobbe whenever she spoke, and in one or two instances when she uttered most pronounced opinions, he assented instantly and heartily, without waiting for the endorsement of others.

We availed ourselves of the general invitation of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Conway, and attended their Monday afternoon receptions as frequently as possible. Here we always met most interesting people,—authors, philanthropists, reformers, and scholars; members of the Brahmo Somaj of India; officials from Mohammedan countries, who spoke Arabic, and were almost converts to the religion of the prophet, so orderly and civilized were the lives of his followers, among whom they had dwelt; polyglot people, who talked German with one, addressed another in the Japanese tongue, to whom it was native, and discussed Nihilism in the Russian language with a third, from St. Petersburg. There were always Americans present: Henrietta Beebe, the vocalist, from New York; William Henry



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CAMBRIDGE.

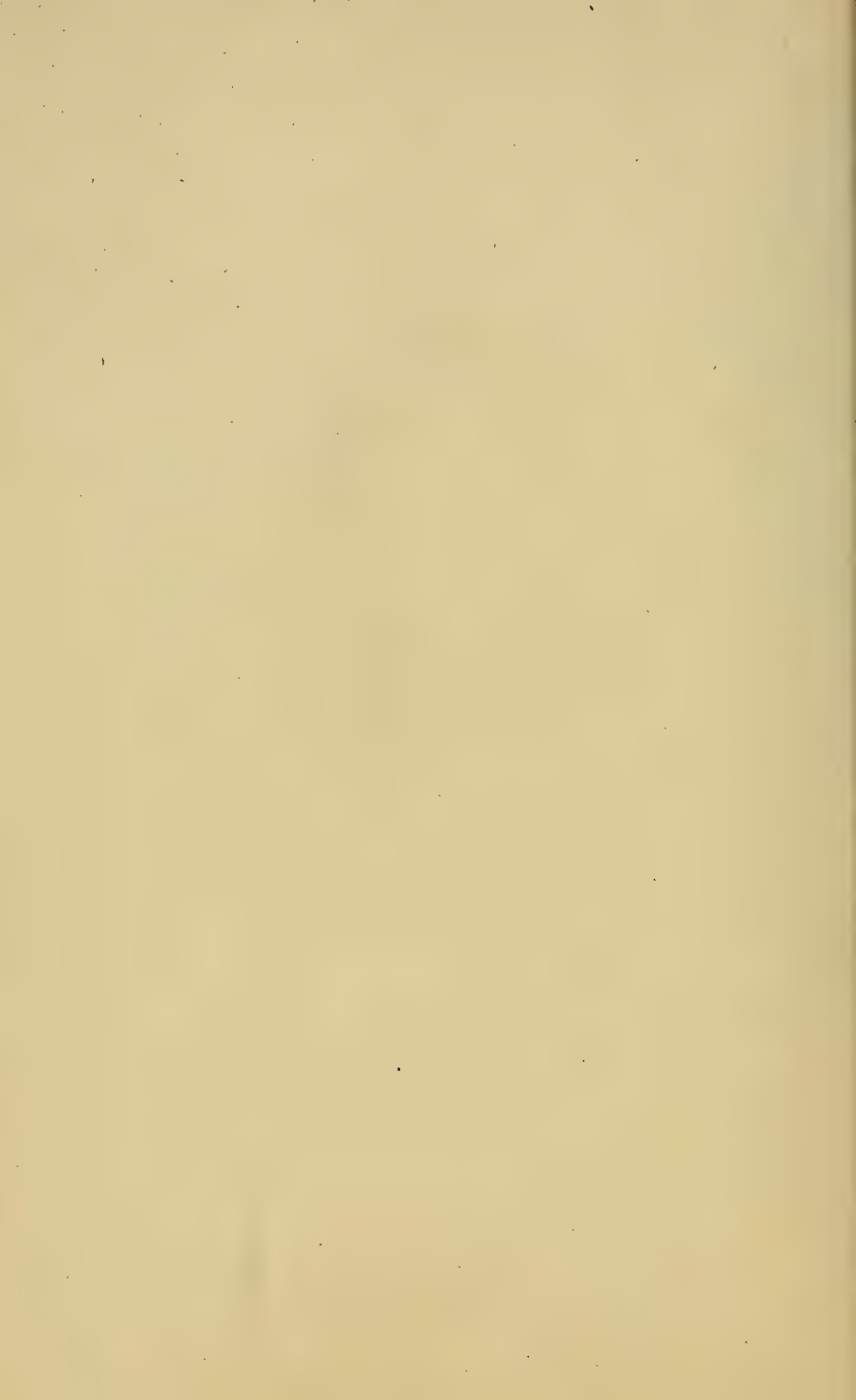




YORK CATHEDRAL



William Parsons



three gifted daughters, made our stay most delightful. There were daily excursions to the various places of interest in the neighborhood of Leeds,—to the quaint old city of York, to York Minster, the ruined Abbey of Fountains, to Haworth, the home of the Brontës, as well as their burial-place, and to a number of beautiful country seats. Everywhere we met charming people, who made us forget that we were strangers in a strange land. Among them were Mrs. Scatcherd, a prominent woman suffragist, who has visited America since then and assisted in conventions. We also called on Dr. Edith Pechy, one of the women physicians sent to the women of India, under the auspices of the Queen. My hostesses had arranged a lecture for me in Leeds, which brought out a large number of liberal people, possessed of wealth, culture, and position, all interested in the great question of woman's advancement. My topic was, "What shall we do for and with Superfluous Women?" It is a most pertinent question in England, since it is announced that only forty-three per cent. of the women of England and Wales can marry, on account of the lack of men.

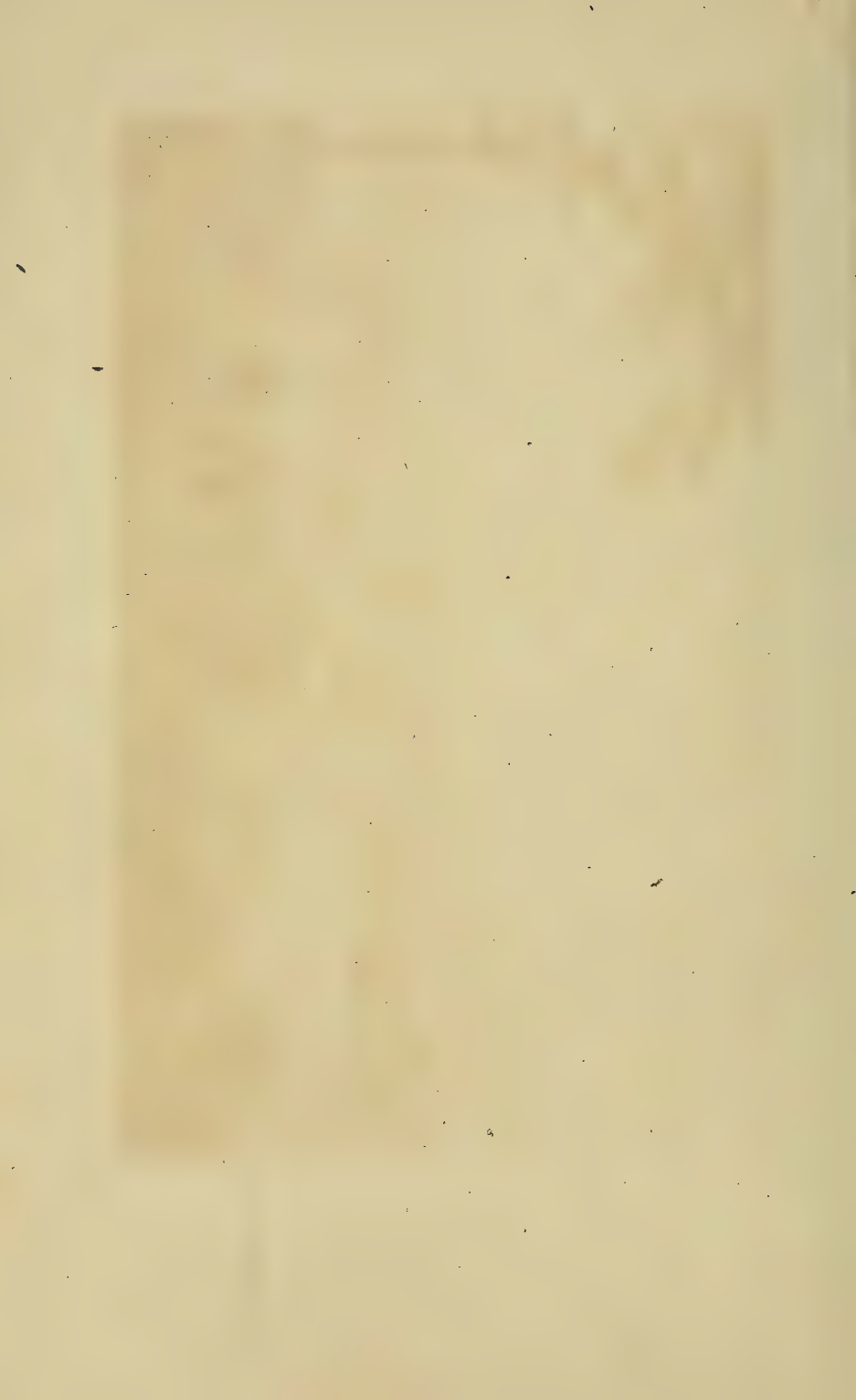
While we were in Dublin, Honorable William Parsons, the eloquent Irish lecturer in American lyceum courses for twenty years, was continually on the alert to show us the bright side of his beloved Ireland. For although he had traveled extensively, he was a most enthusiastic Irishman. He came to our rooms in the Shelborne House one day in a tempest of excitement.

"You are in luck, great luck, dear friends!" was his hearty salutation. "To-morrow is the grand day of the Agricultural Fair, and the Lord Lieutenant will award the premiums. All the landed gentry will be present, and there will be horse-racing for prizes in the afternoon, and a grand ball in the evening, which will be opened by the Lord Lieu-



DUBLIN

By J. C. ALPHEA, N.A.B.



Her Majesty's soldiers, clad in their dazzling scarlet uniforms, were everywhere. The race ground was a perfect riot of color, when the brilliantly costumed jockeys trotted out their horses, and the showy equipages, radiant with gaily attired occupants, drove slowly down the line to secure advantageous positions. The grand stand looked like a colossal flower garden, in which a new blossom unfolded itself every moment, as some lady, bedecked with corruscating gems, climbed to her seat, or some officer, resplendent in gold lace and jeweled decorations, rose to assist her. Chaperoned by Mr. Parsons, our carriage followed slowly, our friend pointing out the distinguished personages in the crowd, of whose history he gave a brief and graphic résumé, lifting his hat and bowing to one and another as we passed.

"But where are the people?" I inquired of Mr. Parsons. "Where are the farmers? These ladies and gentlemen did not raise the fine vegetables displayed in yonder booths. They do not use the agricultural instruments which are attracting so much attention. They have not reared these magnificent horses and bulls, these almost human cows and sheep. Where are the farmers and laborers whose work is here on exhibition, and to whom the prizes are to be awarded?"

"Oh," said he, "this is the fair of the gentry. The peasantry do not come here. Their fairs are of a different order, and are better suited to them. You have nothing like this in America, for you have no hereditary nobility, and know nothing of the caste which it creates. In your country the people rule."

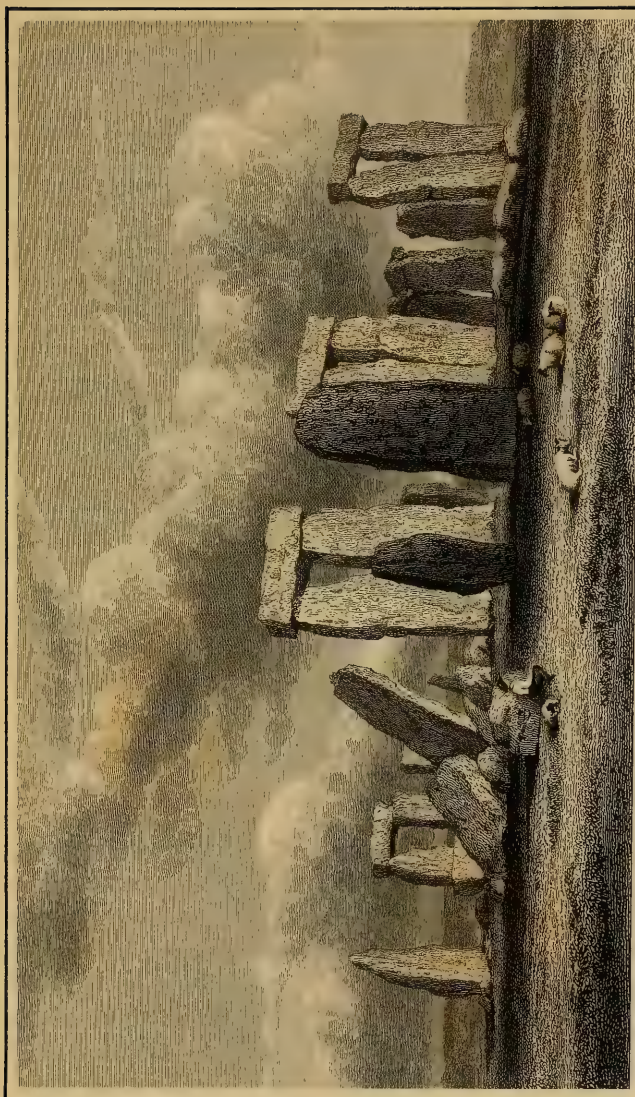
"Thank God for that," was my reply.

The whole brilliant scene lost its attraction. My pulses ceased to thrill with pleasurable excitement, and when the gay throng of people rose to their feet with shouts and

cheers, and blare of trumpets, to greet the winning horses, my thoughts were busy with the horny-handed men and women without, who were shut away from the inspiring spectacle. Their toil had provided the means for this festive occasion, but they were not allowed to have a share in it. They sowed; others reaped. And I recalled the accusation made nearly a century ago by Lord Byron, that "the union of England with Ireland was that of the shark with its prey." Here was an illustrated object lesson. Crushed by five centuries of oppression, impoverished by aliens who have taken from them every acre of their native soil, and abdicating government of themselves in favor of the potent whisky that paralyzes the brain,—here they were still grinding in their prison house, like blind Samson of old, and when their lords wished to make merry and rejoice, like that ancient giant, they helped make sport for them.

Oh, farmers of the mighty West, rejoice that your agricultural fairs represent the work of the people, and are shared by the people! That the people own and till the soil, gather its fruits, and rejoice together over the bounty of the common earth! May you retain your right to an inviolable home, and your share of the wealth that you help to create, which is the legitimate fruit of your toil!

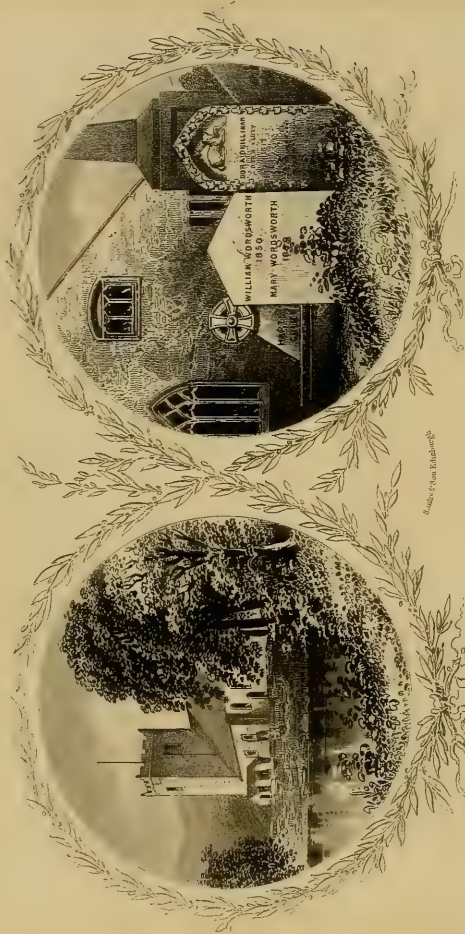
Our time for sight-seeing in Europe was over. We had accomplished all and much more than we had planned, before setting out on this long journey. We had visited the temples of the Druids at Stonehenge, and the Isle of Anglesea; had explored Fingal's Cave, and the Giant's Causeway; had walked the streets of exhumed and deserted Pompeii, and gazed on the awful face of Mont Blanc; had followed a guide through the Catacombs of Rome, and explored the sub-structures of the palaces of the Cæsars on



Engraved by Francis.

STONE. HENGE.





GRASMERE CHURCH.

GRAVES OF WORDSWORTH & COLERIDGE.

Palatine Hill; had seen the glories of Paris, and felt the enthralling influence of Rome and London; had visited picture galleries and cathedrals, castles and abbeys, ruins and historic localities to satiety; had listened to Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey, and Canon Farrar in St. Margaret's Church; had stood by the graves of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and attended divine service in the thousand-year-old church adjoining the cemetery where they sleep; had bought curios of decorated and tinted glass from the bazars of the Piazza San Marco in Venice, mosaics from the shops of Florence, corals from Naples, and pictures from Rome. It was time to set our faces homeward.

Later, when the itinerant blood in our veins rose to fever heat, and was not cooled by a trip to the Pacific Coast, Southern California, Florida, and through the South, we sailed once more across the sea. Then we saw Switzerland and the Tyrol, as we had not before, traveled through Germany and Austria, sailed down the castled and storied Rhine, reveled in the wild grandeur and picturesque beauty of the Black Forest, and rested for a month in the beautiful Mother Land, dear to the American heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE—UNCOMPROMISING HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC—EMINENT MEN AND WOMEN OF MY ACQUAINTANCE.

The Women's Crusade—It spreads like Prairie Fire—Women invade Saloons—Transforming Saloons into Prayer Meetings—Where the Women crusaded—"God is leading us, and we shall wait for Him to show the way"—Dawn of a new Day to Women—The Woman Suffrage Question the largest now before the Public—Reasons why the Reform should win—Anticipation of Ostracism and Derision not realized—Eminent Men and Women of my Acquaintance—A Company of Glorious Women and Noble Men—My Husband's never-failing Good will and efficient Assistance—More indebted to him than to all others—My Lover, Friend, and Helpmate.

SOME three years before our first European trip, a new work came to my hands and my heart, which I felt compelled to accept.

During the winter of 1873-74, the movement known as the Women's Temperance Crusade appeared in Southern Ohio. It was phenomenal and emotional, and sprang up suddenly, like a fire from spontaneous combustion. Nobody planned it, nor engineered it, and it spent itself in a very few months. It was the anguished protest of hopeless and life-sick women against the drunkenness of the time, which threatened to fill the land with beggary and crime, and forced women and children to hide in terror from the brutality of the men, who had sworn to be their protectors. The liquor dealers were intrenched in the law, sheltered by the courts, and protected by the strong arm of the government. There was no redress for the wronged and outraged woman.

Belrose,
July 13, 1897.

My dear Mr. Cooke,

Your circular
was received promptly. The
abbreviated circular seem-
ed to me, admirable, for
anything so brief. I sub-
mitted it to my son-in-law,
Mr. Norris, a Dartmouth
man, and master of one
of the Boston High Schools,
and he agreed with me,



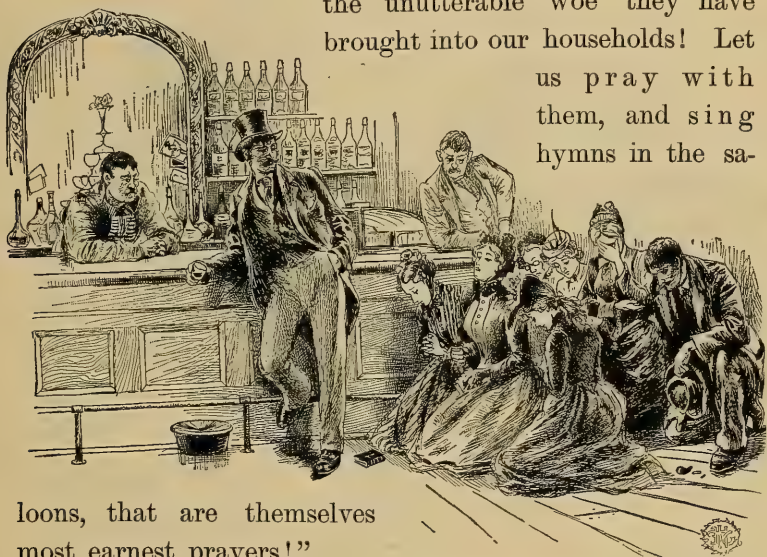
but thought it rather too
laconic! So thought another
friend from Indianapolis,
visiting us, a grand woman's
woman. I have done nothing
more about it, as in this
weather, and vacation sea-
son nothing can be done. You
said you should submit
the circular to other friends
and I have thought I would
like to know their opinion.

I have delayed my ar-
ticle for the Transcript, for
nothing is read just now -
except the ordinary news.
What have you done?

Yrs. truly
L. A. Livermore

In their despair, they organized themselves into visiting companies of twenty, forty, sixty, or a hundred, and "went out on the street," two by two, and called on the saloon-keepers.

"Let us plead with them to abandon their ruinous business," was their womanly suggestion, "and narrate to them the unutterable woe they have brought into our households! Let us pray with them, and sing hymns in the sa-



loons, that are themselves most earnest prayers!"

In an inconceivably short time, the saloons of Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois were invaded by a little army

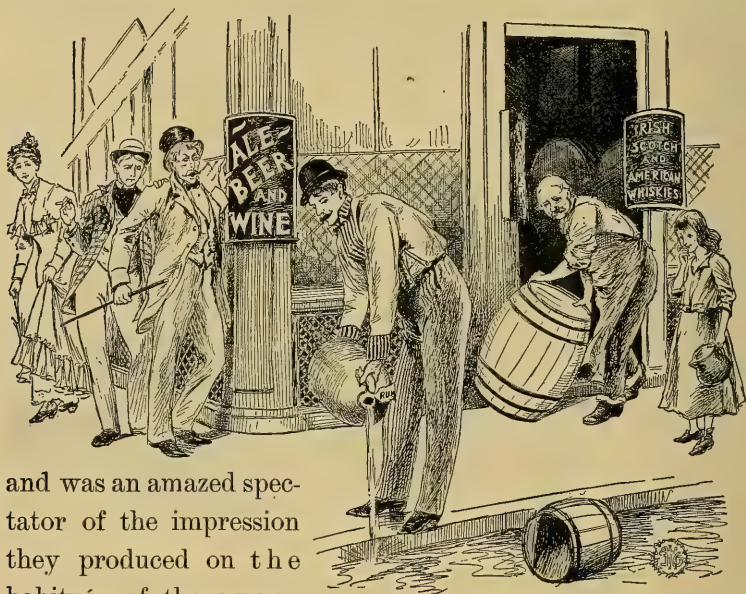
of praying, pleading women, for the movement spread like prairie fire. It was amazing to behold the effects wrought by these crusaders. To-day, it would be said that they hypnotized the saloon-keepers. For they dropped on their knees, in many instances, beside the praying women, and prayed for themselves. They signed total abstinence pledges, and renounced liquor drinking and liquor selling forever. They emptied into gutters and ditches their kegs

THE WOMEN'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.—
A BAND OF PRAYING WOMEN IN A SALOON.

I accompanied the women to the saloons, and was an amazed spectator of the impression they produced.

and barrels of alcoholic liquors, and joined the crusaders as they sped on to achieve still greater victories.

My lecture engagements took me into towns and villages for four weeks, where the crusade was in progress, and I had opportunities of witnessing its methods and results. I accompanied the women in their visitations to the saloons,



and was an amazed spectator of the impression they produced on the habitués of the grog-shops and their proprietors, and wondered

greatly how all this would end. When I inquired of the women concerning their plans for the future, they answered simply :

“This movement was not planned by us ; we were forced into it by a power beyond ourselves. We believe God is leading us, and we shall wait for him to show us the way.”

The crusade spent itself, the saloons re-opened, and the press announced that “the pious whirlwind evoked by the

RENOUNCING LIQUOR SELLING FOREVER.

They emptied into gutters and ditches their kegs and barrels of alcoholic liquors, and joined the crusaders.

women of the West had exhausted its fanatical fury!" But the next summer, as soon as these temperance crusaders could come together for consultation, they organized the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, which, under the splendid leadership of Frances Willard, now numbers a constituency of adult, honorary, and junior members of over half a million.

While passing through the scenes of the crusade, in my lecture tour, I wrote letters to some of the Boston papers, to correct the sensational misrepresentations of the press, relating to this wonderful movement. They were extensively read and copied. On my return in the spring, I was invited by Rev. Dr. Neale, my old pastor and friend, to tell the story of the crusade as I saw it, from the pulpit of his church, then located on Somerset Street, Boston, where now stands the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. The church was packed with men and women of all classes and sects. So vital an interest was awakened that it led to the organization of a Women's Temperance Union, of which I became president, after the first year of its existence. This office I held for ten years, having associated with me as secretary, a woman of rare ability, who was my lifelong friend and early schoolmate, Mrs. L. B. Barrett. Her death compelled my resignation. I had lost my better half, and no one could fill her place to me, as adviser, confidant, lover, and co-worker.

Those ten years of work were full of perplexities, and my faith and patience were taxed to the utmost. The hostility of the liquor traffic, which recognized in the organization a new element of danger to its interests, — the jealous sectarianism of the women, most of whom had never before engaged in any work except for their individual churches, — the fear of many of the clergy that this aggres-

sive temperance work would absorb too much of the money and time of their women members, — the ignorance of parliamentary law, which led many women, when voted down, or compelled to abide by the adverse decisions of the chair, or the house, to consider themselves aggrieved or insulted, — the lack of money to carry on the work, and the faint-heartedness of the workers, when means were devised for the raising of funds, — all this, with many lesser annoyances, rendered the office of president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, during its first ten years, anything but a sinecure.

The experience of years has changed all this. And if the members of the Union throughout the country have lost their early enthusiasm, it is because of a clearer comprehension of the magnitude of their work, and of its awful discouragements. They are more wisely informed concerning the subject of inebriety than ever before, they understand better the causes which lead to it, the methods by which it should be treated, and are making a public sentiment, that shall, by and by, manifest itself in the election of better legislators and more effective temperance legislation. Better than all else, they are almost unanimous in their conviction that the possession of the ballot is necessary to women, when dealing with an evil protected by law and defended by government, and they are working for the enfranchisement of women.

I have worked steadily for temperance, within and without the organization, from its earliest beginnings; have given thousands of addresses in its behalf in every section of the country; have assisted to form organizations within its lines, both of adults and minors; and have spoken from the platform and the pulpit, at political meetings, and before legislative committees, at Chautauqua assemblies and grove

meetings, summer schools, and camp meetings, that I might advance its interests, win recruits to its ranks, or put money into its treasury. I shall remain a member of the Union while I live. And while I no longer hold office in the organization, I lend a hand to its work wherever I am most needed, and as frequently as is consistent with my numerous other engagements.

My work for thirty years has, therefore, been threefold. My public lecturing has been more extensive, and longer continued, than that of any other woman. It has been distinct from my reform work, and I have never carried my hobbies to the lecture platform, unless especially invited to do so by the committees of the Lyceum courses. The work that I have undertaken for temperance and for woman suffrage, although the two organizations are entirely distinct, has nevertheless more or less intermingled. It is difficult to advocate one, without encroaching on the boundary of the other. The woman suffrage question is, however, to me the largest now before the public. It underlies all temperance reform work; it means the freeing and developing of half the human race, for, through the long past, the female half of the human family has lived in a world of hindrance and repression, of disability and servitude. All races and peoples of the world have, at one time or another, and some of them at all times, relegated woman to an injustice and ignorance, to which men always doom those whom they regard as inferiors. Until within a comparatively short time, the finest qualities of womanhood have been latent; there has been no opportunity for their development and manifestation, for the world has been, and is still, to a large extent, under the dominion of brute force, and might still triumphs over right.

For nearly forty years I have been convinced that if

the world is to be helped onward in its progress, and assisted towards a nobler civilization, it can only be accomplished by as complete a freedom and development of women, as is accorded to men. For this reason, I have felt compelled to give much of the best years and ablest efforts of my life to the service of this great reform, which is making a radical change in the status and activities of women. Women do not make one class and men another; together they make one class, for the two are only halves of that one great whole which we call humanity. The man is the masculine half, the woman the feminine half. The two halves are equal, but different, each complementing and supplementing the other, each designed to be the best friend and helper of the other. The man is never to be measured by the woman, nor is the woman to be measured by the man; for they are intended to be different, while, at the same time, one is as important to the whole as is the other.

If we call man the head, we call woman the heart. If Swedenborg announces man to be wisdom, he declares that woman is love, and then proceeds to show that love is wisdom, strength, inspiration, life, home, and God. If we call the man logic, the woman is intuition. If we speak of the man as ambition, the woman is inspiration. If we say that the man is scientific, we know that the woman is artistic,—and so on through the whole range of the faculties. There is not a manliness which has not its complementary womanliness, and alas! it is not easy to condemn an unmanliness, without recalling the unwomanliness which matches it. We are two halves of one whole. “We rise or fall together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.”

This mental duality is matched by a corresponding physical duality. We have two eyes for one vision; two nostrils for one odor; two lips for one speech; two ears for

one sound; two hands for one movement; two feet for one step; two lobes of the brain for one thought; two bony plates cover the brain; two kinds of corpuscles in the blood, one red, one white; two lobes of the lungs for one breath; two divisions of the heart for one pulsation, and these two parts again divide themselves; and so on. But this duality of organs makes but one man and one woman, as the duality of the sexes, one man and one woman, makes but one humanity.

The highest civilization is not material only, but mental, moral, and spiritual, and the best qualities of manhood and womanhood united are necessary to its development. It becomes, therefore, the duty of women who are interested in the welfare of the race, and who desire the advancement of the Kingdom of God upon earth, to seek the enfranchisement of their sex. For legal as well as social measures are necessary to check vice and crime, and to uproot great moral and social evils. To-day, women of the largest administrative talent, of the highest culture, of the most far-reaching philanthropy, and with a Christ-like passion for promoting the public well-being, are doomed to enforced inactivity, because their hands are tied, and their feet manacled by disfranchisement. They are regarded by men as inferior to themselves, and with logical correctness. For under a republican government, women can only become the legal equals of men by possession of the ballot. This legal inferiority, this degradation of disfranchisement loses to the world the best qualities of womanhood, and makes it impossible for women to bring their sense of justice and righteousness to bear upon public questions.

As I have said elsewhere, I delivered the first lecture on woman suffrage that I ever heard, and called and conducted the first woman suffrage convention I ever attended. My

husband, through the teachings of his mother, had become a believer in the enfranchisement of woman long before our marriage, and did not hesitate to broach the subject at proper times in his own pulpit. I had therefore no opposition to encounter in my own household, when I publicly espoused the great reform, but, on the contrary, the largest help and encouragement. I expected that my new departure would bring upon me social ostracism, loss of friends and gain of enemies, and I entered on the work fully prepared to make great sacrifices, and to accept the consequences, whatever they might be.

How different has been my experience! Instead of finding myself an object of scorn and derision, I was speedily lifted into the atmosphere of a larger life, where I breathed a freer air, and had a broader and clearer outlook. I was obliged to sacrifice nothing for which I cared in my heart of hearts, and found myself associated with men and women of a grand and noble order, who had worked for the extinction of American slavery, and had infused into the republic an interpretation of liberty that includes the human race. They were altruists, before altruism became the fad of the day, and the ideal reformer whom they sought to emulate was Jesus, the Christ.

Among them have been Mrs. Lucy Stone, and her excellent husband, Mr. Henry B. Blackwell, the two united in an ideal marriage. I have been continuously associated with them for a quarter of a century. Gentle, sweet-voiced, winning, persuasive, and withal persevering and undaunted, she began her work for woman suffrage in 1847. She delivered the first address ever made in its behalf in this country, in the church of her brother, a Congregationalist clergyman, in Gardner, Massachusetts. This was a year previous to the famous woman suffrage con-



LYDIA MARIA CHILD



vention called by Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at Seneca Falls, New York. To Mrs. Stone the reform was more than life. And stimulated by the great love he bore her, her husband worked with her, all through the years, till her death,—assisting her to forge her thunderbolts, to tip with force and directness her arrows, to plan her campaigns, which took them both into the enemy's country, whence they returned with new recruits, leaving behind hosts of friends, and a diminished and weakened opposition.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been another of my beloved co-workers, who brought her gracious presence, her large mental equipment, as well as her literary reputation, to the aid of the suffrage cause. Mrs. Lydia Maria Child preceded Mrs. Howe as a reformer, and at the start sacrificed her literary prospects to the cause of the slave,—and later, when slavery was abolished, entered the lists for the emancipation of women. Clara Barton, my famous co-worker in the Sanitary Commission during the late civil war,—who afterwards gave her services to the hospitals during the Franco-Prussian war, at the request of the Empress Augusta,—and later was made chief of the Red Cross Society to which she was appointed by President Garfield,—and who now is almoner of the charities of the United States to the hunted, starving, persecuted Armenians, the victims of Moslem hate,—is proud to associate herself with woman suffragists. So are Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, a pupil of Margaret Fuller, the author of many valuable books, the tireless worker for the Boston Woman's Hospital,—Dr. Marie Zachrzenska, one of the world's three pioneer medical women, and the founder of the Woman's Hospital,—Alice Freeman Palmer, the ex-President of Wellesley College, and Dean of Women Students in Chicago University,

the tireless young champion of college and university education for women,—Harriet Hosmer and Anne Whitney, our American sculptors, whose sympathy with what is noblest in human character and loftiest in human deeds is expressed in statuary.

What a brilliant coterie of gifted and famous men I found associated in this new work for women! George William Curtis, the Chevalier Bayard of the movement, “without fear and without reproach,”—Henry Ward Beecher, who always carried his audiences by storm when he pleaded for women,—Wendell Phillips, the beloved orator with the silver tongue, who never failed us, when there was need of him,—William Lloyd Garrison, who lived to see the anti-slavery reform which he had inaugurated completely successful, and was hailed as their deliverer by four million black slaves,—Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, poet, and seer, with Bronson Alcott, the transcendentalist,—James T. Fields, the author and publisher,—Rev. Samuel J. May of New York, a “born saint” and a grand man, with his cousin, Rev. Samuel May of Massachusetts, equally loyal to the right,—Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, the one firm friend of Theodore Parker, when all others “forsook him and fled,”—Col. Thomas W. Higginson, always the friend and helper of woman,—ex-Governors William Claflin and John D. Long, politicians of unblemished moral repute, and as able and influential as they were excellent,—Hon. George F. Hoar, who has put the strength of his great name and influence to our service in every emergency,—what other reform has started off with so notable an array of men and women?

It was my good fortune in early life to have a brief but profitable acquaintance with Horace Mann, whom I always



W. B. Hooper



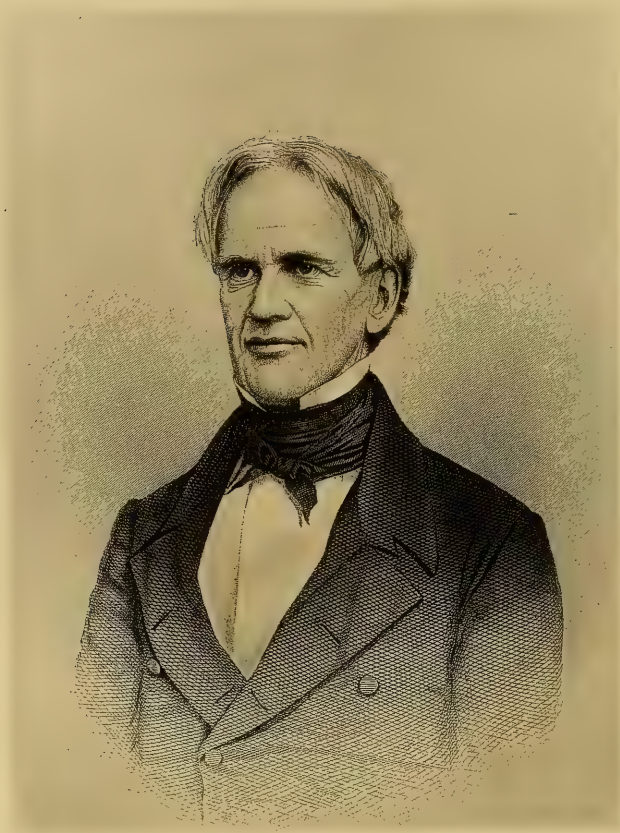
1855



John S. Long



Geo F Howe



Horace Mann





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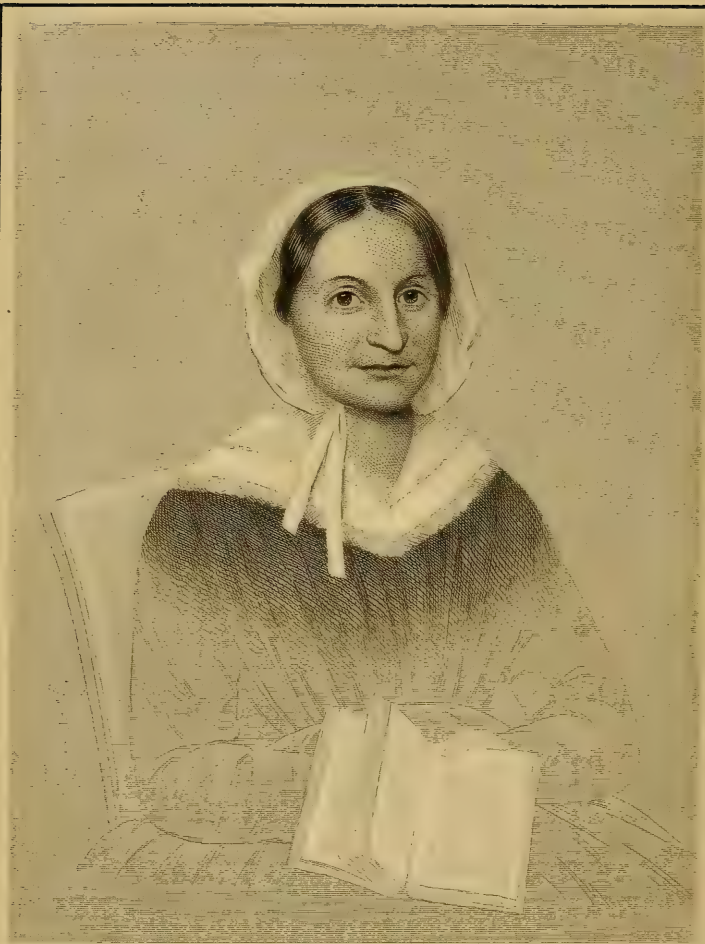
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

remember as the great educator; and also with "Father Taylor," the seaman's preacher, whose genius for his work, and whose untutored eloquence made him famous the world over. Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave, the freed man, the orator and leader of his people, whom to know was to love, has been our frequent guest in the past. To live in the near neighborhood of Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, to enjoy a personal acquaintance with them, to receive their greetings as they passed, to be able to appreciate their growing fame and their noble development, has been a great educator. I remember them all when they were young, and recall my first introduction to Longfellow at Harvard College, when I was less than eighteen years old. "Professor Longfellow will be heard from one of these days," said my young student friend, "for there is the making of a grand man in him." He was famous then. I still retain the sense of gratitude to Professor Agassiz, enkindled by his nobleness towards women, more than a quarter of a century ago, who opened his lectures to women in advance of all other Harvard professors, and even gave his time and services to them gratuitously, when they lacked means to pay him. May his memory be green forever!

I was also brought in touch and became well acquainted with Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who first organized the woman suffrage sentiment in 1848. Mrs. Mott was a Quaker preacher, frail in appearance, but of whom George Combe, the Scotch philosopher, who lectured in Boston in 1838, declared that she was "the most intellectual woman he had met in America." Mrs. Stanton was in the prime of life when I first met her, making herself felt wherever she went, in behalf of woman's advancement. Brave, unselfish, clear-headed, and

a friend to all women, her labors have been invaluable to her sex. The same may be said of Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has been intimately associated with Mrs. Stanton for almost half a century. Having neither husband, nor children, nor home cares, she has been free to devote her life to work for women. So nobly has she served the cause she espoused, that the world at large recognizes her nobility and pays homage to her worth. The younger suffragists hold her in filial regard, and rally around her, as daughters about a mother.

There have been but few of the eminent women of the last forty years whom I have not known or met. One of my earliest friendships when we removed to Chicago was with Mrs. Jane Swisshelm, who had been the editor of the Pittsburg "Saturday Visitor" in the days of Daniel Webster. A bright, vivacious woman in private life, she wielded so sharp a pen when writing of the misdoings of congressmen at Washington, who were legitimate subjects of criticism in those days, that she was regarded with fear. She was a strong Abolitionist, and an early advocate of woman's rights. I recall two eminent women of half a century ago,—Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman and Mrs. Wendell Phillips. The former, the most beautiful woman of America in her day, was the niece of the wealthy founder of the Boston Public Library, and was educated abroad in the best schools of London and Paris. My friendship with this gifted woman, in the last years of her life, is one of my most blessed memories. She was the efficient coadjutor of Garrison, in his anti-slavery work, and the great friend of Harriet Martineau, the foremost literary Englishwoman of the last century, and her biographer. Mrs. Phillips was a beautiful and gifted girl, but in delicate health, when she became the bride of the peer-



Mary Lyon.



Wm. J. Wilson Sc.

Catherine E. Beecher

less orator of the country. Through the ideally happy half-century of their marriage, she sank into hopeless invalidism, when her husband became her tireless and devoted nurse and care-taker. "Wendell is my better three-quarters," she always said of him. But he called her his "counselor" and "spiritual instructor," and craved her suggestions in the preparation of his lectures, and her criticism when they were completed.

I remember Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, who visited the Charlestown Female Seminary while I was in attendance as a student, and later, as a teacher. She was the immediate predecessor of the noble women who have worked for the opening of colleges and universities to the girls of our day. Wise beyond the women of her generation, she adopted, as motives to progress, principles that later were successfully employed at Rugby by Dr. Arnold, and built her school on such solid foundations that it lives to-day, and has developed into a well-equipped college. Later, I was enriched by the acquaintance of two other superb pioneer teachers, — Catherine Beecher, the eldest sister of Henry Ward Beecher, who, in the utter absence of normal schools, established a training school for teachers herself, and sent large numbers of them West. Elizabeth Peabody, the intimate friend and biographer of Dr. Channing, and a very superior educator, laid all mothers under obligations of gratitude by establishing the Kindergarten in America, and so, in one sense, became the mother of all children.

I was associated with Dorothea Dix, during the war, in hospital work and the superintendence of nurses. "This work is only an episode in my life," she said to me; "my life work is to found insane asylums, and to better the condition of paupers, lunatics, and prisoners." Philanthropy was her

passion. I was not able to appreciate Margaret Fuller in her day. She was many years my senior. On the two or three occasions when I was in her society, I was so profoundly impressed by the majesty of her genius that I was dumb in her presence. I wrote her a note of thankfulness when she published "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," which brought me a characteristic reply that I still carefully treasure. I esteem myself fortunate in the acquaintance of the pioneer medical sisters, Doctors Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell, who trod flinty paths with bleeding feet in their early struggles for medical education and position, and made it possible for all competent women to enter the medical profession.

I knew Charlotte Cushman in her youth, when she was battling against fearful odds. For forty years she walked the paths of a profession dangerous to woman — its most eminent tragedienne — and never, by word or deed, brought a blush to the cheek of the most fastidious. I carry the memory of Maria Mitchell in my heart, as a talisman, to defend me from unworthy aims. Wearing a gold medal from the King of Denmark for telescopic discoveries, commissioned by the government to make calculations for use in its coast-survey, and the compilation of its Nautical Almanac, professor of astronomy at Vassar College, and holding a high position in the scientific world, she was so severely simple, and so unflinchingly loyal to truth, that pretence and artifice shrank abashed from her presence. Never shall I forget the day I spent with Adelaide Phillips in her home in Marshfield a short time before her death. A prima donna of the lyric stage, her interest extended beyond the musical world, and her heart went out to all toilers for the betterment of the world. I had given a morning lecture in Marshfield, which interested her, and she invited me home



LOUISA M. ALCOTT

with her, where her concert troupe were arranging work for the next season. "You shall be our audience," said Adelaide, "and we will give you a concert this afternoon." And for nearly two hours I sat a rapt listener to the most exquisite music.

How they throng about me, the shadows of the departed noble women I have known, and the forms and faces of those who tarry a little longer! Louise Lee Schuyler, to whom the country was mainly indebted for the organization of the Sanitary Commission, and later, the city of New York for the inauguration of its Associated Charities,—Abby W. May and Professor Mary Safford, beloved of soldiers for their philanthropic work during the war, the former of whom Governor Ames of Massachusetts appointed on the State Board of Education, while the latter was elected to a professorship in the Medical School of Boston University,—Louisa Alcott, who sent out book after book, as fast as the steam-worked press could bring them out, which were a benediction to the youth of both sexes; who guided the feet of her aged parents down the dark valley, and folded their tired hands beneath the daisies; who adopted her widowed sister and fatherless sons; who aided another sister in her education in art, till she became famous; who asked nothing for herself, but all for her friends; and whose life was shortened a quarter of a century by overwork for the comfort of those she loved; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who, from the retirement of invalidism, has rendered women valiant service in many departments of literature; Alice and Phebe Cary, the gifted daughters of song, who, buffeted by every species of unkind fate, forgot their own griefs in comforting others; Frances Willard, who leads her countrywomen in righteous hostility to the dram-shops and saloon; and Rev. Augusta J. Chapin, D.D., the only living woman minister

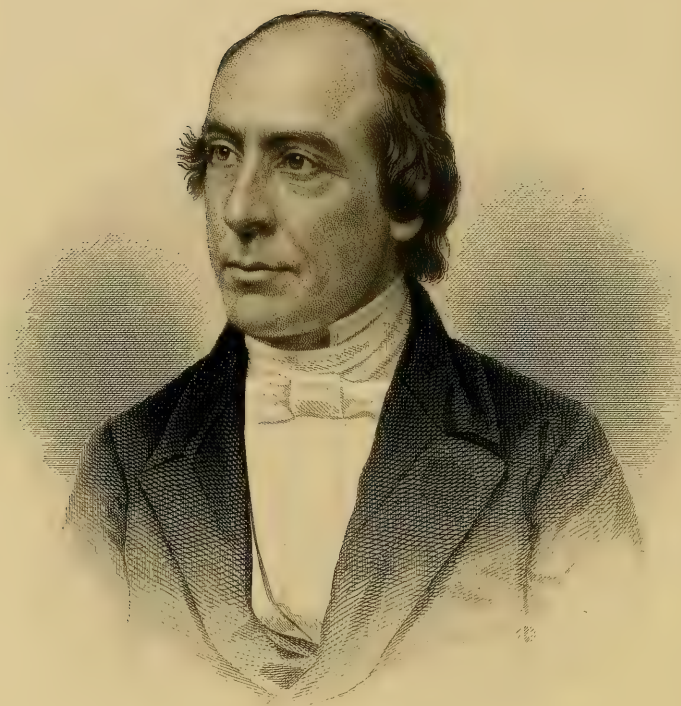
who has received that honor, and who bears it worthily by virtue of her thirty years' service in the ministry, as also by her large scholarship.

While residing in Chicago I heard Fanny Kemble render three of Shakspeare's plays to a large audience. She was a whole stock company in herself, and the minor parts were as well expressed as the leading roles. She made the scenes vivid without scenery or costumes, and, with closed eyes, one could easily have believed a full company was interpreting the play.

Far different the interest awakened not only in my own heart but throughout the country, by Ramabai, "the little brown woman from India," and Lady Henry Somerset, the gracious and peerless leader from Eastnor Castle, England. Indomitable in spirit and persistent in purpose, it was yet very pathetic to listen to the pleas of the Pundita Ramabai in behalf of the high caste widows of her country, and all felt moved to aid her. Her mission was in a measure successful, for she has recently completed a bungalow for her widows' school at an expense of \$12,000, contributed by American women.

All the world loves a wise and gracious leader, and Lady Somerset has renounced so much that the world most highly esteems, and has taken on herself so many self-imposed duties, that are sometimes thankless in themselves, and at all times arduous, that she may lessen the sum of human misery and send light into dark places, that the love and homage of all are accorded her.

The list lengthens. To paragraph the names and deeds of the glorious women and noble men who have honored me with their acquaintance and friendship, is to rehearse a fragment of the roll-call of God's saints, when he opens wide the doors of his heaven and bids the faithful enter. The gentle-



Eng^d by A. H. Ritchie

H. W. Bellows

REV HENRY W BELLOWS D D

NEW YORK



A. Lincoln

men of the Sanitary Commission with whom I was immediately associated, and who honored me with their confidence and coöperation, were of the highest type of manhood, — Rev. Dr. H. W. Bellows, the president; Rev. Frederick Knapp, the special relief agent; Frederick Law Olmsted, the secretary; Professor J. S. Newberry of Cleveland, Ohio; Honorable Mark Skinner and E. S. Blatchford of Chicago, Illinois, — whose kind helpfulness I shall never forget.

I formed many friendships with army men during the war, many of which death has interrupted, but others have continued to the present time. I have had personal acquaintance with very few unworthy men in all my long life, and know of their existence mainly through the press, which, unwisely, as I think, reveals to us day by day the dark, evil, vicious side of life, rather than that which is ennobling, helpful, and Christ-like. I recall with a mournful pleasure my acquaintance and frequent interviews with President Lincoln, General Grant, and Secretary Stanton. I have written of this in detail in "My Story of the War." They never refused me an interview, and always granted my requests. President Lincoln gave me the manuscript of his Proclamation of Emancipation for the Chicago Sanitary Fair, which was sold to Hon. Thomas B. Bryan of Chicago for \$3,000, after we had photographed it, that we might make facsimile copies for sale. The favors I received from Secretary Stanton and General Grant are too numerous to recount here. They were solicited not for myself, but for some phase of the work with which I was connected, and in which both of these eminent men so entirely believed, that they never hesitated to endorse or aid it.

In all the labors that I have undertaken, during the last fifty years, or in which I am still engaged, I have been superbly helped by my husband. His never-failing good

will and hearty and efficient assistance have lightened my cares, and transmuted unwelcome duties to pleasures. Whatever his own occupations have been,—and until 1885 he had the charge of a parish,—he has found time to search



REV. DANIEL P. LIVERMORE.

From a photograph taken at the age of seventy.

the libraries for the facts I needed in the preparation of a lecture, the inditing of a magazine article, or the writing of a book. He has personally accompanied me to lectures, debates, conferences, and symposiums, rejoicing more when I have achieved a success than any of my audience. If my Western lecture trips have extended through two or three months, at the end of every third week my husband has made me a visit, when there have been a few days' rest and recreation, which have toned me up for the continuance of

the winter's work. We have been housekeepers over fifty years, and in all the manifold cares and perplexities of the home-making and home-keeping, in the rearing of children, their training and education, their sickness, death, marriage, and settlement in homes of their own, I have been sure not only of sympathy and appreciation from my husband, but of active, wise, hearty coöperation. To no other person am I so deeply indebted, as to him, who has been for more than fifty years my lover, friend, husband, housemate, and efficient helpmate.

CHAPTER XXXV.

OCCUPATIONS OPEN TO WOMEN — OUR "GOLDEN WEDDING" — ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST EVENTS OF MY LIFE.

Occupations Open to Women — One Hundred and Fifty Women Ministers — Women Lawyers Admitted to the Bar — Colleges, Universities, Professional and Technical Schools now Admit Women — Changes in the Laws for Women — Keeping Pace with Educational Advances — States and Territories where Women Vote — Various Philanthropic Societies with which I am Affiliated — Our "Golden Wedding" — No Invitations Sent Out — "The Latch-string Hung Out" — Shaking Hands with Fifteen Hundred People — Passing the Limit of "Three Score Years and Ten" — The Immanent God and Human Destiny — The Future Radiant with the Glory of a Nobler Civilization.

WHILE work for the enfranchisement of woman has been steadily maintained for half a century, widening, deepening, and gaining ground the world over, her status and activities have almost entirely changed, in both England and America. When Harriet Martineau visited this country in 1832, she found but seven occupations open to women. They could be milliners, dressmakers, tailoresses, seamstresses, operatives in factories, teachers of a low grade, and domestic servants. Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, has recently published the statement that there are now three hundred and fifty occupations in which women are engaged, and that there is really no opposition to their undertaking any work for which they have capacity and fitness. Women are accountants, pharmacists, cashiers, telegraphers, stenographers, type-writers, book-keepers, dentists, authors, lecturers, journalists, painters, architects, and

Melrose,

Aug. 18, 1897.

Dear Mr. Cooke,

I am entirely satisfied with the circular. It is very clear, very distinct and perfectly comprehensible. It is not too long, I would not omit one word, and it is long enough. I have ^a much more distinct conception of the book you are to write, than I have before attained. How profoundly interesting it will be!

One sentence kindled me into a blaze of enthusiasm. "So far from its being true that woman has had no history,

or none which can now be traced out, the simple fact is that the most abundant materials exist for such a history and her career has always been one of the greatest interest and importance." I have always believed this, but have not expected, in my day, that a competent investigator would make my belief a verity. I shall not live to see the work completed. And now, I begin to query, if it is not possible for the work to be published a volume at a time, as fast as completed. Will not the work logically divide itself into sections, like, 1st, Ancient, 2nd, Mediæval, and 3rd, Modern?

You will get my idea. And if it is so arranged in sections, or parts, cannot it appear, a volume at a time?

As to criticisms of the Circular
1st. "History of Woman," does not seem a sufficient title. It is hardly inclusive enough. And yet I cannot, now, think of anything better. Perhaps some one else will.

2nd. As you are not supposed to be speaking in the circular, but your friends, I think it will be better to give your proper title, as a prefix to your name, — "Rev." I have added it in pencil, as you see.

3rd. It is my opinion that

the circular cannot have too
extensive a circulation of the
right kind. It should appear
in literary, scientific, sociolog-
ical and liberal journals, in
magazines, if they will publish
it. ~~and that~~ Each circular
should contain an appeal
for subscriptions, with name
and address of treasurer,
and with your name and
address. It should be signed
also by a dozen or twenty strong
men and women, not radicals
entirely, nor mostly, but by
scholars, well-known students
and investigators, whose very
names will commend the work
to the public.

4th. Mr. Garrison's name will carry weight as a treasurer. Every subscriber should send his money with his name, so that there may be no dunning, nor collecting.

5th. I think it may be necessary to form an Ass'n, after awhile, with president, Secretary and treasurer, for unless the unexpected happens, and some generous soul advances a big sum of money in the lump, the work of subscribing is to go for years. Nothing ever comes of nothing, and this work will not do itself. Some canvassing will

necessary. You need have no
modesty in canvassing for
such a work. Every subscriber
can add another, easily, and
that will simplify the work.
I can easily do it, and if I
were young and in good
health, I would agree to get
ten subscribers, and their
money.

But I have written too
much already. I think of
the work a good deal,
and try to devise means to
help it along.

Yrs. truly,
Mary A. Livermore

sculptors. They are elected or appointed to such offices as those of county clerk, registrar of deeds, pension agent, prison commissioner, state librarian, overseer of the poor, school superintendent, and school supervisor. They serve as executors, administrators of estates, trustees and guardians of property, trusts, and children, engrossing clerks of state legislatures, superintendents of state prisons for women, college presidents, professors, members of state boards of charities, lunacy, and correction, police matrons, and postmistresses. The census of 1880 records about twenty-five hundred duly qualified women physicians in the United States, who can practice medicine according to law, and when the census for 1890 shall be published, a large increase in the number of women following this profession will be noted.

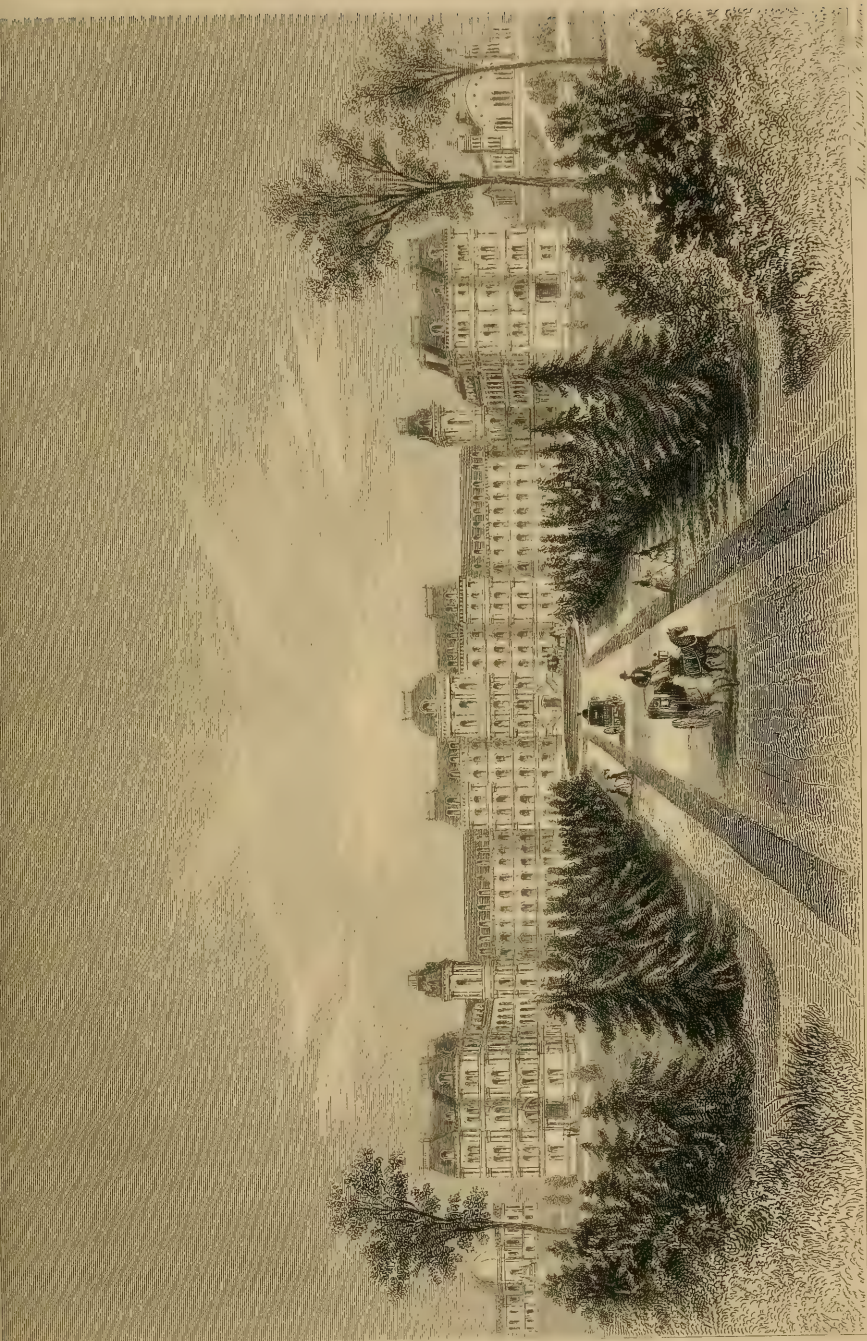
About one hundred and fifty women have been ordained to the ministry by the various religious denominations. An equal number of women have entered the legal profession, and are practicing law at the bar of some state. And any woman admitted to practice law at the bar of her own state is also admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States. In some parts of the country women have acted as police judges, justices of the peace, grand and petit jurors, federal and state court clerks, deputy clerks, official stenographers and reporters for federal and state courts, special examiners, referees, court appraisers, court record writers, notaries public, legislative clerks, deputy constables, examiners in chancery, examiners of applicants for admission to the board of state and federal court commissioners, and many cases have been tried before them.

The capacity of women for public affairs receives large recognition at the present time. In many of the positions that have been named women serve with men, who

graciously acknowledge the practical wisdom and virtue that they bring to their duties. "And although many women have been appointed to positions in government departments, and to important employments and trusts," said Senator Blair of New Hampshire from his seat in Congress, "as far as your committee is aware, no charge of incompetence or malfeasance in office has ever been sustained against a woman."

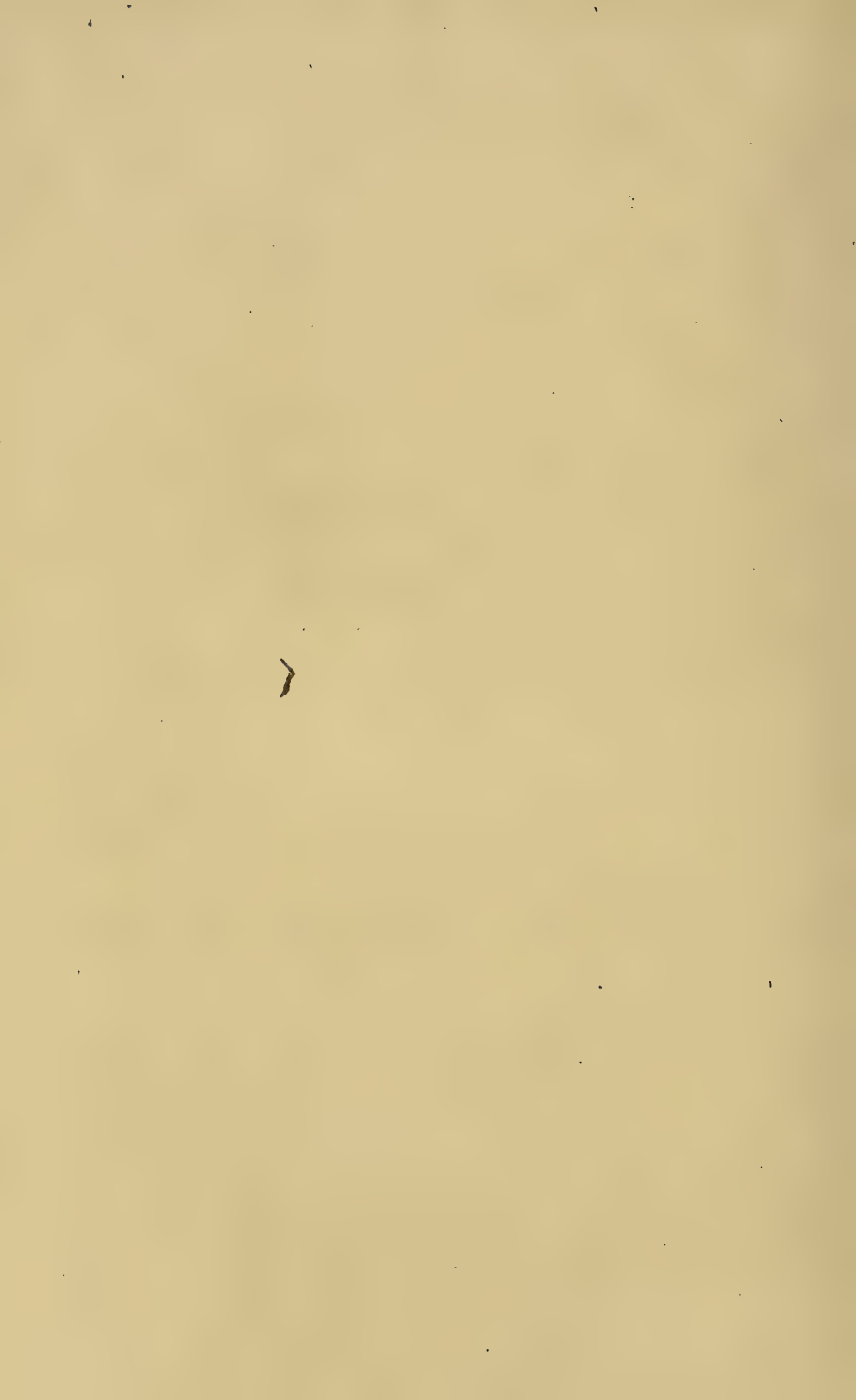
The movement for the higher education of women began very soon after the organized demand for the ballot, and was seemingly the result of the demand. Immediately there was noted an increase in the number of High and Normal schools for women; schools for the instruction of women in the higher branches of knowledge to enable them to take up special courses of study, with reference to particular work in contemplation, or because of their desire for education. But it was not until after the war, that the demand for the admission of women to colleges and universities became very marked. In September, 1865, the year in which the war ended, Vassar College was opened to women, and graduated its first class in 1869.

In quick succession, there followed the opening of Boston University, which admits both sexes, Smith and Wellesley Colleges, and the establishing of the "Harvard Annex," which has since developed into Radcliffe College. In the West, which is not bound by the conventionalities of the older Eastern states, the tendency to open all colleges, universities, and technical schools to women is very marked. On the average, taking the whole country through, eight-tenths of the higher educational institutions of the land, at the present time, admit women to their courses of study, they pursue the same curriculum as their brothers, and graduate with the same diplomas.



John G. Lewis & Co. Boston.

Yassar College.



The change in the laws has kept pace with the educational advances. Some of the most unjust and restrictive laws relating to women have been repealed, giving them increased opportunity, greater freedom, and larger ownership of themselves, their property, and their earnings. The new states of the West have generally adopted codes of laws more favorable to women than those of the East, and then have lifted women to a higher level, by generous legislation in their favor. Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah have given women full suffrage on the same terms as men, and other Western states will ere long increase the list. Full municipal suffrage has been granted in Kansas, and partial suffrage in Iowa; while school suffrage has been given women in twenty-two states and two territories. In Mississippi and Arkansas women can petition or remonstrate in their own homes against the granting of liquor licenses.

In England and Scotland municipal suffrage is granted to women on the same terms as to men. English women vote in Parish and County Councils equally with men, which is a great advantage to them and to English affairs. In New Zealand, South Australia, and New South Wales women have full suffrage, and in other Australian colonies they have municipal suffrage. In every province of Canada, municipal suffrage is granted to unmarried women and widows on the same property qualification as to men. All this seems strange to me, and almost incredible, as I write it. It is so vast a departure from the old order of things, into which I was born, and in which I lived during the first half century of my life, that although I helped inaugurate this peaceful revolution, and have worked unceasingly for twenty-five years to make it successful, it sometimes seems to me as unreal as a dream.

While I am president of the Massachusetts Woman Suf-

frage Association, and the honorary president of the Massachusetts Woman's Christian Temperance Union, I do not hold myself aloof from the philanthropic work of society. For fifteen years I have been president of the "Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music," in Boston. It assists indigent young people, who have musical gifts, to the education and training which will fit them for service to the world, or to obtain their own livelihood.

With the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union, I have been connected from the beginning of its existence, and am one of its life members. Its office is to befriend needy women in every department of their lives. The Protective Bureau of the Union guards the earnings of women wage-workers, so that they are rarely defrauded of what is justly their own. Its Women's Exchange finds a sale for the various products of women for which there is no recognized market, to the amount of forty and fifty thousand dollars a year. Its lectures and library, and its large reception or waiting-room, are at the service of women of all classes, who make large use of their privileges. Its lunch-room is extensively patronized by women, who, with limited means, have dainty appetites; its Employment Bureau finds occupation for women who are skilled in a grade of work higher than domestic service. It maintains evening and day classes for the instruction of women in pursuits by which they can earn a living. It is a most beneficent and many-sided institution, which becomes more potential in its helpfulness to women, with every passing year.

I am also indented with the Massachusetts Indian Association, and the National Conference of Charities and Correction. I am a member of the Woman's Relief Corps, and of the Aid Society of the Massachusetts

Soldiers' Home, where are sheltered from one hundred to one hundred and fifty aged and indigent veterans, who, but for the Home, would be in the poorhouse. Although unable to attend the regular meetings of more than one of the many literary clubs which have sprung into existence during the last few years, I am a member of several, with whose work I maintain an acquaintance, and of whose meetings I attend one annually.



MR. AND MRS. LIVERMORE'S HOME, MELROSE, MASS.

Twice I have been sent by the republicans of my own town, as a delegate to the Massachusetts State Republican Convention, charged with the presentation of temperance and woman suffrage resolutions, which were accepted and incorporated into the party platform.

One of the pleasantest events of my life has taken place while I have been writing these last pages. The fiftieth

anniversary of our marriage came on the sixth of May, 1895. It was our intention to observe the day quietly, with our children and grandchildren, sisters, nephews, and nieces, who are living in Melrose. Our friends and neighbors objected, and insisted on a larger celebration of the occasion, when "the latch-string should hang out" for all friends and acquaintances who might choose to come. We yielded our preferences, and in the end were not sorry that our friends overruled us. The following description of our "golden wedding" is copied from the Woman's and the Melrose Journals.

In their pleasant home in Melrose, surrounded by green lawns and trees just bursting into leaf, with a charming view in the rear of Crystal Lake, was celebrated on Monday, May 6th, the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding day of Rev. Daniel Parker and Mary Ashton Livermore.

The day was golden with sunshine, and the house, open to catch the breeze, was filled with flowers in which yellow predominated.

The town was in gala mood, and from the Town Hall, the fire engine house, and the schoolhouses, the stars and stripes were floated.

It had been the intention to issue cards of invitation for the anniversary reception, but as the list of names ran up into the thousands, before a "good beginning" had been made, it was decided to make the affair informal, and invite "all the United States" — that is, "all the people in the United States who cared to come."

From two o'clock until seven in the afternoon, the house was thronged with guests. Standing in front of the bay window, banked with roses and palms, the wedded couple of fifty years ago received their friends, and revived their youthful enthusiasm, amid the cordial expressions of love and good will that were showered upon them.

In the sitting-room at the right, beautiful and numerous gifts were exhibited, while in the dining-room, handsomely decorated, a bevy of lovely girls served refreshments. Mr. John O. Norris and his wife, Mrs. Henrietta Livermore Norris, the daughter and son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Livermore, were the master and mistress of ceremonies on this occasion.

The school-children of Melrose are great admirers of Mrs. Livermore. One of the handsome schoolhouses of the town has been named for her, and a bronze tablet inserted in the stone work of the building, bears the legend, "Mary A. Livermore School." At two o'clock arrived a committee

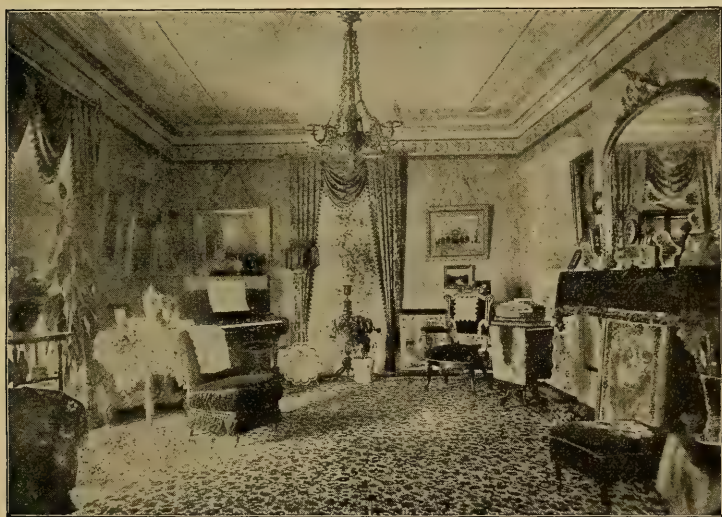
representing the teachers and pupils of the High School. Miss Chaloner, presenting fifty American Beauty roses, said :

“The members of the High School, desiring to manifest their love and esteem for you, who have done so much for humanity, present you with these fifty roses.”

Mrs. Livermore was touched, and replied:

“I do not belong to your generation, and it is very sweet of you to remember me.”

With the hour of three, arrived a private carriage, bearing two little tots from the primary department, little Miss Hazel Loveland and Master



PARLOR IN MRS. LIVERMORE'S HOUSE.

Harold Curtis. They presented a pin with five ribbons of gold, formed like petals, and inlaid with blue enamel forget-me-nots. In the center was a large diamond, surrounded by five smaller ones. With it was a stick pin, which matched it admirably. This present was specially interesting, as all the teachers and scholars of the various grammar and primary schools of Melrose gave something towards it.

Many and exquisite were the gifts, although Mr. and Mrs. Livermore had requested that no presents should be given. From Mrs. Ole Bull came a large basket of delicate-hued violets. The Melrose Woman's Club gave fifty yellow roses, while from the W. C. T. U. came a large bouquet of pinks. The Mary A. Livermore Tent No. 17, Daughters of Veterans sent Mrs. Livermore some beautiful flowers with the following note:—

“To her, whose honored name we bear,
On this, her golden wedding day,
We bring these flowers, sweet and fair.”

The Massachusetts W. C. T. U., sending love and greetings, presented a case containing a salad fork, a large berry spoon, and a sugar-sifter, all of Roman gold with Dresden enamel decorations. From the Melrose W. C. T. U., for which Mrs. Livermore has done so much, came a bag of fifty gold pieces, while Mrs. Lincoln Bangs of Cambridge, and many others, brought flowers. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Norris, the daughter and son-in-law of Mrs. Livermore, presented a handsome clock, and Mrs. McKay of Indianapolis sent exquisite busts of Eros and Hermes. The Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music gave a beautiful Benares gold ware salver, handsomely inscribed on the back, and a bouquet of bride roses tied with a ribbon of gold satin. A set of gold coffee spoons came from Rev. J. S. Dennis of Pasadena, California, an intimate friend of Mr. Livermore, and Mrs. Annie L. Smith, an adopted sister of Mrs. Livermore, gave a set of gold jelly and berry spoons.

Books exquisite in their bindings and illustrations were among the gifts, a rare water-color, the work of an intimate friend of Mrs. Livermore, and an exquisite table cover of Indian embroidery, sent by Mrs. Dr. Mansell, one of the medical missionaries of India, who is stationed at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains.

About four o'clock a battalion of boys from the Melrose public schools, representing the Anti-Tobacco League, which numbers two hundred and ninety members, marched to the house, led by Master Ralph H. Murphy. They were ushered through the house in military order, and shifting their guns to the left shoulder, shook hands with Mrs. Livermore, who had assisted them to organize, and who spoke to each as he passed. They were then escorted to the lawn in the rear of the house, where they sat on the grass and were served with refreshments, after which they marched to the Mary A. Livermore School to disband.

Among other committees who came to pay their respects was a delegation from the U. S. Grant Post 4, of the G. A. R., — delegations from the Woman's Relief Corps, — from the Hancock School Association, of which Mrs. Livermore is a member, and from clubs and societies by the score.

A cablegram from Lady Henry Somerset expressed “congratulations, great love, and wishes for continued health, life, and usefulness.” Similar messages from over the water were also received from Miss Frances Willard and Miss Anna Gordon, while telegrams were received from California, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Indiana, Ohio, New York, Maine, Massachusetts, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Georgia.

In the back parlor, where the gifts were displayed, Mrs. Abbie Coffin, Mrs. Livermore's sister, who is the only living person who witnessed her

marriage, and Miss Eliza Livermore, Mr. Livermore's sister, a hale and sprightly lady of eighty-six, received much pleasant attention. Both these ladies are members of Mrs. Livermore's family.

Mrs. John O. Norris, the daughter of Mrs. Livermore, presided in the dining-room, where, among other charming young ladies, the granddaughters, Miss Marion K. Norris and Mary Livermore Norris, who came home from Wellesley for the occasion, poured chocolate and coffee, and made themselves generally useful, as well as agreeable. Among the ushers were the grandsons, Edson and George Norris, while the smaller grandchildren, Ethel and John Norris, were fitting in and out continually.

During the afternoon Mrs. Julia Houston West sang "My ain Fireside," most exquisitely, and John Hutchinson rendered in a most spirited manner several of the old-time songs and ballads, that stirred the pulses of the people during the exciting days of the Anti-slavery crusade.

The following poem, received from a friend of Mrs. Livermore, — Mrs. C. G. Whiton-Stone of South Boston, — was read aloud to an audience that filled the parlor :

"Golden wedding day !" I said ; —
 Was that day, before, more fair,
 When a bride in sunlit air,
 'Neath the blossoms, growing red,
 Lo ! your "wedding march" was chorused,
 By the singing birds o'erhead ?

 Though a maiden sweet and true,
 Though the flush of youth you wore,
 In your heart strange dreams you bore.
 And your aspirations grew,
 Till your eager soul was lifted
 To the work you longed to do.

 Yours, a lofty scorn for wrong, —
 Yours, an earnest quest for truth ; —
 These the dreams you dreamed in youth.
 And your life work, grand and strong,
 Day by day has grown diviner,
 Like the measures of a song.

 "Golden wedding day !" I said ; —
 And again, you stand in air,
 Than that sunlit day more fair,
 And 'neath blossoms growing red,
 Hear the "wedding march" repeated,
 By the singing birds o'erhead.

Over fifteen hundred people paid their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Livermore during the afternoon, and nearly eight hundred more remembered them in letters, notes, cards, cablegrams, telegrams, and gifts. It was an exceedingly pleasant and notable occasion.

When Tufts College was founded by the Universalist denomination, nearly fifty years ago, there was a very general expectation that it would, on the start, admit both sexes to its educational opportunities. Although public sentiment was opposed to the college education of women at that time, many Universalist clergymen and laymen desired it, and advocated it. But a new college has a struggle for existence, and cannot immediately execute all its purposes. It lacked money, prestige, and powerful friends, and had to contend with bigoted prejudice, because of the broad faith of its founders. These and other hindrances delayed the admission of women to Tufts College until 1892. Then its doors were opened widely, and women were admitted to all its departments,—its College of Liberal Arts, its Theological and Medical Schools.

It graduated its first class of women June 17, 1896, at its annual commencement. At the same time the college conferred upon me the honorary degree of LL.D. It was a great surprise, and entirely unsolicited. It was complimentary, a gracious recognition of the college authorities, and an honor conferred by them, and was gratefully received.

My story is ended. I have passed "the three-score years and ten," which the Psalmist regarded as the limit of earthly life, and am still blessed with health, a love of work, and an interest in all that concerns humanity. Only two of my early friends remain — Mrs. S. G. Shipley of Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mrs. Henrietta A. S. White of Syracuse, New York. With them I have enjoyed an uninterrupted friendship of sixty-five years. Of my father's family, only two

survive — my sister, Mrs. Abbie Coffin, whose home is with me, and myself. Her children, like my own, reside in our immediate neighborhood, for we have drawn more closely together as our ranks have thinned. An adopted sister resides in Boston, Mrs. Annie L. Smith, who came to my mother's heart and arms, an orphan baby, two years old, at the time of the death of my sister Rachel.

False early conceptions of God and human destiny darkened my childhood and youth. My later comprehension of the immanent God, "in whom we live, and move, and have our being," whom we know by his indwelling presence, and in whom we rest and trust as a child in its mother's arms, has given me a noble and abiding faith in human destiny. It has slowly built up within me an unswerving trust that "good shall be the final goal of ill" — that not one of God's children shall become a "castaway," or be "thrown as rubbish to the void."

For ages the world has carried in its heart a dream of a better day for the race. When, in mute despair, it has thrown itself on "the altar-stairs that slope through darkness up to God," and implored deliverance, its sorrow has been comforted by the vision of a divine, far-off civilization, when peace and love shall displace strife and hate, and "righteousness shall fill the earth as the waters fill the sea." The future is radiant with its coming glory; the "statelier Eden" reveals itself in clearer proportions, a beatific reality; and, led by Infinite Love and Wisdom, the whole humanity is slowly but surely moving forward to where it beckons.

I am happy in a brighter outlook than I knew in my youth; happy in my pleasant home, and in the society of my husband, children, grandchildren, sisters, and friends; happy that I may still lend a hand to the weak and struggling, or strike a blow for the right against the wrong; and

happy, above all, that I have reached the unshaken conviction that death is but an incident in a life that will never end, and that I shall survive when my body ceases to live.

“And so, beside the silent sea,
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm *can* come from God to me,
On ocean or on shore.”





MARBLE BUST OF MARY A. LIVERMORE,

*Made at the request of the Massachusetts Women's Christian
Temperance Union.*

INTRODUCTION TO LECTURES.

I HAVE reluctantly consented to append to this biography, half a dozen lectures, which my friends have selected from my list. They have been written at various intervals during the last twenty-five years, and have been prepared for a special purpose, or to meet a demand of lecture committees.

As I have said elsewhere, "What shall we do with our Daughters?" was my first lecture. The potencies and possibilities of American womanhood were revealed during our civil war, and the growing public sentiment in favor of the higher education of woman was making itself felt everywhere. I, therefore, followed my own promptings, and made my appeal, in 1867, for the daughters of the household. "The Boy of To-day," written a dozen years later, was suggested by mothers, teachers, and clergymen.

One winter, four lecturers discussed wives in the Lyceum courses. "The Model Wife," "The Wife of the Bible," "The Wife who is a Helpmate," and "The Wife of To-day," were their subjects. They were mainly mild protests against the general awakening of women, which was manifesting itself in demands for higher education, and opportunities for self-support, in protests against injustice, and a plea for natural rights. As the reverend gentlemen — for they were all clergymen — had ventilated their opinions concerning women very freely, I thought a lecture "Con-

cerning Husbands" would not be inappropriate, and my audiences were manifestly of the same opinion.

While I have always written out my lectures most carefully, when preparing them, I have never used manuscript, nor notes even, when delivering them. I have had the reputation of speaking extemporaneously, but unless called on unexpectedly, I have always made preparation for even brief addresses. Speaking without manuscript, and never memorizing my lectures, I have gradually departed not only from the text, but from the order observed in their composition,— and very soon the manuscript lectures have become valueless to me.

In their stead, I have carried an epitome of each one in mind, carefully systematized, and well packed away, which was always at command, when needed. With the acquired habit of thinking quickly on my feet, which comes of much public speaking, I have been able to trust to the excitement of the occasion for the language and illustrations necessary to the subject. If there is a sacrifice of elegant diction in this method, there is a gain of direct personal contact with an audience, which is always desirable. A manuscript interposed between a speaker and his audience becomes, at times, a veritable non-conductor.

The following lectures are from manuscript, and although I have revised them, in part, there is still a discrepancy between them and the lectures as delivered,— and for this, the reader must make allowance.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Melrose,
Aug. 27, 1897.

My dear Mr. Goss,

Can you give
me the name and address
of the Publishing House that
was represented in Melrose,
a few weeks ago, by a Mr.
Ford? I shall be very much
obliged if you can favor
me.

Yrs. truly,

May A. Luernmore.

Mr. Ford was securing
biographical sketches of persons
in Middlesex Co.

LECTURES.

What shall we do with our Daughters?



ON THE LECTURE PLATFORM.

IT is more than fifty years since Margaret Fuller, standing, as she said, “in the sunny noon of life,” wrote a little book, which she launched on the current of thought and society. It was entitled “Woman in the Nineteenth Century”; and as the truths it proclaimed and the reforms it advocated were far in advance of public acceptance, its appearance was the signal for an immediate wide-

spread newspaper controversy, that raged with great violence. I was young then, and as I took the book from the hands of the bookseller, wondering what the contents of the thin little volume could be, to provoke so wordy a strife, I opened at the first page. My attention was immediately arrested, and a train of thought started, by the two mottoes at the head of the opening chapter,—one underneath the other, one contradicting the other.

The first was an old-time adage, endorsed by Shakspeare, believed in by the world, and quoted in that day very generally. It is not yet entirely obsolete. "Frailty, thy name is Woman." Underneath it, and unlike it, was the other,—“The Earth waits for her Queen.” The first described woman as she has been understood in the past; as she has masqueraded in history; as she has figured in literature; as she has, in a certain sense, existed. The other prophesied of that grander type of woman, towards which to-day the whole sex is moving,—consciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly,—because the current sets that way, and there is no escape from it.

No one who has studied history, even superficially, will for a moment dispute the statement, that, during the years of which we have had historic account, there has brooded very steadily over the female half of the human family an air of repression, of limitation, of hindrance, of disability, of gloom, of servitude. If there have been epochs during which women have been regarded equal to men, they have been brief and abnormal. Among the Hindoos, woman was the slave of man, forbidden to speak the language of her master, and compelled to use the *patois* of slaves. The Hebrews pronounced her an after-thought of the Deity, and the mother of all evil. The Greek law regarded her as a child, and held her in life-long tutelage. The Greek philosophers proclaimed her a “monster,” “an accidental production.” Mediæval councils declared her unfit for instruction. The early Christian fathers denounced her as a “noxious animal,” a “painted temptress,” a “necessary evil,” a “desirable calamity,” a “domestic peril.” From the English Heptarchy to the Reformation, the law proclaimed the wife to be “in all cases, and under all circumstances, her

husband's creature, servant, slave." To Diderot, the French philosopher, even in the eighteenth century, she was only a "courtesan"; to Montesquieu, an "attractive child"; to Rousseau, "an object of pleasure to man." To Michelet, nearly a century later, she was a "natural invalid." Mme. de Staël wrote truly, "that, of all the faculties with which Nature has gifted woman, she had been able to exercise fully but one,—the faculty of suffering."

The contemptuous opinion entertained of woman in the past has found expression, not alone in literature, but also in unjust laws and customs. "In marriage she has been a serf; as a mother she has been robbed of her children; in public instruction she has been ignored; in labor she has been a menial, and then inadequately compensated; civilly she has been a minor, and politically she has had no existence. She has been the equal of man only when punishment and the payment of taxes were in question."

Born and bred for generations under such conditions of hindrance, it has not been possible for women to rise much above the arbitrary standards of inferiority persistently set before them. Here and there through the ages, some woman, endowed with phenomenal force of character, has towered above the mediocrity of her sex, hinting at the qualities imprisoned in the feminine nature. It is not strange that these instances have been rare; it is strange, indeed, that women have held their own during these ages of degradation. And as, by a general law of heredity, "the inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the conservatism of women to-day, and for the indifference, not to say hostility, with which many regard the movements for their advancement.

For humanity has moved forward to an era where

wrong and slavery are being displaced, and reason and justice are being recognized as the rule of life. Science is extending immeasurably the bounds of knowledge and power; art is refining life, giving to it beauty and grace; literature bears in her hands whole ages of comfort and sympathy; industry, aided by the hundred-handed elements of nature, is increasing the world's wealth, and invention is economizing its labor. The age looks steadily to the redressing of wrong, to the righting of every form of error and injustice; and the tireless and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the most hopeful characteristics of the time.

It could not be possible in such an era, but that women should share in the justice and kindness with which the time is fraught. A great wave is lifting them to higher levels. The leadership of the world is being taken from the hands of the brutal and low, and the race is making its way to a higher ideal than once it knew. It is the evolution of this tendency that is lifting women out of their subject condition, that is emancipating them from the seclusion of the past, and adding to the sum total of the world's worth and wisdom, by giving to them the cultivation human beings need. The demand for their education,—technical and industrial, as well as intellectual,—and for their civil and political rights, is being urged each year by an increasing host, and with more emphatic utterance.

The doors of colleges, professional schools, and universities, closed against them for ages, are opening to them. They are invited to pursue the same courses of study as their brothers, and are graduated with the same diplomas. Trades, businesses, remunerative vocations, and learned professions seek them; and even the laws, which are the last to feel the change in public opinion,—usually dragging a

whole generation behind,—even these are being annually revised and amended, and then they fail to keep abreast of the advancing civilization.

All this is but prefatory and prophetic of the time when, for women, law will be synonymous with justice, and no opportunity for knowledge or effort will be denied them on the score of sex.

As I listen to the debates that attend their progress, and weigh the prophecies of evil always inspired by a growing reform, as I hear the clash of the scientific raid upon women by the small pseudo-scientists of the day,—who weigh their brains and measure their bones to prove their inferiority to men,—my thoughts turn to the young women of the present time. “What shall we do with our daughters?” is really the sum and substance of what, in popular phrase, is called “the woman question.” For if to-morrow all should be done that is demanded by the wisest reformer and the truest friend of woman, it would not materially affect the condition of the adult women of society. Their positions are taken, their futures are forecast, and they are harnessed into the places they occupy, not unfrequently by invisible, but omnipotent ties of love or duty. Obedience to the behests of duty gives peace, even when love is lacking; and peace is a diviner thing than happiness.

It is for our young women that the great changes of the time promise the most; it is for our daughters,—the fair, bright girls who are the charm of society and the delight of home; the sources of infinite comfort to fathers and mothers, and the sources of great anxiety also. What shall we do with them,—and what shall they do with and for themselves?

“New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,”—

and the training of fifty years ago is not sufficient for the girls of to-day. The changed conditions of life which our young women confront compel greater care and thought on the part of those charged with their education, than has heretofore been deemed necessary. They are to be weighted with larger duties, and to assume heavier responsibilities; for the days of tutelage seem to be ended for civilized women, and they are to think and act for themselves.

Let no one, therefore, say this question of the training of our daughters is a small question. No question can be small that relates to half the human race. The training of boys is not more important than that of girls. The hope of many is so centered in the "coming man," that the only questions of interest to them are such as those propounded by James Parton in "The Atlantic Monthly,"—"Will the Coming Man Smoke?" "Will He Drink Wine?" and so on to the end of the catechism. But let it not be forgotten that before this "coming man" will make his appearance, his mother will always precede him, and that he will be very largely what his mother will make him. Men are to-day confessing their need of the aid of women by appointing them on school committees, boards of charities, as prison commissioners, physicians to insane asylums, positions which they cannot worthily fill without preparation.

Therefore, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the human family, of which women make one-half, should we look carefully to the training of our daughters. Nature has so constituted us that the sexes act and react upon each other, making every "woman's cause" a man's cause, and every man's cause a woman's cause; so that we

"Rise or sink

Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

And they are the foes of the race, albeit not always intentional, who set themselves against the removal of woman's disabilities, shut in their faces the doors of education or opportunity, or deny them any but the smallest and most incomplete training. For it is true that "who educates a woman educates a race."

Good health is a great prerequisite of successful or happy living. To live worthily or happily, to accomplish much for one's self or others when suffering much from pain and disease, is attended with difficulty. Dr. Johnson used to say that "every man is a rascal when he is sick." And very much of the peevishness, irritability, capriciousness, and impatience seen in men and women has its root in bodily illness. The very morals suffer from disease of the body. Therefore I would give to "our daughters" a good physical education. •

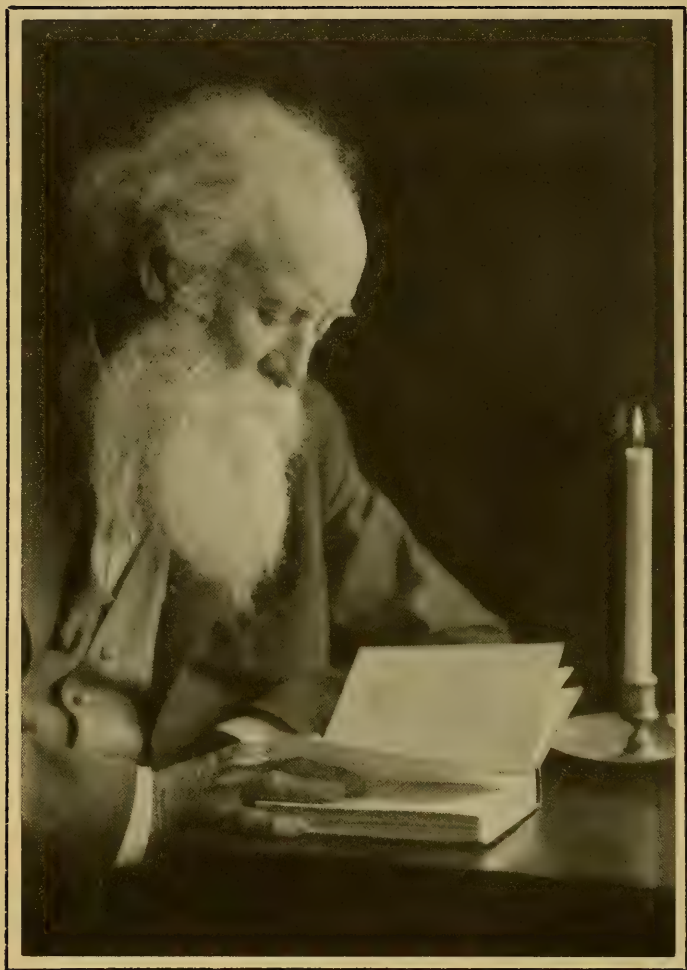
We shall by-and-by come to recognize the right of every child to be well born, — sound in body, with inherited tendencies towards mental and moral health. We have learned that it is possible to direct the operations of nature so as to have finer breeds of horses, cattle, and fowls, to improve our fruits, flowers, and grains. Science searches for the prenatal laws of being, and comes to the aid of all who wish to improve the lower creation. When shall an enlightened public sentiment demand that those who seek of God the gift of little children shall make themselves worthy the gift, by healthful and noble living, practical acquaintance with prenatal laws of being, and all that relates to the hereditary transmission of qualities.

If we would give to our daughters a good physiological training we must attend carefully to their dress. The dress of women at the present time is about as unhygienic as it well can be. And many of our girls are made the victims

of disease and weakness for life, through the evils of the dress they wear from birth. The causes of their invalidism are sought in hard study, co-education, too much exercise, or lack of rest and quiet in certain periods when nature demands it. All the while the medical attendant is silent concerning the "glove-fitting," steel-clasped corset; the heavy, dragging skirts, the bands engirding the body, and the pinching, distorting boot. These will account for much of the feebleness of women and girls; for they exhaust energy, make freedom of movement a painful impossibility, and frequently shipwreck our young daughter before she gets out of port.

While it is undoubted true that the practice of tight lacing is regarded with growing disfavor, it is also true that the corsets in vogue, at present, are more objectionable than those worn even half a century ago. For those were home-made, and, while they could be very tightly laced, did not fit the figure well, were free from the torture of whalebones and steel front pieces, all stitched in; while broad straps passing over the shoulders supported them, and the clothing hung upon them. But the modern corset is so ingeniously woven that it presses in upon the body, the muscular walls, the floating ribs, the stomach, the hips, and the abdomen, compelling them to take the form the corset-maker has devised, in lieu of that God has given. Stiff whalebones behind, and finely "tempered steel-fronts" pressing into the stomach and curving over the abdomen, keep the figure of the girl erect and unbending, while Nature has made the spine supple with joints.

Physicians have persistently condemned the corset for half a century, even when it was not so harmful an article of dress as it is to-day. The educated women physicians, who are gaining in numbers, influence, and practice, de-



JOHN BURROUGHS

nounce it unqualifiedly, lay to its charge no small amount of the dire diseases on whose treatment gynæcologists fatten, and declare that it enhances the peril of maternity, and inflicts upon the world inferior children. Men condemn corsets in the abstract, and sometimes are brave enough to insist that the women of their households shall be emancipated from them; and yet their eyes have been so generally educated to the approval of the small waist, and the hour-glass figure, that they often hinder women who seek a hygienic style of dress.

It is a mistake on the part of our daughters that the corset will give them beauty of figure. The young American girl is usually lithe and slender, and requires no artificial intensifying of her slowness. The corset will give her only stiffness of appearance, and interferes with that grace of motion, which is one of the charms of young girls. The basque under-waist, made as a substitute for the corset, and beginning to supersede it, fits the figure trimly, revealing its graceful contour, and is kept in place,—not by bones, or slips of steel, or thickly stitched-in stiff cords,—but by the weight of the skirts buttoned on the lower part. Over this under-waist the outer dress can be fitted; and its waist will be smooth and unwrinkled,—a desideratum to most women.

The stout woman, who wears a corset to diminish her proportions, only distorts her figure; for her pinched waist causes her broad shoulders and hips to look broader by contrast, while the pressure upon the heart and blood-vessels gives to her face that permanent blowzy flush, that suggests apoplexy.

John Burroughs, in his "Winter Sunshine," expresses the fear that "the American is becoming disqualified for the manly art of walking, by a falling-off in the size of his foot. . . . A small, trim foot," he tells us, "well booted or

gaitered, is the national vanity. How we stare at the big feet of foreigners, and wonder what may be the price of leather in those countries, and where all the aristocratic blood is, that these plebeian extremities so predominate!"

The prevailing French boots made for women, and exhibited in the shop-windows, are painfully suggestive. Pointed and elongated, they prophesy cramped and atrophied toes; while the high and narrow heel, that slides down under the instep, throws the whole body into an unnatural position in walking, creating diseases which are difficult of cure. "Show me her boots!" said a physician, called to a young lady suffering from unendurable pain in the back and knee-joints, which extended and engirt her, till, to use her own language, "she was solid pain downwards from the waist." "There's the trouble!" was his sententious comment, as he tossed the fashionable torturing boot from him after examination.

While the clothing of our daughters should not deform the figure nor injure the health, it need be neither inelegant nor inartistic. No particular style of dress can be recommended, but each one should choose what is most becoming and appropriate in fashion and material. With sacred regard to the laws of health, and without too large expenditure of time and money, every woman should aim to present an attractive exterior to her friends and the world. So, indeed, should every man; for it is the duty of all human beings to be as beautiful as possible.

I have spoken at length of dress, because of the physical discomfort and hindrance caused by the prevailing dress of women, and because it is also a prolific source of disease, which becomes chronic and incurable. But food, sleep, exercise, and other matters demand attention when one is intrusted with the education of girls. American children,

unlike those which we see abroad, generally sit at table with their parents, eat the same food, keep the same late hours, and share with them the excitement of evening guests, evening meetings and lectures, and the dissipation of theatres, operas, balls, and receptions. This is unwise indulgence. Children require simple food, early hours for retiring, and abundance of sleep, as well as freedom from social and religious excitements.

Signs multiply about us that the women of the future will have healthy and strong physiques. Dress-reform associations are organized in the principal American cities, and agencies established to furnish under-garments, or patterns for them, demanded by common sense and vigorous health. For it is the under-garments that the dress-reform proposes to change. The outer garments may be safely left to the taste of the individual who has accepted the principles of the dress-reform in the construction of the under-garments.

Health is a means to an end. It is an investment for the future. That end is worthy work and noble living. And life has little to offer the young girl who has dropped into physical deterioration, which cuts her off from the activities of the time, and makes existence to her synonymous with endurance.

It is hardly necessary that anything should be said, in advocacy of the higher intellectual education of our daughters. For the question of woman's collegiate education is practically settled; and it is almost as easy to-day for a woman to obtain the highest university education, as it is for a man.

But no phase of the great movement for the advancement of women has progressed so slowly, as that which demands their technical and industrial training. To be sure, the last fifty years, which have brought great changes to

the women of America, have largely increased the number of remunerative employments they are permitted to enter. When Harriet Martineau visited America in 1840, she found but seven employments open to women. At the present time, according to Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, there are about three hundred and fifty industrial occupations open to women.

And yet it is true, however, that women have received very little special industrial training to fit them for the work they are doing, or for a higher kind of work which will give them better pay. Perhaps almost the same may be said concerning the technical training of men in this country.

I cannot leave this topic of women's industrial training, without speaking of our culpability in neglecting to give our daughters some knowledge of business affairs. With utter indifference on our part, they are allowed to grow to womanhood unfamiliar with the most ordinary forms of business transactions, — how to make out bills and to give receipts; how to draw bank-checks; how to make notes, and what are the cautions to be observed concerning them; what is the best method of transmitting funds to a distance, whether by postal orders or bank drafts; what are safe rates of interest; how to purchase a life annuity, or effect an insurance on life or property, and so on.

If property is to pass into their possession, our daughters certainly need to know much more than this, that they may be able to manage it with wisdom, or even to retain it securely. They need to know what are the elements of financial security; what may be considered safe investments; how to rent, improve, or sell property; what margin of property above the amount of the loan should be

required, when it is made on real estate; what constitutes a valid title to property; what cautions are to be observed concerning mortgages; what are the property-rights of married women in the states of their residence, with other like information.

We talk much of preparing our daughters to be good wives, mothers, and home-makers. Do we systematically attempt this? Do we conduct the education of girls with this object? Do we not trust almost entirely to natural instinct and aptitude, which, in the woman, is incomparably strong in the direction of wifehood, motherhood, and the home? For the mighty reason that the majority of women will always, while the world stands, be wives, mothers, and mistresses of homes, they should receive the largest, completest, and most thorough training. It is not possible to state this too strongly; for these positions are the most important that woman can occupy. Education, religion, human affection, and civil law, all should conspire to aid her in these departments, to do the best work of which she is capable.

The very highest function of woman is to raise and train the family; it is the very highest function of man also. Indeed, civilization has but this end in view,—the perpetuation and improvement of the race. The establishment of homes, the rearing of families, the founding of schools and colleges, the planting of institutions, the maintaining of governments, all are but means to this end. As Humboldt said years ago, “Governments, religion, property, books, are but the scaffolding to build men. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit, but the finished man.”

The duties of the mother begin long before her child comes into life,—ay, and the duties of the father also. She needs to know all that science can teach of the pre-

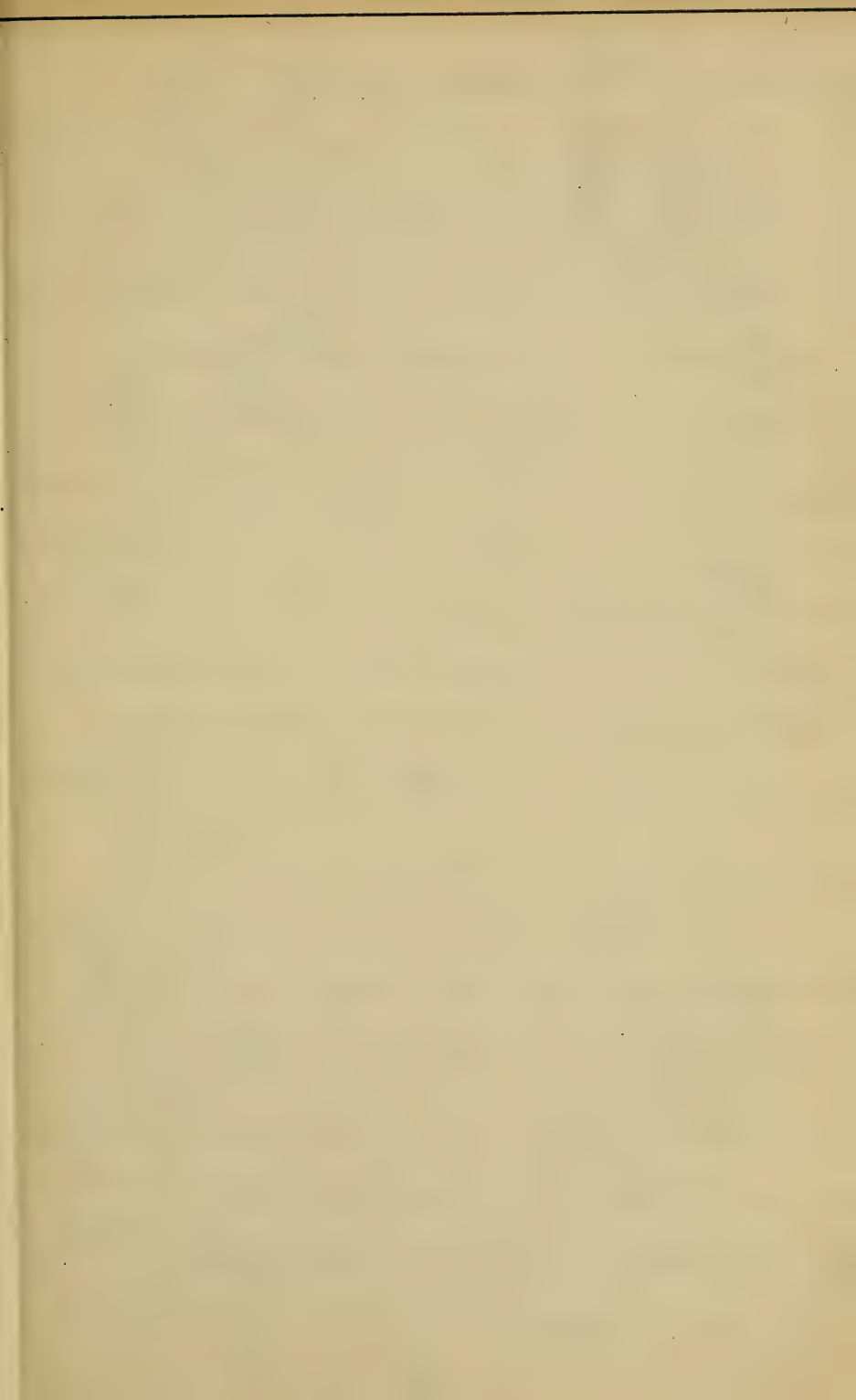
natal laws of being, and of the laws of heredity. Her acquaintance with physiology should not be the superficial knowledge, given in the ordinary school or college even. It should be a thorough exposition of the mysteries of her own physical being, with a clear statement of the hygienic laws she must obey, if she would grow into healthy, enduring, glorious womanhood. She should be taught the laws of ventilation and nutrition; what constitutes healthful food; the care of infancy; the nursing of the sick; and in what that vigilant and scrupulous cleanliness consists, which almost prohibits certain forms of disease from passing under one's roof. Intelligence, system, economy, industry, patience, good nature, firmness, good health, a fine moral sense, all these are called into action. So is a knowledge of cooking, laundry work, how to make and repair clothing, together with the other industries of domestic life, even when one has means to employ servants to perform this work; for a woman cannot tell when she is well served, unless she knows what good work is. It requires a very high order of woman to be a good wife, mother, and housekeeper; and she who makes a success in these departments possesses such a combination of admirable qualities, both mental and moral, that, with proper training, she might make a success in almost any department.

We should never forget that moral and religious training underlies and permeates all other training when it is wisely and judiciously given. The education of the will to the customs and habits of good society begins long before the child is old enough to reason on the subject. But its education to the law of right, its submission to the will of God, while it must be begun early, cannot be carried on to perfection until the child's reason is developed and its

Melrose,
Sept. 1, 1897.

Dear Mr. Cooke,

I have not any
doubt but several men, re-
garded as "eminent", in their
own circles, would give their
name to your circular. Rev.
Dr. Lormer, Rev. Dr. Mayson,
Rev. Dr. MacKenzie, John
Graham Brooks, W. G. Thorp,
(who married Longfellow's daugh-
ter) and others of that calibre
would, I think, be persuaded
to sign the circular, if their
names are wanted. They are



influential men also.

Why do you desire the name of Kate Cannett Wells? She is neither scholarly nor studious, and is unfriendly to woman's advancement generally. The Herald rebuked her a few weeks ago for her severity of criticism, and harshness of tone, when writing of woman, — and even the Traveller did the same thing last week. She is not popular among women, either.

Will not ^{Mr.} Frank Garrison serve you as Treasurer? He would be reliable. I think favorably of your suggestion that a meeting be called as soon as people get home from their summer wanderings. Yrs. truly
M. A. Livermore

moral nature evolved sufficiently to feel how paramount to all other demands are those of right and duty.

Let our sons and daughters be taught that they are children of God, so divine in ancestry, so royal of parentage, that they must carry themselves nobly, and not consent to meanness, low, selfish lives, and vice. Let them be taught that to love God is to love whatever is good and just and true; and that loving brothers, sisters, schoolmates, and humanity as a whole, is also loving God, since God is our common Father, and "we are all brethren."

They should be trained to regard earthly life as the first school of the soul, where there are lessons to be learned, tasks to be mastered, hardships to be borne, and where God's divinest agent of help is often hindrance; and that only as we learn well the lessons given us here, may we expect to go joyfully forward to that higher school to which we shall be promoted, where the tasks will be nobler, the lessons grander, the outlook broader, and where life will be on a loftier plane. While the coldness of skepticism seems to be creeping over the age,—mainly, I believe, because of its great immersion in materialism of life and activity,—it is possible to train children to such a far-reaching, telescopic religious vision that they will overlook all fogs and mists of doubt. The low fears and dismaying presages that weigh down so many souls, will be dispelled by the clear atmosphere in which they will dwell; and with hearts throbbing evenly with the heart of God, they will say confidently, "Because He lives, I shall live also."

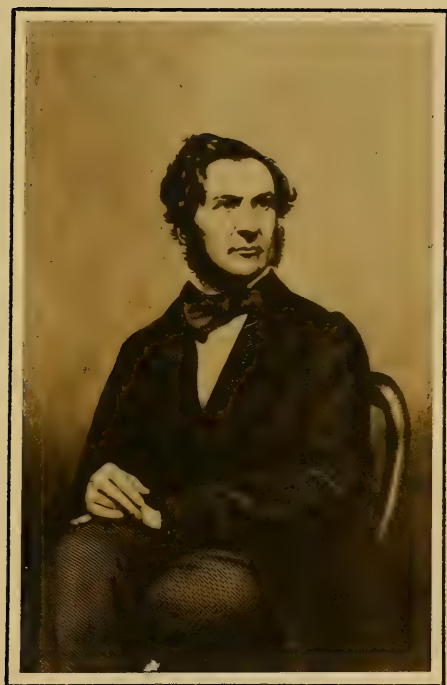
The Boy of To-day.

DURING the last fifteen hundred years,—if you count out the last hundred,—the civilization of the world has received its character and direction from the nations of Central and Western Europe,—Italy, France, Germany, and England. I say, “if you count out the last hundred years.” For, during the last century, there have been certain unmistakable signs, all the while growing stronger and clearer, that the leadership of the world’s civilization, which has changed hands many times in the past, is slowly changing hands again, and is passing away from the nations of the Old World, to this nation of the New World, this continent of the future.

Hon. Mr. Gladstone declares that “America has a natural base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man.” And he predicts that “America will become the head-servant in the great household of the world, the employer of all employés, because her service will be the most and the ablest.” After his return to England from an extensive lecture tour through the United States, Matthew Arnold said, “A republican form of government is the only eventual form for the whole world, and America holds the future.” Another intelligent Englishman, one of the most traveled and most cultured, Hon. Joseph Hatton, declares that “Ten years in the history of America is half a century of European progress.”

Our fathers crossed the ocean to inaugurate the new departure in human government and human society which has accomplished this grand result. They left behind the





W. E. GLADSTONE

traditions, usages, and customs of the Old World, for they would have impeded their progress, and put into the new government and new society much of themselves,—much of the genuine, sturdy, almost divine manhood they themselves lived out, and the result has been that the Republic has gone forward with mighty stride, while men have waked, and while they have slept. A century of its national life is worth more, in practical value, than a thousand years in the days of Solomon, Alexander, and Charlemagne.

The republic started on its national career with a population of three millions, six hundred thousand of whom were black slaves, even then a menace and a source of danger to the young nation. It numbers seventy million people to-day, who are made akin by the railway and the steamship, the telegraph and the telephone. They carry to the remotest village news from the uttermost parts of the earth, with the latest wonders of human effort and invention, and the last word of art, science, and literature.

It began its existence bankrupt in all save hope and energy, its towns and villages were in ashes, the flower of its young men had been slain in battle, or were maimed and crippled for life. It had neither an army, nor a navy, it lacked commerce, trade, and manufactures, there was not a market in the world open to it, it had nothing to sell, and neither money nor credit with which to buy. It had not a friend, nor a well-wisher among the nations of the earth, with the sole exception of France, whose friendship was based, in part, on the hope that her young ally would cripple her ancient enemy, England.

To-day our republic is the richest nation in the world, having long ago outstripped England in the acquisition of wealth, with its two thousand years of history and its thousand years of civilization. In 1889, the actual wealth of the

United States was declared to be \$61,459,000,000, exclusive of public property, and of three billions of private property invested and owned abroad. We are on the outer verge of an ocean of incomputable wealth which no one can calculate, because of the vagueness of the knowledge of our half-revealed resources. These are to prove a mighty factor in the ultimate supremacy of the Republic. Our grain-bearing lands, when fully developed, will sustain and enrich a thousand million people. Half the gold and silver used by the world to-day is furnished by the United States. Iron ore is mined in twenty-three states, and our coal measures are simply inexhaustible. "The mining industries of our country exceed those of Great Britain, and are greater than those of all continental Europe, Asia, Africa, South America, Mexico, and the British colonies united."

The pulse and pace of humanity have been so marvelously quickened in our country, that in all the developments that pertain to nineteenth century civilization it has surpassed all other nations. The first steamboat made its trial trip in 1807. The first railway for passenger travel was built in 1830. The first steamship crossed the Atlantic in 1838. The first telegram was sent in 1844. And now these wonderful inventions have become commonplace, by the side of the marvelous achievements of the American inventor and mechanic, who is spurred on mightily by the combined forces of steam and electricity. The Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1879 quotes Herbert Spencer as testifying that "Beyond question, in respect of mechanical appliances, the Americans are ahead of all nations." Superiority of tools and machinery imply that we have the best mechanics in the world. We may, therefore, by a "scientific use of the imagination," easily believe that the wonder-working mind and hand of our inventors

and mechanics, aided by modern and future science, will make of the United States the future "mighty workshop of the world."

Add to this our immense territorial domain, which stretches from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and it is apparent that we have in America the physical basis of empire. Our geographical area could be carved into sixty states, each as large as England and Wales. Seventy million people could live in Texas, and be fed from its soil, and it would then be less densely peopled than Germany. Or, if they were located in the Dakotas, the population would not equal in compactness that of England,—or if in New Mexico, that of Belgium. All this vast territory is unified by railways, rivers, and lakes, so that we travel easily and rapidly from one part of the country to the other.

Nor have the gains of the Republic been wholly material. It has provided for an early training of its children and youth that tells through life, and which aims to make of them solid men and women. We expend six times as much for education, *per capita*, as is spent in Europe, and the education given is no longer wholly literary. It comprehends physical, manual, and moral training, as well as literary, and the whole child is put to school. The drift of the nation is steadily towards universal compulsory education, for a republic is not safe, and cannot live, with an ignorant and an immoral constituency behind it. The phenomenal elevation of woman which the last half-century has witnessed, has given to civilization an added power of brain, spiritual insight, and moral force, with an organization of the humanities, to which the world has hitherto been a stranger.

Our country abounds in charitable, philanthropic, reformatory, and religious institutions. Churches as well as

schoolhouses are among the first buildings erected by pioneers in the far West, and every church is more or less a power for good, socially, morally, and spiritually. Humaneness is a distinguishing characteristic of the American people, who build and endow hospitals, found homes, establish asylums, and organize "Boards of Associated Charities," with the large-hearted intent of reaching all classes of the unfortunate and defective. Organizations exist for the substitution of international arbitration to take the place of war,—for the conversion of prisons into moral reformatories, schools for fallen humanity,—for the suppression of intemperance, and the reformation of the inebriate,—for the enforcement of law,—for the improvement of towns and villages,—and for the bettering of society in all directions.

It cannot, however, be denied that grave perils beset our republic. An invasion of migrating peoples, outnumbering the Goths and Vandals that overran the south of Europe, has brought to our shores a host of undesirable aliens, who greatly complicate the problems with which the country has to deal. Unlike the earlier and desirable immigrants, who have helped the republic attain its present greatness, these hinder its development. They are discharged convicts, paupers, lunatics, imbeciles, persons suffering from loathsome and contagious diseases, incapables, illiterates, defective, contract laborers, who are smuggled hither to work for reduced wages, and who crowd out our native workingmen and women. Our jails, houses of correction, prisons, poor-houses, and insane asylums are crowded with these aliens.

Our cities are growing with frightful rapidity, and already include one-fourth of the population. All the dangerous and undesirable elements of the nineteenth century civilization concentrate in them. Here the power of the colossal liquor traffic is triumphant. With an immense

capital invested in the business, and a compact organization behind it, it is a mighty menace to the Republic. The liquor saloons control the local politics of the cities, and place their interests and institutions in the hands of the lowest, vilest, and most unscrupulous demagogues, thus imperiling civilization.

In the cities, the plans are made and executed which concentrate an enormous per cent. of the nation's wealth in the hands of a few capitalists. Confronting that extreme of society which is made by the dangerously rich, is the other extreme made by the dangerously poor, who have lost heart and hope and ambition, and who live in pauperism, crime, filth, and disease. Their incapacity and animalism are transmitted to their children, who multiply rapidly, and become hereditary paupers, with vicious tendencies that are hard to stamp out. The chronic quarrel between capital and labor is continually fomented by unscrupulous agitators, who devote their lives to this wretched business, and who are satisfied if they can develop an outbreak of strikes and boycotts, riots and mobs. A general distrust of men and measures prevails among the working people, who are the bone and sinew of the nation, and they are dominated by a widespread discontent. The great need of the hour is moral conviction,—an organization of forces on the basis of the ten commandments and the golden rule,—a breath of God that shall clear our moral atmosphere, and tone our desponding and lethargic souls to institute in the land sobriety and honesty, purity and justice.

Into this condition of things the boy of to-day is born—the American boy. He comes into the world with a background of illustrious history behind him, such as no Greek nor Roman youth ever knew, and he confronts a national future of such promise, as is not revealed to the

lad of any other nation. In the main, he is a brainy boy, with plenty of ability, pluck, and ambition, and long before he can express his convictions in language, he is stirred by the possibilities of his future. It is possible for the average American boy to accomplish almost anything, in the long run, at which he may aim with persistent, energetic, and unflagging purpose. Is he, like the majority of his countrymen, a worshiper of Mammon, and does he covet wealth? The conditions of American business and the average length of a business life are not favorable to his becoming a millionaire, honestly. And unless our millionaires have inherited their fortunes, or married them,—which is a favorite method of acquisition,—they must rest under suspicion of having gained them by equivocal methods, which a rigorous honesty would condemn.

But the average boy can become possessed of a handsome property honestly, by industry and economy, and by adding the moderate gains of one year to those of the next. By the time he has reached adult life, he may find himself the owner of a competence, enough for the inevitable “rainy days,” and for the comfort of his declining years, enough, if he is not careful, to ruin his children. Does he aim at something higher than this? Does he wish to become one of the great leaders of the world’s civilization,—an honest clergyman, always seen at the front, as was the white plume of Navarre on the battlefield? Does he desire to become a successful physician, ministering to the suffering, holding death in abeyance, and watched for in the sick room, as we long for the coming of the morning during the darkness of the night? Or, will he be an honest lawyer, whose aim is to settle quarrels, and not to foment them, and to bring about a condition of things where law and justice shall be synonymous terms?

It is possible for the American boy to attain a professional life, if he has the ability, even though he may lack the means, for nowhere in the world is more done for the education of young men than in our own country. He who has an ambition for a studious life and a desire for education and fails of them because of poverty, must be singularly lacking in knowledge of the helps that are provided for him, or in force of character necessary to secure them. The future is so full of promise to young men, and the various institutions of the country are so ready to help them, that I find it hard to forgive them, when they turn their backs upon the noble life that woos them, and are content to plunge into the black waters of dissipation, and to wreck their future on the rocks of a dissolute life.

All boys enter life with appetites and passions common to humanity. These should be their servants, the driving-wheels of their higher natures, and never their masters. But not unfrequently, long before their moral natures are developed or their judgment formed, they stand by our side in the full maturity of passion and appetite, even before we ourselves are aware of it. To them come such temptations as their fathers and grandfathers did not know. They could walk the streets of our great cities without being enticed by ten thousand saloons, gambling hells, and houses of vice, made attractive by art and wealth, and all under the protection of law.

Then the boy of to-day comes into life with the genius of Anglo-Saxondom in his blood. Every nation has a genius of its own, as well as a specially besetting sin. The genius of Greece was a genius for art. So superbly developed was the art of Greece, that the remains of the Greek masters are the teachers of our art students to-day, when they have exhausted all modern instruction. The genius of

Rome was for law, and whenever a student desires to be a legal scholar, who is more than a practitioner, he must begin his studies with Roman law, as the Roman code of law underlies the jurisprudence of the civilized world. The genius of the Hebrew people was for religion, and consequently they have given to the world three of its greatest religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. The genius of Anglo-Saxons is a genius for power. The Anglo-Saxon race seeks the control of all elements of power in the world. It expects to give laws, and not to accept them. It has come down through the ages so strong, as to have contempt for weak races, which it has trodden down and trodden out in its progress. Physiologists tell us that the test of strength is endurance, and this is the marked characteristic of Anglo-Saxons, physically and mentally, when they live wisely and well. They expect to control, to absorb, to conquer. It is their determination to be always uppermost, and this is a race trait. The Afro-American and the Indian belong to weak races, and they have found it hard to live among Anglo-Saxon people. Only as Americans have heard the divine voice sounding down through the centuries, "They that are strong *ought* to bear the infirmities of the weak," have they been allowed a chance to live, and be civilized in our midst.

The boy of to-day feels this regnant spirit in his nature, and is inclined very early in life to dictate, to rule, to take the bits between his teeth and go his own way. Theodore Parker used to say that the average American boy, from the time he was twelve until he was eighteen, was a barbarian, and when people disputed his statement, he would answer, "If you doubt it, ask their sisters."

I am frequently entertained in homes, where I discover during the first fifteen minutes of my stay, that the whole

house is under the control of a boy who is entering young manhood. Even the servants in the kitchen, whom his mother cannot manage, are obedient to his sway. If this tendency is left unchecked, and the boy is allowed to develop this domineering spirit and this impatience of restraint, it will be sure to hinder his progress and to make him an uncomfortable man in the future.

What shall we do with the boy of our household, and what shall we train him to do with himself? I hope no one will answer, as I have sometimes heard fathers say, "Oh, let him alone! Let him come up naturally; he will make blunders and mistakes, to be sure, but he will learn by them. Do not vex him with training and restraint, with objections and advice. His future will take care of itself." I beg to remind you that we do not take this course with anything that we are accustomed to rear or to raise. If we are simply interested in the raising of corn and potatoes, we do not allow them to grow without our direction. We run the cultivator through them, we cut away weeds, we give them a chance for air, we nourish them with fertilizers. We will not allow cattle or poultry to grow as it may happen, if we are aiming to make a success in raising them. We give them the best possible surroundings, and restrain and educate all the way along. Shall the boy, who is higher and more valuable than they, be relieved of this educative and training process?

I have no doubt that most people will dispute me when I say that boys should have careful physical training. I am told again and again that this is not necessary, that boys get physical training themselves; that they run, and row, and swim, and skate, and jump, and climb, and live out doors to the utmost of their bent; that they have unlimited appetites, and almost unlimited food for the gratification of them, and

have such a capacity for storing away supplies that their mothers sometimes think their very bones must be hollow; that you cannot prevent them from putting a solid bar of sleep between night and day, so that they awake in the morning refreshed and newborn. "It is the girls, dear madam," I am told, "who need physical training. Look out for them! They squeeze themselves into mummies with their glove-fitting corsets! They bandage their feet to the proportions of the Chinese woman; they weigh themselves down with heavy skirts, and live so artificial a life that there are few healthy women in the country."

While I am not ignorant of the physical dangers that beset our young women, nor indifferent to them, nor silent concerning them, I still contend that boys have need of careful physical training. The United States Navy takes into its service, annually, a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world, and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government, since the war, to educate the "blue jacket," upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. The applicants must be fourteen years old, and not over eighteen. Hundreds of boys apply, but are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston, one of the Marine Corps, and who was formerly in charge of the Navy Yard Barracks at Washington, D. C., is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

His first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No, sir!" But the tell-tale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The naval surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that in ninety-nine cases

out of a hundred, the apprentice boys who are rejected after the physical examination are cigarette smokers. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high an authority, and based upon actual examinations going on month after month.

Dr. Albert H. Gihon, the senior medical officer of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, in 1881 made a report concerning the ill effects of tobacco upon growing boys. He says: "I have urged upon the superintendent of the Academy, as my last official utterance, the fact of the truth, of which five years' experience as head officer of this institution has satisfied me,—that beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at this naval school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco. Regulations against its use in any form cannot be too stringent. I have myself, several times, rejected candidates for admission into the Academy on account of defective vision, who confessed to the premature use of tobacco, one from the age of seven. Many candidates for admission are annually rejected for disturbances of the heart, who admit the use of tobacco. And during one year, ten in a thousand were rejected for functional lesions of the heart, caused by tobacco poisoning. Then the antidotal effect of tobacco makes the drinking of stimulating liquors the natural consequence of smoking. Therefore, in my opinion, as a sanitary officer, at whatever cost of vigilance, the use of tobacco should be rigidly interdicted at the Naval Academy."

Dr. Seaver, of Yale College, who is a physician, a scientist, and professor of athletics, has recently published a remarkable budget of statistics. For eight years, he has been observing the effects of tobacco-smoking upon the bodies and minds of Yale students. He informs the public

that the students who smoke are inferior in physical vigor and mental ability to those who do not; that they have less lung power, less chest capacity, less bodily weight, and are of less height, than the non-smokers. He says the muscular and nervous power of the smokers is noticeably less than that of the non-smoking students, and that the smoking habit is disadvantageous to scholarship. Of those students, who, within a given time, have received honorary appointments, only five per cent. were smokers. These Yale statistics should be carefully pondered by those who unhesitatingly declare that tobacco is harmless to boys, and growing young men.

The same lesson is taught by the reports of similar institutions in our country, and in the old world. Prohibition of tobacco exists in almost all government schools of all nations. Now when, day after day, we see little lads on the streets, and young boys in our public schools, both grammar and high, using tobacco in the form of cigars and cigarettes with the utmost freedom, and when we know that many are already addicted to the use of beer, cider, and other alcoholic beverages early in life, is there not need that parents and teachers should give careful early training to the physical culture of boys? I am not now discussing the use of tobacco by adult men. I am speaking entirely of the use of tobacco by boys. And when a scientific man of experience, like Dr. Hammond, the superb ex-Surgeon-General of the United States during the civil war, asserts positively that no young boy or growing young man can use tobacco without permanent injury, I am sure that no one will deny that I am correct, in asking for a better physical training of our boys than they are to-day receiving.

Neither is the boy of to-day receiving the careful moral

home training to which he is entitled,—neither, indeed, are the girls. The fathers of families, at the present time, are not able to do much for the moral and home training of their children. They are absorbed in business and politics that so exhaust them, that their great need in the home is for rest and recuperation, and the early moral training of the children devolves mainly upon the mother. I am inclined to believe that she has always been their chief moral instructor. This is well, if the mother herself is not so absorbed in the outside pursuits of life as to leave her no time for this work, and if she does not take it for granted that her children's teachers will attend to it. If her patience and wisdom equal her love, it may indeed be well. The unfortunate thing is that the moral training of the mother must be given in the house, and the average boy is an upsetting creature in the house, and interferes with the mother's fine sense of fitness and order. The daughter is in the society of her mother much of the time, except when in school. She easily becomes her mother's helper and companion, and enjoys reading aloud to her while she is sewing, is pleased to assist her in the washing of the fine china and silver, and is not unwilling to lend a hand in the preparation of desserts, and the manufacture of cake and pastry.

But a boy has a holy horror of being useful in the house. The sight of an empty wood-box or coal scuttle will remind him immediately of business of his own, that must be transacted in a hurry, and he shoots out of the house as if he were a bomb projected from a bomb mortar. It is his delight to gallop bareback on a horse from morning till night, to ride the bicycle as a "scorcher," at the risk of his neck, to run to a fire, to play base-ball from noon till night, with the thermometer ranging in the nineties,—and yet he will not confess to fatigue. But if he is called upon

to split a few kindlings for a fire in the morning, or to pick up a few chips, he wilts, and if you did not know you would think he was past all recuperation. You send him to school immaculate in his new jacket and trousers, spotless as to his collar, crowned with a new cap, and shod in polished boots. You drop a kiss upon his bright upturned face as you bid him good-by,—for with all his annoying peculiarities, the boy of to-day is a loving and lovable little fellow, and the hearts of mothers and of women generally go out to him.

He comes home with jacket rent, trousers hopelessly demoralized, collar gone, or tucked into his pocket, his cap has been lost *en route*, and the lustre of his boots is dimmed. He has a black eye or a broken finger, and as you look at him in amazement, and wonder what calamity has befallen him, he bestows on you a nonchalant explanation: "He met a feller out here to whom he owed a lickin'!" You are left to guess the rest, which is that he got the licking he meant to give, and has been pretty nearly thrashed out of his boots. Sunday comes, and you find him full of expedients to avoid the Sunday-school and to dodge the church door, while his sister is as eager to put in an appearance at both places as he is reluctant. I do not wonder that the patience of mothers gives out, at times, altogether, and that their hearts give out also. It would not be very surprising if they thought favorably of the advice that Carlyle gave them. The old curmudgeon, who had no children of his own, was so sorely vexed at the ways of lads that he exclaimed, "Barrel up your boy babies when they are born, and keep them there till they are twenty-one, and don't let the world see them until then."

And yet there is in the heart of this troublesome lad a mighty passion of love for his mother, his baby sister, his

lady teacher, or for any woman who takes an interest in him, and befriends him. How he delights to pour out the wealth of his little heart in passionate talk and caresses when he is alone with them! He does not want a spectator, or an auditor, not even his father. Going into the house of a neighbor one morning, and being bidden by the servant to go to the sewing-room where the mistress of the house was occupied,—as it was she whom I went to see,—I halted a moment at the door. She sat at the sewing-machine with her back toward me, and her little son, eight years old, had his arm about her neck, and was making love to her in the most approved fashion. “O mamma, I do love you so! and it isn’t because you are so pretty. Papa says you are the prettiest woman in town, and I think so too, but that isn’t what makes me love you; it is because you are so good to me. Don’t you think I try to do as well as I can?”

And the mother said, “You are a great comfort to me, my son, and you are a very obedient little boy.”

“Well, I try to be, mamma. I learned to swim before you told me I mustn’t go into the water, without permission, but I never swim now without asking your leave. And I can skate, and I ain’t one of the lubbers that skate into air-holes, but I don’t go on the ice now, until papa says it’s safe, because I promised you I wouldn’t. The boys laugh at me, and say I’m tied to my mother’s apron-strings, but I won’t do anything to make you worry.”

The mother drew him down to the level of her lips, and kissed him, and then he burst forth more rapturously. “Mamma, when I grow up I’m going to do everything for you! You shall take my arm and walk up the church steps to the pew, and I will buy a span of horses and take you out to ride every day, and you shan’t run a sewing-machine

any more, or go into the kitchen to make pies. I love you so much, mamma, that if papa hadn't married you, and you'd waited till I'd growed up, I should have married you myself." And when he had said that, he had made the strongest declaration of love that his affectionate little heart could frame.

When the boys of to-day, and of all time, are young, they are largely in the hands of women, who have the fashioning and the shaping of them to a great extent. The father's influence is more powerful later. It is a thousand pities that mothers lose patience, at times, over the rough and helter skelter ways of boys in early life. Do not confound disorderly habits with immorality. Do not say to the lad "You are the worst boy I ever knew." Do not tell him that "he makes more trouble than all his sisters put together," and refrain from exhorting him to "go out doors to play, and to stay there until he is called in." If you cannot train him to order while in your care, remember that by and by he will enter some office, or engage in some business, where order is a necessity, and must be observed. And if all other means shall prove ineffectual, some bright, orderly girl will, in time, take him and his belongings into her care, for love of him, who may transform him into an orderly man, or — she may not. If she should fail, her experience would not be a new one, by any means.

Every boy should be trained to respect womanhood, and in our country this ought not to be difficult. For there are no men so courteous to women as American men, and there is no country in the world where women receive the kindness, courtesy, and attention that they do in America. When I was in Berlin, at one time, I saw a husband and wife start out together on some errand, or to engage in some kind of work. The hands of both were filled with

parcels and bundles, which the man carried so clumsily, that some one of them was constantly dropping. He bade his wife halt, and laying his packages at her feet, ran back into the house for a basket which would hold sixty pounds. He held it while she strapped it to her back, and then proceeded to pack it with their common belongings. A pair of heavy boots that had seen much service would not go into the basket, and rolled off when laid on top. So he brought out from the depths of his pocket a stout string, which he ran through the straps, and then slung them about her neck. With the odoriferous boots close under her nostrils, and loaded like a pack-mule, she ambled along with somewhat of the grace of that useful beast, but with less agility. After the husband had brought out his everlasting pipe, and lighted it, he walked on beside her in beatific content, enshrouded in smoke.

I have never met an American man so ungallant as to transform his wife into a beast of burden. I doubt if any of my audience have the acquaintance of an American woman whom it would be safe to attempt to utilize in this German fashion.

Every boy should have a careful training in personal purity. No calamity can befall our young men comparable to that of being sodden in vice, and familiarized with coarse, sensual pleasures. The "fast" young man not only ruins his health, vitiates his appetite for higher pleasures, and makes it impossible for him to face the work or the business of the world with anything but aversion, but he sullies his manhood past all reparation. God forgives us our sins when we are penitent and ask for forgiveness, but the natural laws of life are such that nature seems to know no forgiveness. There is no alchemy this side of eternity, that can bring back the early sweetness of life and character to

the young man, who has been dissipated. Every mother should therefore carefully guard her boy against the outside temptations he is sure to meet. If because of indolence or prudery, or a disinclination to meddle in the matter, she neglects this, I warn her that just across the threshold, at the corner of the street, at the grocery store, at the railroad station, there are teachers waiting for her son who will give him that education, which, in after years, he would give all he possesses to be rid of.

“Do you expect to train boys to the same standard of morality as girls?” I am asked. “It cannot be done. Boys will be boys, and young men will have their time of sewing wild oats.” And this is said as cavalierly, as if “wild oats,” when sowed, never came to harvest. As God lives, “*whatsoever* a man soweth, *that* shall he reap,” — “wild oats,” or whatever else. It is possible to train boys to the same standard of purity that is upheld for their sisters. It is not safe, and it is indeed cruel, to ignore this, when we consider the physical consequences and the moral debasement of a dissipated life.

Every boy should be trained to courtesy, self-possession, and a regard for the rights and wishes of others. Emerson says that good manners give the entrance to fortunes and palaces. And certain it is, that the best passport to society that a young man can have, next to a clean character, is the possession of fine manners. There is no reason why a boy should be allowed to wear his hat in the house, as he stands talking with his parents or elders. He should not be permitted to sit on the corner of a chair, rocking backwards and forwards while in company; to enter a parlor with soiled boots, to interrupt a conversation with remarks of his own, or to violate table etiquette in a way that disgusts those who are associated with him. All these and similar

indications of bad manners are simply the result of neglect in his early training.

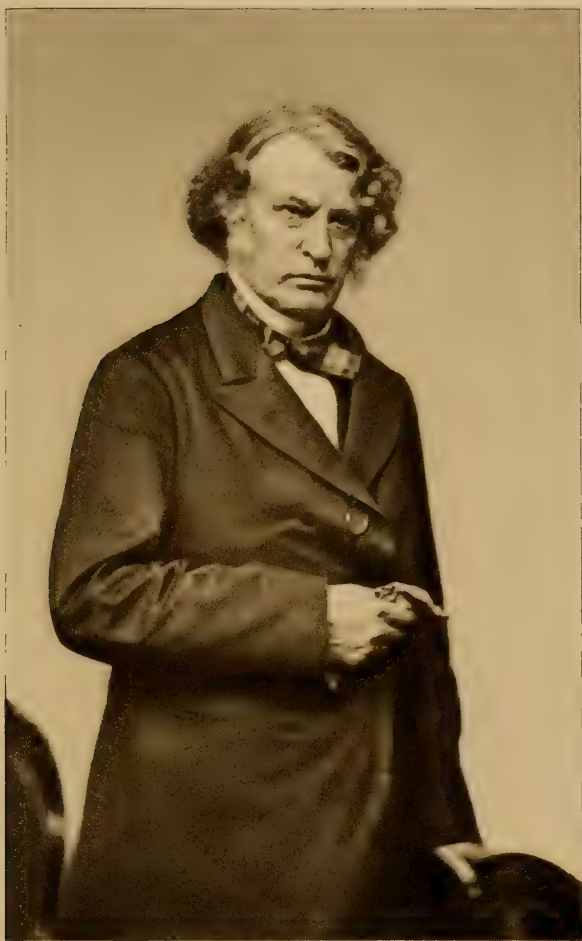
I remember very distinctly the kind of commercial men who were sent out by business houses, in the early time. They were utterly unlike the same class of men to-day. Then they were rude and boisterous, lacking in ordinary politeness, eagerly rushing for the best seats in the cars, and the best places at table, talking loudly, and sometimes profanely, to the annoyance of their fellow-travelers, and frequently appearing at hotels in a state of intoxication. To-day, unless you have had some experience, you will hardly be able to tell a commercial man from any other well-bred traveler, for he is a gentleman in his bearing. One of the head men of a great business house told me that he would as soon think of sending out a man who was utterly ignorant of his business, as one who was ill-bred, coarse, rude, or forgetful of polite manners. Good manners are essential to success in every department of life.

Every boy should have a special fitting for some aim in life. He should not be allowed to grow up in aimlessness and idleness, with the feeling that he can depend upon his parents or older brothers until some attractive employment shall turn up, with large pay for little work. He should be trained to some one employment for which he has capacity and inclination, and his own tastes should be consulted in the matter. Industry is a great means of grace. Very few of the convicts in our state prisons and penitentiaries have had an industrial training to fit them for life. They have come up in a haphazard way, picking up an honest living when it was easy, and dropping into dishonesty on the first temptation. In short, the training of our boys should be towards manliness,—towards gentle-manliness; so that they will be tender to children, courteous to women, helpful

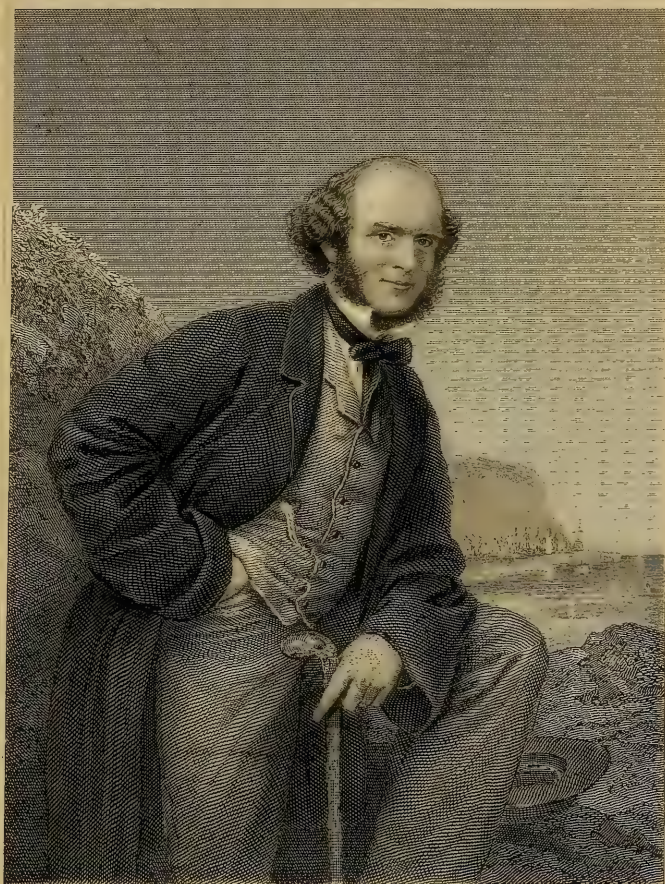
to the unable, and quick to recognize those in need of assistance. They should be so strong morally as quickly to repel temptation; so trained in the habit of doing right that it will not be easy for them to do wrong.

Some one once asked Charles Sumner what bribes had been offered him in the course of his political career. "What bribes!" he replied. "No bribe has ever been offered me. I have never been solicited, with promise of payment, to pursue any course whatever." It could not have been otherwise with Sumner. He was not a man to solicit temptation, or to dally with it, and people knew it. Usually, the people who are tempted are known to be in the market, with principles to sell. But Charles Sumner, like some other great men of our country, had not a reputation of this kind.

Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby," has written a little book called "The Manliness of Christ." It would be an excellent thing if our young men became sufficiently interested in this book to read it. After describing the character of Christ, the author says, reverently, that he was "the first gentleman of the world," and he suggests that Christ's is the quality of manliness at which our boys should aim. Our nation, heterogeneous in population, with interests springing up in various sections that are antagonistic to those of other parts of the country, with great wrongs that wait to be redressed, and great principles to be put in practice, has need of manly men to-day. A manly man is the noblest character this side of Infinite God. Manliness is made up of the aggregate of all noble human qualities; and if you multiply these by infinity, you have Infinite God. If the ranks of manly men can be increased among us, and then be supplemented by large numbers of womanly women, — which now seems probable, — we need not fear for the



Charles Sumner



THE AUTHOR OF

THE BROTHERS KRAMER, &c.

THOMAS HUGHES

future of the nation. It will outride the fiercest storms it may encounter in its pathway, and it will overcome the evil tendencies which are sure to manifest themselves.

I do not take any stock in the croaking that I hear about me, and I am far from believing that the day is near at hand when the Republic shall give up the ghost. It is contrary to all the precedents of history that a nation shall go down in the first stage of its voyage, in sight of the port from which it took its departure. America carries earthly immortality within her. She is trying, on a grand and complicated scale, the great experiment of self-government, which all nations are yet to undertake for themselves, and she is going to succeed. Not in any near day of the future shall the Atlantic surges wail her requiem; nor shall the dead nations that lie in the highway of the past crowd together to make room for our America,—larger than them all. The Mississippi valley shall not make her a grave, as has been predicted, nor will the Rocky Mountains yield granite for her monument. She is to live, and not die. Undoubtedly God will be so good to her that he will continue to discipline her, as He has in the past. She may be visited by calamity, and advanced by adversity. For God's divinest agent of help for nations, as for individuals, is frequently hindrance. But through all she shall slowly, but steadily, go on toward the great goal which the fathers saw, when they laid the foundations of the country in blood and tears, in agony and sacrifice,—the goal of a truly Christian Republic. She shall be the Messiah of nations, and shall draw after her all other kingdoms of the world, winning them to the same high destiny,—as the moon draws to itself the great tides of water, and as the sun draws at its chariot wheels the vast planetary universe,

Concerning Husbands and Wives.

THE relation of men and women as husbands and wives antedate all other relations of the sexes. And whenever this one relation comes into complete harmony with the immutable and eternal laws of right, all other relations of the sexes will adjust themselves accordingly. What then has been the status of the husband and wife in the past, what has been his estimate of woman, and what the status he has given her, and the laws he has made for her government?

The early savage man, like the savage of to-day, knew few wants save those of food, shelter, and warmth, which move the lower animals. Brute force predominated, and the man was the master of the woman, who was completely subordinated to him in all matters. The sole pursuits of those days being hunting and fighting, the qualities then of highest value were muscular strength and physical courage, swiftness of foot and keenness of vision, and in these qualities women were indisputably inferior to men. So we find the men of the early time holding woman in such low estimate, that among all races and nations there were legends professing to account for the introduction of women into the world, that were as ridiculous as they were contemptible. All of them gave evidence of the fact that woman was regarded as immeasurably man's inferior, — "the mother of all evil, the open doorway of hell."

In the ancient Hindoo civilization the status of the husband was that of master; the status of the wife that of

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slave. For her husband bought her, and when he brought her home, put on her neck the little collar which was the badge of ownership, as you put a collar on the neck of your dog, on which your name is engraven, that you may reclaim him if he wanders or is stolen. He could at any time sell her, she was taken for debt, he could lend her, he could gamble her away, he made for her the laws, he affixed the penalties, he executed them, he was her jury, judge, and executioner. The Hindoo wife did not speak the same language as man, her master, but talked in the *patois*, or dialect of slaves. She cooked his food, stood behind and served him, first tasting of every article, that her husband might be sure she was not poisoning him, and making her meal of what he left, if he left anything.

The husband was enjoined by the law-makers of the time "to keep his wife in subjection both by day and by night, and on no account to allow her to be mistress of her own actions, as she would surely behave herself amiss, although she might have sprung from superior caste. For the badness of men is better than the goodness of women. Therefore a wife shall never go out of the house without her husband's permission, nor laugh without drawing her veil before her face."

For the wife a code of laws was framed, whose influence has extended to the present time. "A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of the good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience and devotion."

"Her husband may be crooked, old, infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, dissipated, a sot, a gambler, a debauchee, reckless of his domestic affairs, restless as a demon, destitute of honor, deaf and blind; his crimes and infirmities, may crush him; yet shall his wife regard him as her God,

serve him in all things, detect no defect in him, nor cause him disquiet.”

In the ancient civilization of China there was nominally a little improvement, for the husband held his wife as a ward. And yet, to all intents and purposes, the relation between them was that of master and slave. The birth of a daughter was counted a disaster, and so wretched was the condition of Chinese wives that female infanticide prevailed to a great extent. The feet of Chinese women were compressed in youth to misshapen stumps, compelling them to hobble along slowly and very awkwardly, and the singular practice is cruelly continued to the present time. Some writers among the Chinese explain that this method was adopted centuries ago, as a safeguard against the intrigues of women, their rigorous seclusion from the eyes of men not availing to prevent them. No Chinese woman was allowed to leave the Celestial Empire, nor was a foreign woman permitted to pass the frontiers. A wife was not allowed to eat with her husband; she could not quit her apartments without permission, and if she entered a temple she was arrested and imprisoned till some one appeared to claim her. Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, or other male relatives were commanded to keep women at home, under penalty of severe punishment, which was duly administered when they put in an appearance for an imprisoned woman.

Next to abject and unconditional submission of women to men, industry was inculcated as the greatest female virtue, and the labors and fatigues of women were as severe as those of men. “Employment is the guardian of female innocence,” wrote one of the Chinese teachers; “do not allow women for a moment to be idle. Let them be the first dressed, and the last undressed, all the year round.”

“No indoor household work is repugnant to a modest and sensible woman. The shuttle and the needle are to be the sole occupations of her leisure; the neatness of her house shall be her pride; and it shall be her glory either to nurse the sick or prepare a repast. The pearls and precious stones, the silk and gold with which a woman bedecks herself, are a transparent varnish which renders her defects apparent.”

In the old Egyptian civilization there was an entirely different order of things. Egypt was the home of early civilization, science, law, and religion, and the ancient Egyptians have been objects of interest to the civilized world in all ages. Renowned for its discoveries in art and science, it was the world's university, where Moses and Pythagoras, Herodotus and Plato, all philosophers and lawgivers, went to school. Menes, the founder of the Egyptian Empire, according to some chronologists, lived B.C. 9150. Others consider the reign of Menes as old as B.C. 3500. A surprisingly large number of inventions, hitherto supposed to be modern, were known to the ancient Egyptians. It is a wonder to-day because of its ancient grand and massive architecture, now in ruins, its colossal statuary, its mural paintings, its arts of design, and its knowledge of astronomy, geometry, chemistry, mining, anatomy, and the practice of medicine. Those who make archaeology a study, and who know Egypt through its prehistoric revelations, declare that there are few new things in our nineteenth century civilization. Egypt had anticipated many of its inventions and discoveries.

In this highly civilized and ancient empire, which had reached the height of its grandeur and was beginning to decay, when nations which we call ancient were in their infancy, the status of the husband was that of the wife,

and the twain were the two halves of one whole. The Egyptian bridegroom married his bride, as the Christian bridegroom marries his to-day, with a gold ring. And as he placed it on her finger, he used the same language as is used in the Church of England marriage service at the present time, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow;"—language which means nothing whatever to-day, but which in ancient Egypt meant exactly what was said. The bride also endowed the groom with her property, and the husband and wife became joint and equal owners of their united estates, whether they were large or small. Clemens, one of the early Christian fathers, tells us that the custom of marrying with a ring was derived by the early Christians from the Egyptians.

The ancient Egyptians believed in several trinities of gods, supreme among which was the trinity of God the Father, Osiris,—God the Mother, Isis,—God the Son, Horus. The worship of Isis, the Mother, with her son Horus in her arms, was as popular a worship in Egypt in the days of the Roman Emperor Augustus, as is the worship of the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus in Italy to-day. Juvenal says that "the painters of Rome almost lived by painting the goddess, Isis," who was the Madonna of Egypt. No Egyptian house was considered properly furnished, on whose walls there did not hang a picture of the Egyptian Madonna, with her child in her arms.

Now it could not be possible in such a civilization, where the husband and wife were married on terms of equality, and decorated the walls of their home, almost universally, with the divinest and holiest picture of motherhood they could conceive,—it was not possible in such an age, for the husband to regard his wife as his slave, or for the father to treat the mother of his children with super-

cilious contempt, as his inferior. He must have had some spiritual comprehension of the relation of the man to the woman, and of the husband to the wife. But in modern Egypt all this is lost, and the status of the husband there is the same as elsewhere in the Orient,—he is the master. When the phrase “Oriental degradation of woman” is used, it expresses the very *ne plus ultra* of debasement. There is for women nothing lower or deeper.

Those who are familiar with the Koran will remember that Mohammed promises the Mohammedan wives of the faithful, admission to heaven, because of their marriage with Mohammedans. The Mohammedan and Mormon theologies are alike in this particular, for in Mormondom no unmarried woman can enter heaven. And when a Mormon maiden dies she is hurriedly married by some hocus pocus to some man, dead or living, that she may be whisked into heaven when her husband enters.

The most grimly Orthodox of the Mohammedan teachers in the East to-day declare that no women can enter heaven, as it is already peopled with most beautiful women who await the coming of the faithful. They emphasize the teaching of the Koran, that no dog, pig, woman, or other impure thing can enter a mosque,—that no drunkard, madman, decrepit person, or woman can call the hour of prayer. And the woman who should attempt to violate either of these laws would pay the forfeit of her life.

The elevated table-land of Central Asia, now known as “the plateau of Iran,” appears to have been the early homestead of the human race. “It was at least,” says Samuel Johnson, a scholarly writer, “the ancestral abode of those races which have hitherto led the movement of civilization.” They called themselves the Aryas, or “noble people,” and from them have descended the principal mod-

ern races of the world, with the exception of Jews, Turks, Magyars, North American Indians, and some declining remnants of peoples. They had fixed habitations on their elevated plateau, kept herds, tilled the soil, were rich in cattle, wrought in metals, spun and wove, made musical instruments, calculated time by the movements of the heavenly bodies, and cultivated affectionate and respectful domestic relations.

As this table-land became densely peopled by the natural growth of the human family, migrations were necessary. Sometimes they were occasioned by changes in the level of the earth's surface, which made their rivers waterless, and rendered life insupportable to themselves and their herds. An army may pass from the Pacific to the Atlantic, through Asia into Europe, without encountering any elevation of more than a few hundred feet. So avoiding the mountains that could not be scaled, and the rivers that could not be forded, great bodies of Oriental emigrants moved out from Central Asia, to the East and the South, but in yet larger numbers to the West, when they passed over into Europe. Here they settled on the first desirable territory, always finding men and women in possession, which gives a hint of the antiquity of the race. These they killed, enslaved, or incorporated among themselves,—sometimes carrying forward all three processes at the same time.

The successive waves of migration took different routes, one column going to the North, and the other to the South. The climate of Europe was not the same then as now, for geologists tell us that "since the tertiary period, two-thirds of Europe have been lifted above the sea." The Alps have been upheaved from two thousand to three thousand feet, and the Appenines from one to two thousand feet. Those

who went to the south of Europe took possession of what we call to-day Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, and developed one kind of civilization. Those who went to the North took possession of Scandinavia,—Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,—and developed another civilization.

What was the status of husbands and wives in these civilizations? “The northern races gradually developed a love of freedom, a passion for liberty; the southern people gave themselves to culture and social organization. The northern races stood for the development of the individual soul; those who went to the south became devoted to philosophy, art, and law. The northern people had a high ideal of woman, recognizing her as their other half and their equal, and developing a civilization that in a semi-barbarous way gave prominence to this great truth, while the southern races simply indulged in romantic admiration of the beauty and graces of woman.”

The world will never be so wise, nor so old, as to regard with indifference the marvelous civilization of Greece. No nations, dead or living, have ever surpassed the Greeks in their development of art. When our students of art can learn no more of modern teachers, they cross the ocean, and study under the old Greek artists, through their masterpieces, scattered through the European galleries. The exquisite language of the Greeks and their various phases of philosophy are studied to-day, and enter into the culture of the schools. They were the wisest, most intellectual, and wittiest people of their time. But they retained the Oriental estimate of women, and were not good husbands.

They held woman in everlasting tutelage from the cradle to her gray-haired old age. No Greek wife could sit at table with her husband. No Greek bride could speak to

her husband for months after her marriage, until he first spoke to her. No Greek wife could speak to a man without her husband's permission, nor appear at the door, where the eyes of other men might behold her. There were instances where the wife rushed to the door to welcome her husband home from a victorious battle, and was stricken down by him, because the eyes of his subordinate officers had rested upon her. The rooms of Greek women were in the rear of the house, and were only reached through the apartments of the men. They were poorly furnished, and in marked contrast with those of men which were glorified by art, and fitted up for comfort. The woman's kitchen was a rude portable furnace, or crude stove in the back yard, knee deep in dust in summer, and knee deep in mud in winter.

It was only possible to maintain this degradation of Greek women, by keeping them in ignorance, for they inherited the Greek intellect as well as their brothers and husbands. So the law, or a public opinion that had the force of law, denied education to Greek women. They could not talk correctly the beautiful language spoken by their husbands, nor read the literature they created. Their occupations were spinning, weaving, superintending their slaves, cultivating their own physical beauty, and that of their children. If a Greek woman was educated, she immediately lost caste, and was compelled to take her rank with the *hetirae*, or courtesans of the day. We need not ask the result, for there is no sacrifice that women will not make for their good name. And Greece, fertile above all other lands in great men, was remarkably barren of great women.

But all Greek women did not accept this order of things. There were women who spurned marriage, since it sank them more deeply in ignorance and servitude, and who demanded for their sex education and culture. They were

"the strong-minded" women of their day, who boldly proclaimed their rights. "Call us by what odious names you please!" was their defiant challenge; "Calling us vile women does not make us so. We repudiate marriage; we will not receive Greek husbands, for marriage is slavery, and we will have freedom. We will have education; knowledge is our right!"

They availed themselves of their freedom to acquire a degree of knowledge that rendered them fascinating to the philosophers, poets, artists, and historians of their time. Cultivating personal beauty, and studying graces of manner and expression, they stepped into the social position that the ignorant Greek wives could never have filled, and became the center of a matchless literary society. Pindar sang their praises; Praxiteles cut their statues in marble, and carved them in ivory and gold; Apelles painted their portraits; even Socrates attended their assemblies, and learned all the rhetoric he ever knew of one of them. The great men of the day rallied around them, and Greece was dominated by a class of women unlike any other that has appeared in history. So unexampled was their elevation that legal marriage was brought into disrepute, and illicit connections were formed generally and openly. And when Greece died, it was not for lack of culture or knowledge,—but because of moral rottenness.

Among the ancient Romans, husbands vested themselves with absolute power over their wives, as did the early Greeks. Monogamic marriage was strictly enforced, and when a man married, his wife became his property, he owned her, her earnings, her children, and her fortune. He became her priest, lawgiver, ruler, judge, jury, and executioner. At no time of her life was a wife independent. She passed from the control of her father to that of her hus-

band, and when he died, a guardian was appointed for her. The Roman husband possessed almost unlimited power of divorce from his wife. But it was the boast of the early Roman republic, which gave freedom to the few, and enslaved the overwhelming majority, that not one divorce was obtained in Rome, during the first five hundred and twenty years of its history, so great was the purity of the family life.

That women suffered from the tyranny of Roman husbands is evident from the fact that a temple was dedicated to the goddess Viriplaca, in the city of Rome, whose mission was to appease angry husbands, and Roman wives thronged her courts in supplication, and to worship her. Livy tells us that during the boasted Republic of Rome, a vast conspiracy was discovered among Roman wives, to poison their husbands, which certainly does not speak favorably of the love inspired by them. Pliny informs us that it was contrary to Roman law for women to drink wine, and that the penalty of the violated law was death. And we read of noble Roman men who scourged, and starved, and tortured to death the women whom they even suspected of tasting wine. Cato says that Roman men only kissed women to ascertain if they smelled of wine.

The closing years of the Roman Republic, and the dawn of the Roman Empire, were marked by great decline in morals. Rome had become the mistress of the world. The intoxication of wealth, acquired by universal conquest of the richest provinces of the Orient, the presence of vast multitudes of imported slaves who relieved the Romans of all labor, and an inundation of Eastern luxury, and Eastern morals, that submerged the old habits of austere simplicity, brought in a period of appalling vice, which attained its climax under the Cæsars. Corruption invaded every class

of society, from the lowest to the highest. The extreme coarseness of the Roman disposition, and the unnatural passion of the people for cruelty, added to the utter loss of faith in the Roman religion, intensified the debasement of the age, and swept away all safeguards of honor, virtue, and character.

Women were overwhelmed by the demoralizing tide which flowed in upon Rome ; it invaded domestic life, and broke down honorable marriage. When the great Augustus became Emperor of Rome, he strove against the laxity of morals which disinclined men and women to marry, and to form illicit relations. He imposed fines on bachelors who remained unmarried after they were twenty-five. But although the fines were increased with increasing years, if they remained celibate, it availed little, for women refused their proposals of marriage. They boasted of the marital compacts they had already formed, that had lasted for a year, a month, or a week, and gloried in the number of husbands they had accepted, and from whom they had divorced themselves at pleasure. The last centuries of Rome were dominated by a brutal, hideous, ghastly promiscuity, glorified to-day in certain circles under the specious name of "free love." And Rome died !

History tells us that the Eternal City succumbed to the incursions of the Goths and Vandals, who swarmed from the North for hundreds of years, one generation following another, with slaughter, and pillage, and ruthless destruction. But not until the very heart of the Roman people was eaten out by luxury and beastly immorality, did the barbarians of the North prevail against them.

Among the Northern people of Europe there was another phase of civilization. The Romans called these Northmen "barbarians," for they had no written literature,

and knew nothing of art. We cannot fail to be interested in them, because, as Anglo-Saxons, we are their descendants. Most of our information concerning them comes from Tacitus, the Roman historian. They were republican in government, and elected their rulers in rude conventions of the people; were the authors of the system of trial by jury; were lovers of liberty, courageous, and strong-willed, and were purer in morals than the Greeks or Romans. They regarded women as semi-divine, and were content with one wife. When the old Scandinavian chief was asked concerning his religion, he said, "Ask our women, for they stand near to God, and what they tell us we believe, though we do not always live up to it." An outrage upon a woman was punished with death, and if she violated the marital compact, she was chased by her own sex into the wilderness.

The women objected to the frequent feasts of the men, when they drank heavily of strong liquors and became grossly intoxicated. The regulation of the drinking was therefore placed in the hands of women, and men pledged themselves to regard their wishes. The use of intoxicating drinks was forbidden to ancient Scandinavian women. But they sat at the rear of the banqueting hall, and watched the progress of the feast. And when they rose, as a signal for the drinking to be discontinued, every man set his drinking horn on the table, even though it was lifted half way to his lips. Although war was the main business of their lives, these Northmen never made war without the consent of their women. Before attacking their enemies, they called a meeting of the women councilors appointed for this purpose, and laid before them the cause of the quarrel, and the advantages to be derived from war and conquest. The women were then left to debate the matter.

If they declared for peace, all hostile demonstrations ceased, and the warriors occupied themselves with peaceful pursuits. If they pronounced for war, fierce conflicts followed, in which women engaged equally with men. For the Northern women not only marched with the men in their migrations, and endured with them continual hardships and dangers, but they accompanied them in their warlike expeditions, and cared for the horses and chariots at the rear, while the men engaged the enemy in front. Not unfrequently, they were placed in line of battle behind the fighting men, as a reserve force. Tacitus tells us that women defeated the Roman legions under the great general Marius, not only once, but in five separate engagements. Not only did they drive back the Romans, but they utterly routed them, and turned the defeat sustained by the men into an overwhelming victory.

Although these experiences developed in the Northern women, to a high degree, the characteristics of courage, strength of will, endurance, and fortitude, they were admired and beloved by their husbands, who held them in high esteem, and seemingly placed them on a footing of equality with themselves. Plutarch, Tacitus, and Strabo, all Roman writers, and enemies of the Northern people, who were perpetually at war with Rome, made the Northern women the subject of eulogy, because of their beauty, chastity, pure morals, and wifely qualities. They were never degraded to the abject position of the early Greek and Roman women, but asserted their natural influence in family life, in which they were sustained by their husbands.

Almost coeval with the downfall of the Roman empire, and its moral and social disorganization, there came a decay of the polytheistic religions, and a decline of the Greek philosophy. The ancient religions of Greece and Rome passed

away. The national legends became mere fictions,—the ancient miracles were seen to be only feats of legerdemain,—and philosophers and statesmen cast away the ancient gods, and only outwardly paid them respect. A philosophy was slowly substituted for the ancient religion, which threw some light on the problems of God, duty, and human destiny. But it gave way before Christianity, which announced the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; which condemned the low morality that prevailed, and demanded inner purity of thought and soul, to be shown in corresponding purity of life. It taught an unending life beyond the grave; it declared that all were equal before God, and swept away the unjust distinctions that had heretofore existed between bond and free, Jew and Greek, male and female.

The contrast between the Christian and Pagan view of the family was wonderful. The Pagan religions made the husband and father absolute ruler and owner of the wife and children, even when the latter had reached the adult age. Christianity put the husband and wife on a footing of equality. The writings of the Apostle Paul are often quoted, as teaching the subordination of the wife. But when carefully studied they teach no such thing, their purpose being the uplifting of the Greek ideal of marriage, which was exceedingly low. Paul does indeed command, "Wives obey your husbands in the Lord." But he has also an injunction for husbands. "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, . . . that he might present it to himself a glorious church. . . . So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself." Eph. 5: 21-28.

All these instructions of Paul concerning marriage and family life were given to churches in Greece, never to those

in Rome, or Judea. For the Greek husband was, as a rule, intellectual and educated, while the Greek wife was deplorably ignorant, as law and custom at that time required. This fact explains another oft-quoted direction of the Apostle. "Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home." 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35. This was not uttered as a principle, but as a local and temporary precept. If Paul gave the direction as binding upon all women for all time, he laid down a law to which universal obedience is impossible. For in these days of woman's higher education, many a husband is incompetent to teach his wife at home, for she has had a large training in the schools, and he, the narrower education in trade, commerce, and manufacture.

Paul was a great tactician, as well as a great apostle. He saw the low standard of marriage prevailing in Greece, where the husband was immeasurably the superior of the wife, and sought to uplift it, by inculcating patience, tender training, and mighty love to the husband, and acquiescence on the part of the wife. He was to be her teacher, and to bridge over the distance between them by his affection, and ultimately to lift her to the level of his own development. She was not to bring the new religion into disrepute by her ignorant speech, for the men of her nation were the brightest and most cultivated in the world. She must "learn of her husband at home."

Prepared for Christianity by their loss of faith in the ancient religion, the Greek and Latin races slowly accepted the Christian faith, followed afterwards by the Goths and Vandals, Lombards and Franks, and then by the Saxons, Danes, and Normans. Every scholar will tell you, that the part of women in the formation or maintenance of moral or

religious opinion among the Greeks or Romans was very small. But they did solid work in the early diffusion of Christianity. Jesus himself manifested great regard for the faith in him, and the aid given him by women. The apostle John addressed his second letter, or "epistle" to a woman convert, "the elect lady and her children." And Paul, writing a last letter before his death, remembers affectionately, and by name, the noble women who had worked with him, and incidentally reveals his great indebtedness to them. Men began to realize that women throbbed with the same high aims, and were instinct with the same life as themselves; that whatever their claims as men, their wives and daughters had just the same. Most of the great teachers of the early church fully recognized the equality of woman with man, and the new religion silently advanced her to a real partnership with him, and also rendered him worthier such companionship. A new era had dawned for women.

For a time, it seemed as if Christianity, with all the gains it brought the race, would dominate the world. But reforms do not advance to complete fruition, without retrogression and halting step. The downfall of Rome destroyed all strong, central European government, and the phenomenal period, called "the dark ages", set in. The world retrograded steadily, and seemed to forget what it had learned. Christianity remained the nominal religion of Europe, but so grossly perverted, and so wickedly misinterpreted, that a respectable paganism would have done it better service. And in the sixteenth century, wife-whipping had become so universal, that in many houses the stick hung over the door, with which the husband was expected to keep his wife in order.

The Welsh law declared "that a husband might whip his wife when she lied to him, cursed him, or disobeyed

his commandment. But he must never give her but three blows at a time, and then must use a broomstick." In Shakspeare's play of "Taming the Shrew," Petruchio's treatment of Kate shows that the discipline of wives, at that time, included beating and other like heroic treatment. If men were wife-beaters, it cannot be denied that women were termagants. How could it be otherwise? Beaten by husbands according to law, without redress in the courts, and lacking the brawn and muscle to return their blows, with interest, there was left them only the use of the tongue. And many a wife-beating husband was routed by his sharp-tongued wife, who, with woman's keen instinct, knew his most vulnerable point, and pounced upon it with words that stung like hornets, until he was glad to beat a retreat.

But the law came to the husband's relief in this case also. If the wife "scolded," he could "toss her in a blanket," "duck her in a horse-pond," or compel her to wear "the scold's bridle." This was an ingenious headgear, somewhat resembling a dog's muzzle, which closed the mouth, and pressed down the tongue with a long, stiff needle, which transfixed the offending member if the woman attempted to speak.

Proverbs are the legitimate outgrowth of the social life of a people, and express the general opinions of the time. It is hardly possible to find a complimentary proverb, relating to women, in the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. I quote a few of them that you may understand the contempt with which women were generally regarded at that time:

"The husband that hath a fair wife needs more than two eyes."

"Women and dogs set men by the ears."

"The husband that tells his wife news is but newly married."

“Women, wind, and fortune are forever changing.”

“The husbands are in heaven whose wives scold not.”

“Every woman would rather be handsome than good.”

“A house full of daughters is a cellar full of sour beer.”

“Three daughters and their mother are four devils for the father.”

“A man of straw is worth a woman of gold.”

“A happy couple is a husband deaf and a wife blind.”

“He that loseth his wife and a sixpence on the same day, hath great sorrow for the loss of his sixpence.”

“If one woman hath one cow, and another hath two, marry her that hath two cows; for there never yet was a cow’s difference between any two women.”

There were husbands who carried their satirical contempt for their wives to the grave, as some of the old English churchyards testify. The following inscription was placed on his wife’s gravestone by a brutal husband :

“Here lies, thank God ! a woman, who
Quarreled and stormed her whole life through ;
Tread gently o’er her mouldering form,
Or else you’ll raise another storm.”

Another inscription overflows with glee over the grave of the departed wife :

“Here lies my wife, — here lies she !
Hallelujah ! Hallelujee !”

There is a story of a husband and wife who had lived in a very cat-and-dog fashion. The husband was the first to yield to death, and perceiving its approach, he ordered his gravestone, and had it inscribed with an epitaph of his own composition, not daring to leave it to his wife. After he was snugly tucked away underground, his wife took a stone-cutter to the churchyard, and completed it by the addition of a sentiment of her own. The inscription, thus amended, reads as follows :

“Youthful reader, passing by,
What you are now so once was I;
As I am now so you must be;
Therefore prepare to follow me.”

The wife's addition suggested a little doubt as to her husband's destination :

“To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went.”

She certainly had the last word in the controversy, which is said to be very dear to the heart of women.

To-day we do not live under the laws of feudalism, nor those of the Orient. And in our country, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, the notoriously bad husband receives as severe condemnation from men as from women. The old common law declared that the husband and wife were one, and that one the husband, but this legal fiction has given place to a nobler estimate of women. The tendency of legislation is to lift the wife to the plane of equality with the husband, so that they shall stand in law as two legal halves of one whole, neither being superior nor inferior, but each the complement of the other. And this is the outcome of a better comprehension of woman's nature.

Woman has attributes of her own, as woman—as man has of his own, as man. If man is force, woman is attraction. If man is the head, woman is the heart. If man is logic, woman is intuition. If man is ambition, woman is aspiration. If man is wisdom, woman is love. If man is scientific, woman is artistic. If “man is inductive, seeing facts, woman is deductive, seeing truth.” Only through the union and co-operation of man and woman can the best development come to both. Notwithstanding the great gains of the past, there is need of advancing marriage to a

higher level than it has yet attained, both legally and morally. Laws are still retained on the statute books that are unjust, and harmful to married women and their children. As yet, only seven states of the Union make the father and mother equal legal owners and guardians of the minor children,—New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, and Oregon. In all other states the father has the legal ownership and control of the minor children. It is easy to see what power over the mother this law gives to a husband, who may be tyrannical, drunken, or brutal.

The law which gives the husband sole power to choose the domicile is sometimes so used as to make the life of the wife and children almost nomadic. So often are they compelled to change their residence by the fiat of the husband, that they cannot take root anywhere, and are homeless in their feeling. The laws that give the husband the ownership of the wife's person and the control of her earnings, which still disgrace the statute books of many states, are responsible for much of the unrest and unhappiness of the marriage relation. While the laws that dispose of the estate of a husband and father, who dies intestate, are often unjust and cruel.

Rarely do men pay women the same wages when they do the same work, and the relations of the government are so arranged, that while women help to bear its burdens, its benefits are mostly conferred upon men. In some states there are severer penalties for crimes committed, when women are the criminals, and in all states save three, Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, women stand on a legal equality with men only when punishment and the payment of taxes are in question. All these unjust inequalities are survivals of the long ages of servitude through which women have passed, and which have not entirely ceased to

exist. "We are wont," says Emerson, "to think that we are at the meridian of civilization. We are only at the cock-crowing and the morning star." Neither men nor women have yet outgrown the low conditions of society, which obtained when the doctrine of male superiority was universally accepted.

One of the most serious and widespread evils of our time is the inebriety of men, alike in high life and low life, and in all classes of society. When these inebriate men are husbands,—as most of them are,—it is impossible to frame a statement of the evil consequences, that will give an adequate idea of their magnitude and enormity. Fearful as are the visible results of inebriety, they only faintly indicate the evil wrought within. For the inebriate drowns his moral nature, extinguishes his reason, and brings himself to the level of the brute. He inflicts on his wife a life of torture, who passes through the extremes of fear and despair, and entails upon his children enfeebled constitutions and diseased appetites, which shadow and hamper them through life.

While visiting an art gallery, my attention was called to a work of art, remarkable alike for its admirable technique and its unmitigated repulsiveness. It represented, in marble, the figure of the drunken god, Silenus, astride an ass. The only sober object in the sculpture was the ass, bestrode by the marble god, whose every feature, muscle, and fibre drooped in senseless inebriety. On the other side the gallery was an ivory satyr, with pointed face, short horns, leering eyes, and lolling tongue, the whole expression indicating beastly sensuality. And locked within a glass case, to protect it from the handling of the curious, was the head of a Bacchante, one of the female worshipers of the boosy god, Bacchus. It was cut in the pellucid crystal of a gem,

bluer than God's heaven, the head was thrown back, the hair dishevelled, the eyes stared in terror, the face was distorted, and the mouth wide open, as if shrieking in drunken frenzy.

Let there be sufficient time, and these works of art will cease to be. The marble god, the ivory satyr, and the Bacchante will disintegrate into sand and dust. But the drunken father is also an artist. And he sends out into the world hideous caricatures of the living God, in the persons of his own children, who reel through life insane, imbecile, deformed, and depraved, when they should be men and women born in the image of the Heavenly Father. The woman who dares marry a libertine, or a drunkard, with the hope of reforming him, or the expectation of finding happiness with him, ought to have a chance in a lunatic asylum, or a home for imbeciles.

Before all forms of government, all types of civilization, all social institutions, and all advance in education, the relations of the husband and wife make the everlasting granite on which the whole world rests. Just so fast and just so far as these relations are what they ought to be, just so fast and just so far will society be uplifted, — no faster and no farther. Monarchies, democracies, and republics have their benefits and their uplifting tendencies, but it is the family and the home that lay the foundations of country. All other influences are fitful and fragmentary. The home influence alone is steady and sufficient, and that depends upon the relation of the husband and wife — the father and mother. Unless there is on both sides first, respect, and then love with its all-embracing sympathy, the child's head will be pillowed upon discord, it will be rocked by restlessness, and will develop unsymmetrical in character.

One of the great questions of the day is, "How shall we

purify public life?" We can purify public life no faster than we purify private life in the home, for the public life is only the public expression of the private life of a people. The advance of a nation comes only through the improvement of the homes of a nation. As the aggregate of these may be, so will the nation be. The greatness of a nation is not made by its extensive territorial domain, nor by its vast wealth, nor yet by its impregnable fortifications, its battle-ships, and trained soldiery. It may possess all these material insignia of greatness, and yet be weak, and, like Rome, fall a prey to barbarian hordes. The greatness of a nation is made by its true men and women who have been well born, in good homes, where they have been fashioned into a lofty type of enduring manhood and womanhood.

I would make marriage what the Catholic church calls it, but does not make it,—a "sacrament." A marriage which unites a man, presumably for life, with one who is his pronounced legal inferior, whom he is to control, and whose person, earnings, and children he legally owns, cannot be made a "sacrament." It is, instead, a form of slavery. But shall not the husband be the head of the wife? Ay, he shall be, if he will. The true wife desires nothing more than that her husband shall be king in his own right, and by his own act, for then shall she be queen. But when instead of wearing the royal purple of an incomparable manhood, he clothes himself in the rags of a dissolute life, she too fails of the throne, and the sceptre drops from her hands. I would lift marriage from the level of the market, and from the domain of political economy. It does not belong there. It is not alone the cradle of the human race, but its crown. It should be the symbol of a marriage that shall be immortal.

I would have the young man woo his bride as did Pygmalion of old. He had chiseled a statue so beautiful that

he loved it more than any maiden of Greece, and he besought the gods, "Give me, for bride, a maiden symbolized by my beautiful statue." And they answered, "When thou art worthy the gift, it shall be thine." And this he sought to become, until one day as he prayed, he took the hands of his stone maiden within his own, when lo, the marvel! The veins throbbed with life, the face flushed with crimson, the eyes gazed fondly into his, the lips parted, and the silent maiden spoke. "I am thy bride, and thy holy and reverent affection has invoked life into the statue thine own hands have made." It is but a graceful tale of the old Greek mythology. But it has been a verity in the lives of hundreds of women, who, by the holy living and reverent love of noble husbands, have been lifted to a bliss, compared with which their former life was death.

I would have the husband take the wife to the marriage feast, as Aurelian took Zenobia to Rome,—a captive, to be sure, but a willing captive. She should not walk afar in the procession, as did Zenobia, with manacled hands, reluctant feet, and despairing eyes. But she should sit beside her conqueror, his beloved equal, and the banner floating over them should be that of love. When men shall seek women with the irresistible magnetism of pure affection, clad in the purity they expect women to wear, stainless in manhood and commanding in character, women will match them in nobleness of endeavor, and in high attainments, glorifying the marital union with a blessedness never yet more than half developed.

Then will "the statelier Eden come again to man." Then shall the pillars of the home they build reach to Heaven. Then shall human fatherhood and human motherhood take on something of the tenderness, wisdom, and divineness of very Godhood.

Melrose,

Aug. 23, 1900.

My dear Mrs. Giles,

Rev. Dr. A. A. Livermore, President of the Unitarian Theological School at Meadville, Pa., was cousin to my husband, who was Rev. D. P. Livermore. I am familiar with the hymn, which is beautifully adapted to the use you propose — as a "Post Supplicium". The music you have composed for the words, as ren-

dered by my daughter on the piano, is indeed "tender and delicate" in style. It must be very effective in a church service. If my husband were the author of the hymn, I should be most happy, and grateful to you, for marrying it to the lovely music of your composition. I am sure the widow of Rev. Dr. A. A. Livermore will take the same view of it that I do. She was very fond and proud of her husband, as she had a right to be. I think her ad-

hood take on something of the tenderness, wisdom, and divineness of very Godhood.

dress is Hilton, N. H., unless she
has removed to the home of one
of her children.

If you are in haste to
publish the music, I think you
need not delay to get her con-
sent to the use of the hymn,
as I am sure she will be pleas-
ed to have you do so. But it
would be a charming surprise
if you forwarded her a copy
when you have published it.

Yrs. truly,
Mary A. Swernore.

The Battle of Life.

OUR estimates of earthly life vary according to our positions and experiences. To one life is a "vale of tears." His nature is pitched on a minor key, so that he becomes very sensitive to the undertones of complaint and sorrow with which the world is filled. He identifies himself with the unhappy and dissatisfied, and like the river sponge, is forever saturated with the passing streams of other people's woes. To another, life is a "pilgrimage to a better country," and he counts off the days as they fleet by, satisfied, for each one brings him nearer to his destination. To a third, life is only an "inscrutable mystery," a problem that cannot be solved, a riddle whose meaning is past finding out. To him, the oft-propounded questions, "Who are we? Whence came we? Whither are we going?" have no satisfactory answer. A fourth is overwhelmed by a sense of the brevity of life. It is a "tale that is told;" "a dream of the night;" "the mist of the morning;" "the grass that flourisheth in the morning, and which, at night is cut down, and withered." Others will tell you that "life is a great game," and that they are the skillful players who win; — that it is "a time of probation, in which we may escape from hell, and flee to heaven;" — that it is a brief "gala day," when we should "eat, drink, and be merry, since to-morrow we die;" — and so on, through the whole range of metaphor and symbolry.

But when it is declared that life is a battle, a statement is made that appeals to every one who has reached adult life; aye, and to a great multitude who are only a little way across

its threshold. As our experience deepens, we realize that the whole world is one vast encampment, and that every man and woman is a soldier. We have not voluntarily enlisted into this service, with an understanding of the hardness of the warfare, and an acceptance of its terms and conditions, but have been drafted into the conflict, and cannot escape taking part in it. We were not even allowed to choose our place in the ranks, but have been pushed into life, to our seeming, arbitrarily, and cannot be discharged, until mustered out by death. Nor is it permitted us to furnish a substitute, though we have the wealth of a Rockefeller at command, and the powerful and far-reaching influence of the Czar of all the Russias. We may prove deserters or traitors, and straggle to the rear during the conflict, or go over to the enemy, and fight under the black flag of wrong. But the fact remains that we are all drafted into the battle of life, and are expected to do our duty according to the best of our ability.

Do you ask, "Why should life be packed so full of conflict? Why was it not planned to be harmonious and congenial?" I am unable to answer that question, and do not propose in this address to discuss the "origin of evil," which has vexed the various schools of philosophy. I accept the fact that the whole world has been a scene of conflict, as far back as we know anything about it. The literature of every nation resounds with it, and the poets, teachers, philosophers, and historians of all languages bear uniform and universal testimony to the fact that "the whole creation has always groaned and travailed in pain." Victory has alternated with defeat, and every experience of development in the animal creation has been purchased with a sharp emphasis of pain. For the world has many lives poured into it, which are sustained only as "each living

thing is up with bill, or beak, or tooth, or claw, or toilsome hand, or sweating brow, to conquer the means of living."

We cannot look at the world as it is to-day, a scene of vast and universal conflict, without believing it to be organic, and the design of the Creator. We cannot study history, and see how every step of progress made by the human race has been won by the hardest efforts, and represents ages of conflict behind it, — how every great truth of religion, or science, every social reform, and every noble interpretation of liberty has fought its way to supremacy in the face of hindrance, detraction, persecution, and death, and conclude that this has been accidental, or contrary to the will of God. We cannot escape the deduction that the world has been purposely constructed, not as a harmonious machine, but as a vast realm of experience, where effort and struggle, trouble and sorrow are appointed as the necessary educators of the race; — and this, not through the malevolence, but the benignity of the Creator.

"There is a simple and central law which governs this matter," says a scientific writer; "and that is this; every definite action is conditioned upon a definite resistance, and is impossible without it. We are only able to walk, because the earth resists the foot, and are unable to tread the air and water, because they deny the foot the opposition which it requires. The bird and the steamer are hindered by air and water, which presses upwards, downwards, laterally, and in all directions. But the bird with its wings, and the steamer with its paddle, apply themselves to this hindrance to their progress, and overcome it. So, were not their motion obstructed, progress would be impossible."

"The same law governs not actions only, but all definite effects whatever. If the air did not resist the vibrations of a resonant object, and strive to preserve its own form, the

sound-waves could not be created, and propagated. If the tympanum of the ear did not resist those waves of sound, it would not transmit their suggestiveness to the brain. If any given object does not resist the sun's rays,—in other words reflect them,—it will not be visible. These instances might be multiplied *ad libitum*, since *there is literally no exception to the law*. Some resistance is indispensable, although this is by no means alone indispensable, nor are all modes and kinds of resistance of equal value."

Is it not possible, then, that the hindrances which arrest our progress, and the obstacles that lie broadly in our path, are the divinest agents of help which our Creator could give us? And that "man is better cared for when he is not cared for too much"? The painful struggles to overcome and remove them develop in us strength, courage, self-reliance, and heroism. They are the hammer and chisel that release the statue from the imprisoning marble,—the plow and the harrow that break up the soil, and mellow it for the reception of the seed that shall yield an abundant harvest. Perfection lies that way.

It is not difficult to see what makes our earthly life a battle. When a child is ushered into the world, he is born ignorant of everything. His health and happiness depend on his obedience to the laws of nature, of which he knows nothing, and of which he can know nothing for months and years. Some one with knowledge and experience protects him, at first, from violating laws which would injure or destroy him, and slowly he learns to care for himself. By putting his hand in the fire, he learns that fire burns. By tumbling down stairs in a heap, he takes his first lesson in gravitation, and learns to descend the stairway in an orderly fashion, in safety. It is only through stumbling and bruising and constant physical injury, that he becomes acquainted

with the simplest material laws, and learns to obey them. He enters on a scene of more or less conflict as soon as he is born. To acquire any considerable self-knowledge and self-control, to understand the social environment into which he is born, with its civil, industrial, and economic laws, only intensifies the struggle, and lifts the campaign to a higher warfare.

Not only is the child ignorant of himself at birth, but he is entrusted to the care of parents and guardians who are woefully lacking in the same kind of knowledge. He does not come into the world with a bill of items, that state his mental and moral make-up. If we could know in advance what were his mental and moral qualities, in what direction he was richly endowed, and in what he was weak, in what part of his nature he needed to be fortified, and in what to be restrained, we might be wiser in our educational training. But in our ignorance we put one in the shop whom nature intended for the studio, and force another through college whose tastes would have taken him to the farm and cattle-ranch, and so poorly equip both for the battle of life. We load them down with a mass of crude misinformation, which they unlearn before they have attained their majority, and throw away as useless impedimenta.

The newly-born child is not an original creature, as we sometimes assume; he is not the first of a series. Instead of this, he is one of a long series that reaches far back into a prehistoric antiquity, and there are in him hereditary tendencies, which have come down to him from progenitors of whom he never heard. And as by a general law of heredity, "the inheritance of traits of character is persistent in proportion to the length of time they have been inherited," it is easy to account for the fact, that in members of the same family there reappear incongruities of physique and of mentality,

generation after generation, which it is not easy to eradicate. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says, that "our bodies are vehicles in which our ancestors ride." And he might have included our souls in this statement, without fear of contradiction.

Sometimes the child is born with a body which is only "organized disease." It is the result of the vicious lives of his predecessors, and will hamper him in all the struggles of life. Another comes into life a wailing bundle of feebleness. He is constitutionally tired from the beginning, and the battle is sure to go against him. Others are children of vice and crime. They were mortgaged to the devil before they were born, and will become the determined foes of society, unless the wise and philanthropic can accomplish their early regeneration. Others are born with defective physiques. They lack the sense of vision, which no oculist can ever give them. Or, they are denied the sense of hearing, and are deaf alike to the tones of joy or sorrow, to the language of love or hate. Or, nature has withheld from them powers of locomotion, and they swing through life painfully, on crutches, or are wheeled in invalid chairs.

"The problem of life is indeed hard to solve," said Harriet Martineau, the foremost literary Englishwoman of the century now closing, "when out of five senses one is endowed with but two." She spoke from experience, for she was defrauded of the senses of taste, smell, and hearing, and, in addition, was an invalid all her life. And yet, so indomitable was the royal soul imprisoned in this defective and distempered body, that she overcame all obstacles, and came off victorious in her wrestling with herself, and an adverse fate, that would have crushed a less heroic spirit. She became a benefactor of society, — one of the leaders of her age, — and not only identified herself actively with all move-

ments for the public welfare, but at her death left nearly one hundred and fifty volumes on the shelves of the book-sellers, every one of which she had written to help the world, and through every one of which there runs a high moral purpose.

During the late Civil War, a man did not become a soldier of the United States army by simply entering his name in the book of the recruiting office. That only signified his willingness to serve his country. He was then conducted to the office of the examining surgeon, where he passed through a most rigorous inspection. If he was defective in vision, had lost front teeth and could not bite off the end of a cartridge, a right thumb and could not cover the vent-hole of a cannon, if he was color-blind, and could not distinguish the colors of flags, uniforms, and signal lights; if his heart was weak, or his lungs lacked soundness, that he could not keep up on the march;—if, indeed, there was any discoverable unhealth in his physical organization, he was rejected by the inspecting officer, and could not don the blue of the Union Army. Only those whose physiques showed health, and promised a continuity of physical force, were mustered into the service. For the warfare was to be severe and protracted, and would tax the strongest and most enduring. But of the countless host who are drafted into the battle of life, from which there is no discharge until death, fully one-half are badly equipped for the struggle by the shabby bodies into which they are born. And for that, we must ever remember, they are not to blame.

The fact that we are obliged to provide for our physical needs, and for those who are dependent on us, makes of life a perpetual struggle. Nature has not dealt with us as with her brute children. For them, in the habitat to which they are native, there is food, water, clothing, and shelter.

Everything is provided for them. But with us nature has dealt otherwise. She has given us light for our eyes, air for our lungs, earth from which to win food, clothing and shelter, and water for our thirst. Everything else that we need, or wish, we must win by the hardest. As civilization has progressed, we have lost two of our natural rights, possession of land and water, and must pay the price demanded for them. And if merely business combination could take possession of air and light, we should lose those also, and be allowed only as much air to breathe, and light for our eyes, as we were able to pay for.

In our battle for physical existence, there are times when the elements of nature seemed arrayed against us. The farmer plows and harrows his fields, and with bountiful hand sows his carefully selected seed, and prophesies a harvest. But the clouds withhold their rain, the heavens become brass, and the earth iron, and a fierce drought parches the soil of a whole kingdom, and burns the growing grain to stubble,—and there is a famine. The accidental upsetting of a lamp starts a tiny fire. Combustibles feed it, winds fan it, and it becomes a roaring conflagration, in which granite and iron melt like lead, a city is consumed by the devouring flames, and hundreds of thousands are rendered homeless and helpless. We launch our proud ship, into which have gone the strength of oak, the tenacity of iron, and the skillful workmanship of honorable men. We give to its transportation an argosy of wealth, and to its passengers we gaily toss a “good-bye,” confident of their speedy arrival at their destination. But days pass by, then weeks and months, and no message reaches us from this traveler of the sea, and its fate is a matter of conjecture alone. Some iceberg of the North has crushed it, or it has succumbed to the fury of the tempest, or some unrevealed

weakness of construction has betrayed it to ruin in mid-ocean. Volcanoes and earthquakes, cyclones and hurricanes, storms and tempests,—how helpless we are when overtaken by their wrath, and how heedless they are of human suffering.

When we enter the world of trade and commerce, “the business world,” to use the vernacular of the day, we find the battle of life raging intensely. The fierce competition that leads one man to tread down others, that he may rise on their ruin,—the financial panics, which recur decade after decade, of whose cause and cure the wisest and shrewdest are ignorant,—the business dishonesty, which, at times, threatens to make dishonesty and business interchangeable terms,—the insane and vulgar greed for riches that actuates corporations, monopolies, trusts, and other like organizations, whose tendency is to deprive the wage-earner of a fair share of the wealth that he helps create, that their gains may be larger and increase more rapidly,—all these, and many other practices which obtain in the money-making world, embitter the struggle for existence, and render the failure of the majority inevitable.

Only two or three weeks ago, two men in the town of my residence committed suicide on the same day, and for the same reason,—the battle went sore against them, and they could not continue the hopeless conflict longer. One had been discharged from a position that he had held for twenty-seven years, to make room for a younger man. The other had been out of employment for months, and there seemed no need of him, and no place for him in any workshop. Both were about fifty years of age, both had families that loved them, both had always been temperate and industrious men, and yet neither of them left money enough to pay his funeral expenses.

To my thinking, the business civilization of the day is antagonistic to Christianity. The essential principle of the Christian religion requires individuals, and the aggregations of individuals we call "nations," to do as they would be done by. It proclaims the duty of strength to assist weakness; that wealth should lend a hand to the helping of poverty; that prosperity should take care of misfortune. "The Golden Rule," said a college president, in a recent baccalaureate address, "is fundamental to all right relations. Applied to the adjustment of the serious problems of America, they could be settled in five minutes." Christianity has extended itself very widely in intellectual directions. It has incorporated itself in creeds, and churches, but the time has not yet come when nations are moulded by it.

It is yet to conquer the realm of trade and commerce, and to re-adjust all the relations of man with man, on the basis of human brotherhood. It will not then be possible for a million or more of men, with hungry wives and children, to beg for work, which will be refused them by millionaire employers, living in luxury. We shall not read of women and children starving and freezing in the midst of our nation's abundance, nor of daily suicides in our great cities, because of homelessness, lack of friends, inability to obtain work, and utter despair of any change for the better. Our papers will not drip as now with the foul accounts of business frauds and betrayal of trusts, with reports of defalcations and embezzlements, and the dishonesty of trusted officials. Armenians will not be hunted like "partridges on the mountains," and tortured and slaughtered by Moslem hate, while all the civilized world stands idly looking on. It will then be possible for an inferior race to live comfortably amid dominant Anglo-Saxon people, with no danger of being enslaved or destroyed by them.

There is another factor that enters into the battle of life. No matter how large or small the community in which we live,—a city, a town, a village, or a hamlet, there are public questions always coming to the front, which challenge our interest. It may be a small evil that is likely to grow to a nuisance, and must be nipped in the bud. Or it may be a matter of town sanitation, a question of drainage and sewerage, the problem of a sure water supply, town lighting, or good roads, or the duty of providing for public school education, with all the weighty considerations connected with this question. If we have any public spirit in us,—and we are comparatively valueless if we are indifferent to the public welfare,—we are compelled to throw our influence on the right side of the discussions that decide the action of the community. If it be a question of public morals, and the town is threatened with the establishment of legalized liquor saloons, gambling resorts, or other public places of immorality, there is a peremptory call to all who stand for a higher civilization to enter the lists against these moral pest-houses. No fiercer battle rages in the world, than that now in progress between the friends and foes of a loftier standard of municipal and national life.

There are few of us whose inmost souls are not the arena of a life-long conflict, known only to ourselves and God. Passion and appetite, which should be the driving-wheels of the human creature, struggle for mastery of him. Selfishness, that asks all for itself; anger, that leaps like a tiger from the jungles, with words of fury and deeds of savagery; envy and hate, that burn out the soul and poison the life; revenge, that, like a sleuth-hound, follows the track of those who have injured us; sensuality, that converts the beautiful body into a charnel house, full of inconceivable horrors,—how these plunge us into unrest and sorrow, and abase us in

our own estimation! We never recount to others the story of our conflicts with ourself. No one hears the self-reproaches we heap on our own weakness and cowardice, nor sees the tears we shed over the humiliation of our defeat. All through youth and middle life the struggle continues. Happy are we when the prolonged conflict ends in self-conquest, and we are masters of ourselves. Then have we indeed learned the lesson of life, and been taught "how divine a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

We do not live many years in the world before we understand that every one is anchored shoulders deep in trouble and care. There is almost no exception to the statement. If, on a superficial acquaintance, we think we have discovered that impossible personage who "has never had an ungratified wish," and "never known a sorrow," we are by and by undeceived; for there comes a day when the shining veil that has masked him is rent, and we behold him buffeting his way against head winds, and bearing heavy burdens, in common with the universal humanity. One would think that this knowledge would incline us to a general kindness of spirit, and a large tolerance for each other's peculiarities; that instead of dealing out denunciation upon the blundering and erring, we should be pitiful, and lend a helping hand to those who come in our way, weak, stumbling, and ready to perish. There is too much intentional wounding of our comrades in life. Many who are in the main charitable are yet sharp, brusque, and quick to blame one who comes to grief. Henry Ward Beecher used to say they were like "the bee that goes head-foremost into a flower for honey, but is always sure to carry a sting thrust out for the pleasure of wounding."

I remember, during the war, going in an ambulance some twenty miles to visit field hospitals. It was not long



HENRY WARD BEECHER

after the battle of Murfreesboro, and a division of the army, that had encamped in the neighborhood, was soon to break camp for a march in the direction of my own route. I was ordered to move with it for safety, as guerillas were reported very numerous along the way. We kept beside the straggling column, that was not compelled to march with exactness, but traveled as was most comfortable. As we moved along I observed the profanity of the men. Their speech was so interlarded with oaths as to render it almost unintelligible. When the chaplain rode to my ambulance he said, "How terribly these men swear! When they meet the enemy they are in search of, there will be a battle. Think how unprepared they are to die!" At first I sympathized with the remark; and I wondered if I was not manifesting a quixotic spirit, in leaving my home and pursuits for these rough scenes of disorder, amid coarse and foul-mouthed men.

But the day grew hot, and the dust became intolerable. The men began to drop, one after another, in a state of exhaustion. The ambulances picked them up till they were filled. Then here and there an officer would dismount, and the fallen soldier would be lifted to his seat, with a stronger comrade behind in charge of him. When nothing else could be done, the feeble fellows were left in the shade of a clump of trees, or in "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," with canteens of water, and supplies of rations and healthy men to care for them, who were to bring them on to the bivouac for the night, when the torrid day had grown cooler, and the wilted men had rallied. Not a man was left behind on the march to die. Not once did the officers regard the fallen soldiers with indifference, and command the marching column to leave them where they fell. And when we were bestowed in our tents for the night, and

the drum had beat the tattoo for retiring, I heard the soldiers who had been detailed to the service of their weaker comrades as they came into camp, bringing them with them.

All the while these men, to whom so much care was given, were good for nothing for soldiering purposes, and the officers and many of the rank and file knew it. If their physical condition had been understood by the examining surgeon, they would not have been mustered into the army. Their future could easily be predicted. They would be permanent fixtures in the hospital after a little time, a care to doctors and attendants, an expense to the government, dying slowly, or discharged and sent home to their kindred and friends. And yet the brotherly feeling that prevailed in the ranks forbade their being left on the march uncared for. And I said to the chaplain: "These men in the army, rough fellows though they be, are better than we who remain at home, and never defile our lips with coarseness and profanity. We continually tread down the people who are weak, and because they cannot keep step with those who are strong, we hold them in contempt, and think them unworthy of assistance. But see the rough tenderness with which these soldiers treat the feeblest and most worthless of their number!"

When you travel in Switzerland, in the neighborhood of the high mountains, you will sometimes come across a group of people in the valley, who are intently observing some object through a powerful glass. On inquiry, you will learn that a company of tourists, with guides, are making the ascent of Mount Blanc. You take your place amid the sight-seers. And while you watch the group slowly making their perilous way along the dizzy heights, two or three lose their footing, drop suddenly out of sight,

and are gone. Your heart stops its beating ;— you are sure they have fallen to a horrible death, down the steep, jagged rocks into the inaccessible depths below. You look again. No, they are not lost ; one is restored to his place in the long line of climbers, and slowly the others struggle up into view, and cautiously they resume their upward march. What is the explanation ?

Before they came to the dangerous places, they tied themselves together with strong ropes, both the tourists and the guides, and braced themselves at every step with their steel-pointed alpenstocks, which they planted firmly in the frozen snow and ice. Those who dropped down behind the treacherous ridges were held by the strength of their companions on either side, who, firmly braced, arrested their descent into the horrors below, and drew them back into line, in safety. So it is in life. Many a one is saved from ruin by the wise and strong love of the friends who retain their hold upon him, and halt him in his downward plunge. They will not allow him to destroy himself, but will gradually win him back to their own safe vantage ground. And if he shall fall again, they will again interpose for his redemption,—not twice only, but again and again, as often as his stumbling feet may require. Alas, for him who has neither friend nor lover, and who is struggling for the mastery ! For human nature requires so much mothering, and is so dependent on love and sympathy, that he must be of the divinest calibre who wins in the conflict of life, with none to be glad of his victory, and none who would sorrow over his defeat.

As much as we criticise the world, there is a vast amount of good in it. The transition from barbarous to civilized life has been made very gradually, by slow ascents of progress, through thousands of years. Every advance of

the race in the mastery of the material world has been accompanied by a corresponding development of intellectual power, and the conquest of man by himself. Then came a comprehension of right and wrong, and a moral standard was uplifted, which has been immeasurably advanced during the last century. It has come at last to include the golden rule, which is as fundamental in the world of duty and happiness, as is Newton's law of gravitation in the world of matter. It has organized our charities, enlarged our system of education, abolished slavery, infused itself into society, it seeks the extinction of war, and calls for the elimination of public abuses, and the purification of government. It will yet relieve the battle of life of its hardness, its hopelessness, and its brutality.

We are approaching the era when war shall be no more. The world is ready for it. Unconsciously, and unintentionally, the powers that be have been preparing for it. For they have increased the destructive power of the enginery of war so marvelously, that the nations employing it against each other will both suffer almost irreparable injury. When a handful of men can blow up a navy, and another handful can annihilate an army, war ceases to be war, and becomes assassination. If we should wake to-morrow to find that all civilized nations had agreed to arbitrate their quarrels, that all armies were to be disbanded, all fortifications to be dismantled, and the giant battle-ships transformed into vessels for peaceful uses, how much the world would gain by the change!

Ten million of soldiers, in European camps, or in readiness for war, now withdrawn from productive industries, would be returned to their families, and to the farms and workshops of the world. The women of Europe, now dewomanized and dehumanized by being thrust into the employments

of men unsuitable for them, would drop back into home life, or would seek their livelihood in occupations that would not destroy their feminine nature. The prophecy of two thousand years ago that there should be "peace on earth and good-will to men" would begin to be verified. Between two and three billions of dollars, now wrung annually from the people by exorbitant taxation, for the support of armies, and for military purposes, would not then be called for, and would increase the resources of the masses, and add to their material comforts. How the certainty that war had ceased forever would loosen the brakes now held down on the wheels of the world's progress!

If we should wake on some other morning to find that every grogshop in the country was closed forever, that all distilleries and breweries had abandoned the manufacture of alcoholic liquors for drinking purposes, that men had lost the appetite for intoxicating beverages, and would henceforth be sober and in their right minds, how that would add to the gains of the world! The American nation would be richer at the close of every year than it now is, by nine hundred million dollars, which is the sum total of its annual drink bill. With that vast sum saved, how the comfort of the toiling masses could be increased. Their poverty would be translated to competence, their homes made hygienic and comfortable, industrial and scientific schools established for them, and the immitigable sorrows of their wives and children would be comforted. The prisons and penitentiaries of the present time would be relieved of three-fifths, and in many cases, of four-fifths of their inmates, the insane asylums would be depleted, and fewer children would come into life with defective minds and bodies.

If these two reforms were carried,—the peace reform and the temperance reform,—the world would take a

mighty leap forward into "the good time coming." They will probably never eventuate as we have planned them, nor accomplish just what we anticipate, but they will prove an immense gain to the race, and will eliminate from the battle of life many of its worst and most dreaded features. Believe me, both of these reforms are coming up the steeps of time, and are yet to be verities. Some of you will live to behold the near approach of their full fruition, and will catch the foregleam of the glory of the Lord as it breaks on the world. Whoever works for the bettering of humanity, for the lessening of the evil things in life, and the increase of what is good and helpful, has his hand in the hand of God, and takes on something of God's almightiness. Those who work with God will always win, and though victory may be postponed for a time, the right ultimately triumphs.

Already the distinguishing characteristic of our nineteenth century civilization is its intense humaneness. It looks steadily to the redressing of all wrongs, to the righting of every form of error and injustice, and an intense and prying philanthropy, which is almost omniscient, is one of the marked features of the age. It has multiplied charitable institutions till they cover almost every form of suffering and want, and it gives to the poor the tonic of friendship and hope. It demands that international arbitration shall take the place of war, and reiterates the immortal declaration of Charles Sumner, that "that the true grandeur of nations is peace." It bombards the legal enactments that make for drunkenness with million-voiced petitions, and pursues the inebriate with kind and loving persuasion. It hears the demand of Howard, the philanthropist, sounding down the century, and re-formulates his plea that "prisons be made over into moral reformatories,— schools for fallen humanity."

Not only does the spirit of helpfulness invade the

realm of material want and suffering, it enters the list against ignorance and mental poverty. It not only establishes schools for children, but for adults also, who were defrauded of education in early life. It has opened colleges and universities to women which have been closed to them through all ages, and has provided for them professional and technical schools, where they compete with men. The doors of art and science, of professions and trades, and of industries and gainful callings are no longer closed against them, and they are rising from the ranks of dependence and subjection, into those of dignified self-support. It seeks the education of the hand and of the body in its provisions for physical culture and manual training. It establishes free libraries for the people, art museums, natural history rooms, free reading rooms, free lectures, open-air concerts, free baths and swimming schools, and free parks, where nature ministers to the distempered and desponding. There are noble men and women in all communities who thrill with a divine passion to help the world; and there are millionaires who dare not die, till they have put a portion of their wealth to the service of the public welfare.

This new spirit of helpfulness which is making itself felt in the world is not limited to any community or nation. It is extending itself throughout civilized life. A few years since, and shortly after the close of the civil war, Memphis was sorely smitten with a pestilence. The living were not sufficient to care for the sick, nor to bury the dead, and all egress from the city was forbidden, lest the contagion might spread. The North forgot the four years' war with the embattled South, and sent to its relief volunteer physicians and nurses who were unafraid of death, and millions of money, and Memphis was purified and rehabilitated, and the pestilence stamped out.

Floods washed away the city of Johnstown and buried thousands of its inhabitants under the *débris*. Hardly had the waters subsided, when a great tide of benevolence set towards the ruined town. Relief committees were despatched to the suffering people, to whom *carte blanche* was given as to methods and means. Hospitals were opened for the wounded, and those whom fright and loss of home and friends had demented. And so abundant was the largess bestowed on those who survived the horror of the flood, that a new city has risen on the wreck of the old one, and, except in the memories of those who experienced its ruin, no traces of it remain.

Have we forgotten when Chicago lay burning in a roaring conflagration, that stretched seven miles along the lake shore, while a hundred thousand of her people were encamped on the shelterless prairie? Telegrams flashed the sad news to every state and territory of the nation, and cablegrams wailed it to the old world, when lo, the marvel! The astonished earth rolled on its axis, belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams promising help. So royally were these promises kept, that after those who had applied for relief had received it, and the Relief Committee had placarded the streets for three months with the information that there was aid for those who needed it, there remained in bank nearly a million and a half of the relief funds, in excess of applications for help. The world could not have afforded to have missed the conflagration of Chicago. It was the greatest investment ever made by disaster, for it burned two hundred millions of property into ashes. But it was a poor, cheap, paltry price to pay for the great knowledge that made the world rich. For when Chicago was melting away in the heat of its great conflagration, we touched the hour when all the world believed in human brotherhood.

These instances are indications of the better day that is dawning. As when in the east we see the first faint tinges of light brightening the horizon, we foretell the coming day, so can we predict a higher and nobler civilization that shall yet include the race, when we see what divineness has here and there interpenetrated the last half century. I am not prophesying any quick-coming millenium. It has taken God a millenium of milleniums to bring us where we are; and He need not be in a hurry, as He has all eternity to work in. I only speak as one

“Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Sees distant gates of Eden gleam,
And does not deem it all a dream.”

But as I count over the gains of the world in the past, and see how the mightiest forces of the age are moral, and realize that the Immanent God who works for righteousness is the unseen Commander who directs the battle of life, I am sure that—

“In the long days of God,
In the world’s paths untrod,
The world will yet be led,
Its heart be comforted.

“Others may sing the song,
Others will right the wrong, —
Finish what we begin,
And all we fail of, win.

“The airs of heaven blow o’er us,
And visions rise before us,
Of what mankind will be, —
Pure, generous, grand, and free.

“Then ring, bells, in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples;
Sound, trumpets, far-off blown, —
Your triumph is our own.”

Does the Liquor Traffic Pay?

THERE is one standard of value in the business world of our country, by which all things are measured. Whatever meets the requirements of this standard, the capitalistic community endorses, and it finds its way to popular favor, even when repulsive and undesirable in itself. Whatever is short of these demands, when measured by the business standard, is condemned, even when it possesses intrinsic worth. "Will it pay?" is asked of any enterprise that comes up for adoption. "Does it pay?" is the searching inquiry propounded to any new business that has been inaugurated. If, after a fair trial, it appears that the cost of the business exceeds its profits, and that this must be its permanent status, never to be remedied, it is abandoned. We say, "there is no money in it."

This evening, I propose to measure the liquor traffic of the nation by this one standard. It calls itself grandiloquently, "the largest and most profitable industry of the United States." Let us see if it can make its boasting true. "Does it pay?"

In the first place, what does the liquor traffic cost the country in money? The Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics at Washington is a United States official, who is appointed by the national government, and whose facts are facts, for he is sworn to tell the truth. From this department, we learn that the drink bill of the United States is nine hundred million dollars annually. That is, the people of the country drink alcoholic liquors, every year, to the amount of nine hundred million dollars. This statement is

Melrose,

June 8, 1903.

Dear Mr. Cooke,

The centenary of Emerson led me, as it did many others, to a very thorough re-reading of his books and biographies. I own all the latter. And I found that the one you have written excels the others immensely. After reading yours, the others seem trashy and too inferior, in many respects, to repay reading. Dr. Holmes' displeased me most. Several times I laid it down, it seemed such a waste of time to go through it.



I have read all the biographies before, and even then thought yours the best. But reading now, with increased knowledge, and experience, and enlarged interest in spiritual matters, your book gave ^{me} a great pleasure. It is so luminous with your comprehension of Emerson, so appreciative, so thorough that I was benefitted with the study of it. Where can I find your essay on George Eliot?

Yrs. truly,
Mary A. Lvermore

made from the annual returns of the liquor traffic, so that in a certain sense it is a record of business made by those who are engaged in it. It is not an easy thing for us to comprehend this statement. It is too vast. We are not able to think a million, and when it comes to nine hundred million, we have only a vague impression of immensity.

Let me put this abstract statement into a concrete form. Most of us remember the year 1871, when the city of Chicago was burned. There was a crackling, roaring conflagration seven miles along the front of Lake Michigan, and a hundred thousand people were driven out on the shelterless prairie by the pursuing flames. Fire-proof buildings went down in the intense heat, as if made of cardboard, and mighty edifices of stone melted as if constructed of lead. It was so vast a calamity, so unprecedented a conflagration, that for a time the world forgot its business, and its quarrels, its loves and its hates, and turned its thoughts towards the doomed city of the prairies. For forty-eight hours, this old world of ours was belted and re-belted with telegrams and cablegrams, all promising help, which promises they kept most royally, and saved the desolated city from despair and death.

What was the money loss of this vast conflagration? Two hundred million dollars! Not only was this amount of property burned to ashes, but the insurance companies generally broke down under the appalling burden, and were unable to keep faith with those whom they had insured. This large amount of money was as hopelessly lost as if it had been dropped in bullion into the Pacific depths. It must be re-made, to be restored. Now, if the people of the United States would to-night take a pledge of total abstinence from all that intoxicates, and keep it religiously for one year, we could, during that year, burn up four

Chicagos, and indemnify every one who lost to the uttermost, and then be one hundred million dollars richer than we now shall be. It is a simple problem in arithmetic. Two hundred million dollars' worth of property were burned to ashes in Chicago, and four times that sum are eight hundred million dollars. The difference between this amount and nine hundred million dollars,—which is the drink bill of the nation,—is one hundred million dollars. You see why there is poverty and starvation in the land, why children cry for bread, and the poorhouses are full to overflowing, and why beggarly tramps, to the number of nearly a hundred thousand, are stalking through the country, living by their wits, sometimes by thieving, and sometimes unfed. There is another cause for this destitution than “hard times,” “financial panics,” and lack of employment. If we could stop the waste that comes through the annual expenditure of nine hundred million dollars for strong drink, there would soon be competence, where there is now abject poverty.

If a money loss were the only one occasioned by the drinking habits of the people, we could afford it. The nation is rich enough to spend that sum for the pleasures of its people, if it caused no other loss. A few weeks since, I visited the Woman's Reformatory Prison at Sherborn, Massachusetts. I went through the various departments, and met the women convicts in the chapel, under the guidance of its woman warden, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson,—a woman who cannot be duplicated in the United States, so marvelous are her qualifications for the office she holds. I inquired how many of the women in this institution were the victims of strong drink? We went to the office and examined the books of commitment, where every woman's name is recorded; with the crime for which she is incarcerated,

and its inciting cause. We found that ninety-seven out of every hundred of them were in prison through the use of intoxicating liquors. "Shut up the grog shops of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," said this wise woman warden, "and ninety-seven out of every hundred of the women who come here will come here no more forever! And the State of Massachusetts can take this splendid pile of buildings and this large and productive farm for the use of some of its charities, or for some philanthropic purpose."

If you visit the Charlestown State Prison, or the Concord Reformatory Prison for men, you will receive the statement that from eighty to ninety out of every hundred in these institutions are brought to their sad fate by strong drink. I have visited thirteen state prisons in various parts of the country, and the same statistics are given in all, with slight variation. This liquor traffic costs the nation more than money. It costs us men and women, who, but for its deteriorating influence, would be productive citizens, members of happy homes, self-respecting members of society.

It you take the reports of the various insane asylums, and study them carefully, you will find that about sixty out of every hundred of the insane are the product of strong drink. It is not always the people who drink who become insane. Neither is it always their children, for the hereditary taint that leads to drunkenness, which has come down to us through countless generations, frequently shows itself in the second, third, and fourth generation. It may not always appear as drunkenness, but the grandchildren of the drunken parent may be born with a disordered nervous system, easily jangled and thrown on the other side of sanity. They may be born epileptics, which is usually insanity, or with some moral obliquity, or with a generally diseased physical system, so that they break down easily and early,

and pass out of life. Science tells us that a drunken parent transmits to his posterity a tendency to the bad, that will not spend itself until after the fourth generation, so that the drunken father reaches out a hand from beyond the grave, and weighs down his posterity with unfortunate tendencies for four generations. If now the children of drunken parents themselves become drunkards, the curse to posterity is pushed one generation farther, and it is in this way that the woe and brutishness of the race has been perpetuated.

The liquor traffic costs us more than this. At one time during the life of Dr. Samuel G. Howe, he was asked how many of the imbecile children in the institution at South Boston were the offspring of drunken parents. He immediately instituted proceedings for ascertaining, and found that one hundred and forty-five of every three hundred children in the institution were of drunken parentage. Those are the figures for only one institution. When we remember that there are ninety-six thousand imbecile and feeble-minded persons in the United States,—less than five thousand of whom are in institutions,—we can gain a faint idea of the horrors created by intemperance, which are increasing daily, since ninety thousand of these are propagating their kind at large. The waves of intemperance break on a boundless shore in this direction.

The State of Massachusetts at one time maintained an institution at Monson, Massachusetts, for the little children that had come under its control and care, through the crime, death, or intemperance of parents. It was called the "State Primary School." Once I made a visit to the school when there were nearly six hundred children in its care. It was Sunday, and the superintendent invited me to remain during the chapel exercises; and make a little talk to the children. They filed down the side aisles in nondescript

uniform, singing a marching Sunday-school song, and passed directly in front of the platform, up the broad aisle, to their seats. As I observed them, my attention was arrested by the unfortunate appearance of many. One little girl who sang like a lark, was fair-haired, blue-eyed, and rosy-cheeked, wore an empty dress-sleeve, — one arm was gone. The superintendent answered my inquiry by explaining that she was thrown out of a third-story chamber window, by a drunken mother. A little boy swung painfully along on crutches, assisted by a comrade on each side of him. His face was twisted and distorted. The superintendent explained his condition thus : “This little fellow had typhoid fever when he was two years old. While he was still weak as a new-born babe, his drunken mother took him into the kitchen in her arms, and dropped him on a red-hot cook-stove, and he was only rescued when the smell of burning flesh invaded the next apartment. He is ruined for life ; it is a pity that he survived.” Another boy had lost an eye. “Gouged out by a drunken father !” was the superintendent’s explanation.

Long before the time came for me to speak I was past the power of speech. Will you tell me what I could have said to them ? I remembered that I belonged to a class of the community whose men vote yearly for the maintenance of the liquor traffic ; that they send representatives to the legislature that enacts laws for its maintenance ; that the state takes this liquor traffic under its protection, and accepts fees for licensing it to do this evil work ; and I found myself unable to say anything. These children had been robbed of all the rights of childhood, — the right to be well born, — the right to the love of father and mother, — the right to home, education, and protection. They had been born into misery, homelessness, and brutality. So accus-

tomed were they to their sorrowful lot, that they were unaware of it, and did not dream that they were objects of pity. One little girl leaned over to her teacher, and asked, "Why does the lady cry?" I asked the superintendent, "How many of these children have drunken parents?" "Every one of them," was his reply, "every one of them!"

At Tewksbury, Massachusetts, there is a large state poor-house, where there is an average of a thousand paupers all the while, and in the course of a year, about three thousand. In a visit which I made to that institution, some few years ago, I looked over the motley company of human beings that had assembled, many of them so repulsive in appearance that one hesitated to shake hands with them, and then asked the attendant in charge, how many of them owed their pauperism to strong drink? "Oh, almost all of them!" said he. "Drunkenness, with all the related vices of drunkenness, has brought them into this condition of pauperism and disability."

Ah, dear friends, strong drink costs us more than nine hundred million dollars a year! It is estimated that the care of these delinquent, defective, and criminal classes, with the costs of courts which try them, the officers in charge of them, the care of them in sickness, their food, clothing, and shelter, makes up a sum total of about nine hundred million dollars more, taking the various states of the Union together. That is, the liquor traffic costs the nation, as a whole, the incredible amount of eighteen hundred million dollars,—nearly two billions of money. Is it strange that the gaunt spectre of poverty stalks through the land?

Who can give us the statistics of the drunkard's home? Who can make up an estimate of the want and woe, the fear and horror that brood over the household, to which the father returns, night after night, in the ever-varying moods

of intoxication? Who can picture the woes of the drunkard's wife and children, their shame at his maudlin condition, their sense of loss of joy and happiness, and their utter despair of a better future, while the author of their wretchedness lives! I sometimes wonder, when I hear the statement, which I yet believe with all my heart, that God is our Father, and loves us all with more than a fatherly and motherly affection, how it can be possible for Him to be happy, when the knowledge that I have of the woes wrought by drunkenness are multiplied in his consciousness a million fold? How could the morning stars sing together for joy? Why did they not send back a wail that would echo through the universe?

During one of the battles of our late civil war, when nothing had been gained during the first day of the fight, it was decided to renew the battle on the morrow. But General Thomas discovered that his men were nearly out of ammunition, and that they had rations for only one more meal. He could not therefore engage the enemy the next morning as he had intended, but sent for the reserves who were waiting to be called, and made a feint of preparing for a battle, to divert the enemy's attention, till the reinforcements should arrive. The forenoon passed, and the afternoon was declining, and still the reserves had not appeared. A cloud was discerned on the distant horizon. It rose to the zenith, it became more dense and impenetrable, and at last, looking eagerly through powerful field-glasses, lo! the reinforcements were coming. The artillery was leading. The men were astride the horses, lashing them to their utmost speed; the cavalry following in hot haste, and the infantry struggling with all their might and main to make the best time possible. General Thomas and his staff rode forward to meet them. General Geary was in command.

The situation was explained to him. "If this day ends in victory for our forces, it must be by the help of your command;" said General Thomas. "My men are without rations, and they have not ammunition for a battle. We must overpower the enemy, and prevent them from going North over the pass we are seeking to hold. Can your men drive them from their position, and beat them back, and so gain the day?" "We will try," said General Geary.

The word of command was given and immediately a series of evolutions began. Battalion after battalion wheeled into line, division followed division, all taking the positions to which they were assigned, in preparation for the coming struggle. The enemy now comprehended that they had been deceived, and that they had been played with during the day, until General Thomas should be reinforced with fresh troops. They now sought to prevent the military manœuvres which they perfectly understood, and dropped shot and shell among the serried hosts, which caused death, and maiming worse than death, but which did not halt the preparations. Stepping over the dead and the dying, the ranks closed up, and when at last the clouds of dust were laid, and the military movements had ended in the proper placing of the men, the enemy saw confronting them a wall of solid human masonry, in army blue and bristling steel.

The attack began. Gathering up all the men that were available, a charge was made upon the Union forces, with fixed bayonets. It was received by the boys in blue, with the front rank kneeling, their guns planted on the ground, and the shock of the compact was so great that men were transfixed by each other's bayonets, and fell to the earth, pinned together. The enemy were beaten back, with great loss. A second charge was ordered, and, like the first, was



Wm. A. P.

Geo. H. Thomas
Maj. Gen. U.S.A.

C.B. Richardson, Publisher

made with frantic shouts and yells. But again the enemy were driven. A third time a charge was ordered. And then no less a personage than General Bragg led the desperate, rushing host,—a splendid target for the bullets of the Union men,—and in tones of authority, and almost of agony, he commanded his men to break through the ranks at whatever cost. But they were received by the well-provisioned and well-disciplined soldiers, upon whom they threw themselves, with such steadiness and energy, that they made no break in the ranks, and were themselves dashed backwards in dismay. As the rock-bound coast of New England, in a fierce southeasterly storm, receives the mountainous waves that are dashed upon it, only to throw them back into the depths, disintegrated into spray, so were these confederate hosts thrown back upon themselves, broken, defeated, and slaughtered.

“Now, boys, down after them, and drive them!” shouted General Geary. And away they went, like a western cyclone, over the dead, over the living, trampling all under foot in war’s merciless way. General Thomas and his staff watched the complete rout of the enemy, until they were sure that they were beaten and thoroughly demoralized, and then there went up from the field a shout of victory that rang out over the noise of war, the boom of guns, and the shouts of the victors.

“This is Geary’s victory!” said General Thomas to his staff. “How superbly he handled his men! How like animated granite they stood! It is to him that we owe the victory. Where is he? He must be congratulated on the spot, he must be breveted on the field!” And they went in search of him. One said he was leading the pursuit,—another, that he had gone to his tent. At last, one of his brother officers found him in his tent, sitting in the light of

a candle burning in the upturned handle of a bayonet, his arms folded over his breast, every feature of his face and every muscle of his body indicating dejection. His friend rushed in upon him with congratulations. "General Geary, don't you hear the shouts? Don't you know that we have won the day, and that it is to you the glory belongs? General Thomas has sent me to escort you to the field, where he and his staff are waiting. You are to be breveted on the field for bravery! And the best of it is that you have not received a scratch."

"Do not, I entreat you, congratulate me!" said General Geary. "I cannot go to General Thomas. I do not wish for promotion! I do not care for congratulation! Please excuse me to General Thomas and tell him I cannot come."

"You do not expect me to return with that answer to our commander!" said the messenger. "Come, let me escort you to General Thomas; they are all waiting for you. We are all so glad that you are unharmed!"

"O, said General Geary, "*I am* injured! *I am* wounded! I am shot through the heart!"

"What do you mean?" said his friend.

"I am so sorely wounded that there is no balm in all the world that can ease my pain. I am so mortally hurt that there is no surgery that can ever cure my wound. I shall carry my aching and wounded heart through life, and no surgical skill can ever heal it." And rising, he tottered to the corner of the tent, and turning back the blanket, revealed the dead body of his only son, his chief of staff, who, following his father in that hot pursuit, had received a minie ball in his heart. As he reeled in the saddle, his father caught him in his arms, and bore him away to his own tent, the sounds of rejoicing sounding in his ears like mockery, and the victory of the day turned for him into

defeat. With the experiences and confidences of the last twenty years, during which I have been very much occupied in the temperance reform, I never talk to an audience on the subject of temperance without remembering this incident. If I could unroof the souls of those whom I am addressing, and look in upon their secret griefs known only to God, how many of you should I find refusing to be comforted, because of the ruin of the son in whom you had garnered your hopes, or the destruction of the daughter who was the very light of your life. Does the liquor traffic pay, dear friends? Will one of you say, now that you know the pecuniary loss, and the waste of men and women to which the liquor traffic subjects us, that it is a paying business? The money loss of this nefarious traffic should alone be sufficient reason for its extirpation. Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Chief of the National Bureau of the Statistics of Labor, is authority for the statement that for every dollar paid in by the saloons for their licenses, twenty-one dollars are paid out by the people, who are compelled to bear the cost and waste and damage, that are incidental to the business of the saloon. Honorable Edward Atkinson, one of the leading fiscal statisticians of our times, tells us that while it costs but five dollars *per capita* to run the government, the annual cost of spirits, beer, and wine is fifteen dollars a head. From whatever standpoint the estimate is made the liquor traffic is a losing business. It robs the people,—it demoralizes the community,—it engenders vice and crime, and is a steady menace to civilization.

If we would see the deadliest work wrought by the liquor traffic, and the appetite for strong drink, we must go to the "slums." In all cities there are "slums," —unclean, festering, seething, ruinous, uncanny quarters, where human be-

ings are crowded, as no decent man herds his cattle. These poor brothers and sisters of ours have fallen so low that the world wishes them kept out of sight. We used to have contempt for the Salvation Army, with its tambourines and drums, its discordant music, its cheap processions, and high-sounding military titles, and thought it was well that the municipal authorities desired to put a stop to their parades. But it was the Salvation Army that gave us a revelation of the "slums," and inspired the movement for their redemption. They, alone, for a time, had the divine courage to attempt the rescue of these human wrecks, who had sunk to the depths of such an abyss that they were bereft of heart, hope, and moral nature, were absolutely without friends and means of livelihood. The police hounded them down, decent society forgot them, the church ignored them, they were seemingly abandoned of God.

In the old days of Indian warfare, when they would take a captive who seemed strong, lithe, and fleet, they would allow him to "run the gauntlet" for his life. Leading him out to the head of two lines of dusky savages, who were not to move an iota from the places assigned them, the great chief would say, "If you can run through this line of warriors, every one of whom may strike at you as you fly, and yet escape unharmed, you shall have your life, and go free." And looking down the long lines, where every brave, warrior, and squaw stood with uplifted hatchet, tomahawk, club, or gleaming knife, ready to strike at the flying captive as he sped down the line, he would sometimes decline to "run the terrible gauntlet."

But the boys and girls of the "slums" are obliged to run a more horrible gauntlet than this, — for theirs is the gauntlet of the grog-shops and their annexes of vice, — and they cannot escape them, unscathed, but are struck down,

and there is no hope for them in the present order of things. Here and there are "slum settlements," sometimes made by hopeful college girls, who are inspired with a Christ-like passion to save the lost, sometimes by Andover men, and sometimes by young Catholic priests, who establish themselves in the midst of these earthly hells, and begin to let hope and light into very dark places. But all the while, the protected and licensed traffic in intoxicating beverages goes on around them, and where the "settlements" rescue one from ruin, the low grogeries of the locality manufacture half a dozen battered wrecks.

Not only among the sunken and drifting "jetsam and flotsam" of humanity does the traffic in intoxicating drinks work woe, as I have said before, it invades the highest circles of society. There is hardly a household in the land that does not bewail its ravages, — there are few families where it has not left one dead.

Do not, for an instant, imagine that I am hopeless of ultimate success in the temperance battle we are waging. It is a struggle for the right, for a higher manhood, a nobler civilization. Whatever is right, is of God, and takes on his omnipotence, and immortality, and ultimately, sometime, somewhere, must and will win. It cannot ultimately fail. The victory may be deferred, but it will surely come, for in the long run the right comes uppermost. Never does a reform eventuate as we plan it. Many prophecies were made concerning the manner of death that should overtake the colossal evil of slavery, which, swept elsewhere from the face of the earth, had entrenched itself in America, and was making a last desperate fight for existence.

But whoever sketched the downfall of slavery in this fashion? The North and South will become embattled.

The North will put two millions of men in the field and the South a million and a half. There will be a four-years war. The continent will tremble under the tramp of armed men, and the heavens will glow with the fire of artillery. A million men, North and South, will go down into death, or into an invalidism worse than death. Five million women and children, through this bereavement, will lose their joy in life, their hope for the future. The flower of our young men will lie dead on the field; the horses will be red with blood to their bridles, the rivers will run with blood. A mountain of debt will be heaped up for posterity to pay, as the price of a nation's redemption. And when all other measures fail to end the war, the President will issue a Proclamation of Emancipation, — not as a moral measure, — but as a “military necessity,” — and then the chains shall drop from four million of slaves!

Who made this prediction? No one! It was never even suggested. And yet this was the way out of the evil of slavery. History will tell this story to our children, and our children's children, down to the latest generation. No one can yet see the way out from under the awful curse of the liquor traffic which overshadows us. But there is a way out, and we shall yet find it. And the time is coming, in the not far-distant future, when we shall celebrate our temperance victory, as, some thirty years ago, we all rejoiced in the death of slavery. Whether this side the dark river, or beyond, baptized in immortality, we shall all unite in the grand refrain, “Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!”

Melrose, Mass.,

Aug. 21, 1904.

My dear Mr. Goss,

You have not sent me the last few pages of my lecture. I enclose the last page you have forwarded.

The remainder of the article is lacking. I write you rather the printers, as you will know what I mean, and they may not.

Yrs. truly,
Mary A. Livermore

Has the Right of Death no Morning?

EVERY problem must be wrought out in the department in which it belongs. We do not take a purely mathematical question into the chemical laboratory for solution, nor do we take problems of chemistry into the observatory of the astronomer. While the various divisions of scientific knowledge and research sometimes overlap, and are always more or less nearly related, they are at the same time independent in themselves.

The great question of the continued life of the soul after death,—the problem of the immortal life,—cannot be solved by any logical process alone, nor yet by scientific demonstration. It receives its highest endorsement from our spiritual nature, and that is the last and noblest development to which the human being attains. It is only reached by a conquest of the animal within us, by an unswerving love of truth, and by such love for our fellow-beings that our greatest happiness is found in helping them, and rendering them service.

This is not an easy condition to reach, nor to maintain. It is accomplished only by struggle, by discipline, and by an earnest desire, and an honest purpose to grow steadily Godward. It is the nature of man to grow intellectually, and also spiritually, but the progress is often very slow. We continually meet people who are so conscious of the pettiness of our daily life, as it is usually lived, so painfully aware of their own unworthiness, and of the groveling aims and methods of those by whom they are surrounded, that they have serious doubts whether

it be worth while for the Infinite to continue human life, when it ends on earth, — whether there is enough in man, at the best, to warrant the bestowal upon him of immortality.

We are like the weavers of tapestry that we see in the old world. The weaver sits behind his web, or sometimes obliquely under it, with his pattern at his side, and weaves slowly by hand. As he compares his work with the pattern given him to copy, he sees only jagged knots and ends, and an elongated and distorted caricature of the model, for he is looking at the wrong side of the tapestry. He thinks he is justified in condemning it. "This work is not worth doing," he might say, in the same spirit in which we complain, "this life is not worth living." "What a waste of my time and strength! Who will care for this badly-wrought work, distorted and hideous, with its jagged knots and ends? It is folly to continue it; it would have been better if I had never undertaken it." But the superintendent of the factory, who has assigned the task to the weaver, and given him that for which he has capacity, looks at the work from the upper side, and sees growing under the hand of the workman a perfect transcript of the copy set before him.

We are like these weavers. We look at life and at its occupations from the underneath side, and rarely seem to be able to project ourselves beyond this life, to get a glimpse of it from an upper and higher standpoint.

Taking people as we meet them, their estimate of human life varies according to the standpoint that they occupy, and this is for the most part petty and unworthy. What should we say to a man who owned a large estate of wonderful beauty and fertility, with a palatial mansion in the center that stretched up into the blue some five or six stories,

crowned with an observatory on top, if he persisted in living in the basement of his house? Artists seek him, and, unrolling their sketches, reveal to him landscapes of exquisite beauty, which they have transcribed from his far-stretching domain. Poets sing to him of the lake sleeping at the foot of the hills, of the green valleys where sleek herds are peacefully grazing, of the shimmering river hastening to the sea, of the leafy woodland which is a harborage of birds,—and congratulate him that he is the fortunate possessor of this rare grouping of natural scenery. Looking out the windows of the basement, he remonstrates: “Mock me not, I beseech you! I am, alas! not the happy personage you assume me to be. I look out the window and see only sticks and stones and earth and dirt. The beauty of which you rave lies wholly in your imagination. I know my estate and all its belongings, for can I not at any time estimate them by looking out the window?” What would you say to him? “My dear sir, this is not the way for you to judge of your estate. Leave the basement of your house, and mount, flight above flight, to the observatory on the roof, and then look off with far-reaching vision and your eyes will be gladdened by the beauty we have seen.”

We are like the man who lives in the basement of his house. We are obliged to occupy the basement of our natures at times, for we have animal wants that must be regarded. “What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?” are demands that must be answered, not only for ourselves, but for those dependent upon us. Too many of us are content to remain in the realm of material and animal life. Not until our low dwelling-place is invaded by floods of sorrow, when our beloved drop into the arms of death, or our earthly possessions vanish like the mists of the morning, do we realize

that we have any other resort. Then, compelled to flee to the heights in our desolation, we sometimes obtain a glimpse of our great inheritance, and realize that while we have lost all, we are yet rich.

“If a man die, shall he live again?” is a question propounded so long ago, that it antedates chronology. It has echoed down the ages ever since, and is urged to-day with as much importunate and tender pathos as when first it was uttered. No one is so certain of the continued life of the soul that he would not gladly be more certain, while to a large number it is a question of supreme importance. Life is, to them, of no value, till it is proven to be unending, and they grope on aimlessly without a motive-power, till they shall be convinced that death is but an incident in an unbroken existence, which the soul survives. That fact, when proved beyond a peradventure, will, to them, lift life to the height of an unspeakably blessed endowment. They can then work for lasting results,—their plans will have the scope of eternity. Is there proof of a conscious, personal life after death? Does death end all, or will a to-morrow break upon its darkness?

It is a remarkable fact that there has been a well-nigh universal hope of a future life among all peoples in the past, as in the present. When we go back to one of the oldest nations of antiquity, which was the great leader of the early civilization, of whom the Greeks learned practical wisdom, we find abundant proof that the Egyptians believed in a life after death. They embalmed the bodies of the dead, to prevent their decay, for they believed the soul lingered about its earthly tenement, while it resisted decomposition, and was interested in the events of earth that were transpiring, and so with unkind kindness they strove to make the body immortal, and but for the destructive vandals of civil-

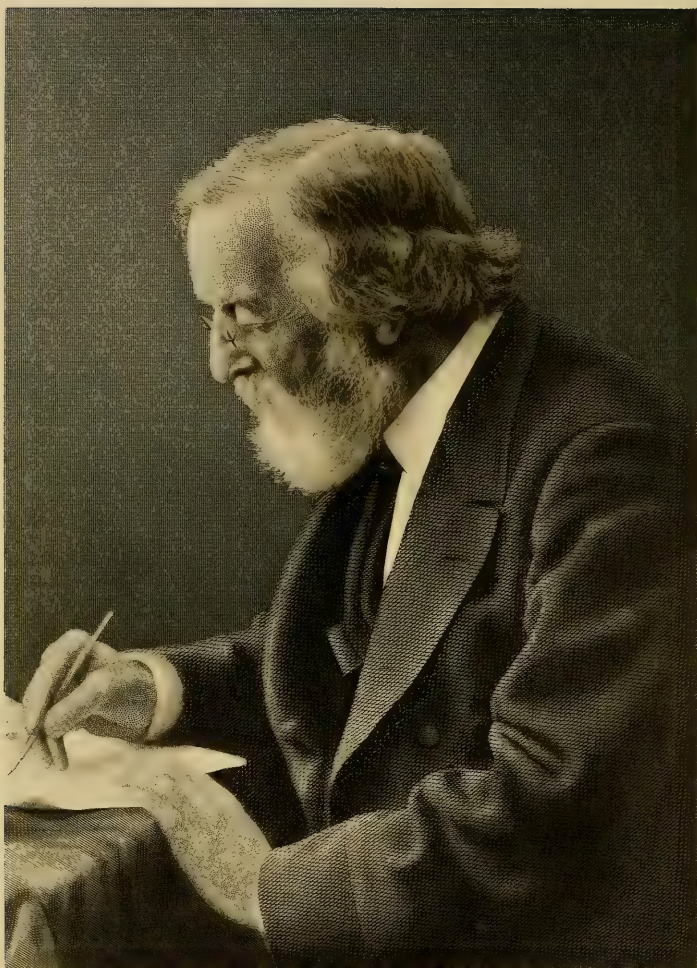
ization would have very nearly succeeded. When the mummy pits were opened by European investigators, and the cerements were removed in which the mummies had been enwrapped, they found a cross marked on the last covering that enfolded the breast. What did it signify? It could have no reference to the Christian religion, for this was thousands of years before the advent of Christ. When the hieroglyphic, or picture language of Egypt was mastered, they found that this cross was simply a defiance to death. Its interpretation was an assurance to surviving friends that the soul had not departed,—for the cross on the breast was the declaration, “I still live!”

Sometimes the mummified bodies were deposited in tombs hewn out of the solid rock. In many instances the walls of the interior were decorated with pictures representing the passage of the soul through various stages of being, in the life beyond. In that dry and rainless climate, these pictures have been preserved intact, and we learn from them that the Egyptians, who were the highly civilized people of their day, believed in an active life beyond the grave.

How is it with savage people, who are outside the pale of a high civilization? Some years ago when visiting Minnesota, I was a guest at the same hotel with the officers of a company of soldiers, who had assisted in the removal of a tribe of Indians to a new reservation. As the Indians were unwilling to leave their own settlement for another less desirable, it became necessary for a company of infantry to escort them to their new home. Having accomplished their work, the soldiers were now on their return. I became much interested in the stories of the officers concerning these red aborigines, who had been compelled like others of their race to “move on,” and were “made willing” only by

a show of force. I was specially interested in the narrations of the chaplain. Among the migrating Indians, was a mother with a sick papoose. When the child was kept in perfect quiet, it did not seem to suffer much, but when the mother carried it on her back, it shrieked with pain. So, folding her blanket for a pallet, she placed the baby upon it, and bore it carefully on her outstretched arms, endeavoring to steady herself as she walked, that the child might not feel the motion of her body. But it still moaned and moaned, and appeared in great suffering.

At last the savage father became enraged at the wailings of the little papoose, and waited until his wife came up with him, when he took the baby by the legs, and dashing out its brains against a tree, he threw the lifeless body on the ground. The poor mother made no complaint, and shed no tears. It would have been worse than useless, and she knew it. She waited until the marching column had passed out of sight, the chaplain remaining with her. He explained to her that her baby was dead, and that the only thing she could give it now was decent burial. They hollowed a grave in the soft earth, the mother made a bed of leaves for the little one to rest upon, and then taking from under her garments a string of wampum, which had taken more months to make than her child had lived, she folded it between the little hands, and proceeded to fill the grave with leaves and earth. The chaplain remonstrated. "The baby is dead," he said; "it will never need the wampum. Keep it yourself; it may be useful to you by and by." But the mother, looking up into his eyes mournfully, replied, "I have put the money into my baby's hands, that she may be able to pay her passage, for she has gone into the land of the Great Spirit, where the pale faces will not drive their red brethren from their homes, and where fathers will not



James Freeman Clarke

murder their children." Ignorant, debased, downtrodden, without instruction or opportunity, this Indian mother asserted positively that her baby, dead at her feet, was still living, and was going to its Father, the Great Spirit.

Now it signifies something, when we find that all races and classes of people, whether civilized or uncivilized, cultured or uncultured, believe in the continued existence of the soul after death. James Freeman Clarke used to say, "We do not try to prove the doctrine of the immortality of the soul because we disbelieve it, but because believing it, in spite of ourselves, we want to be able to give a reason for our faith." What is the explanation of this instinct of life within us? Whence comes this longing after immortality? It is sometimes the strongest at the very moment when body and soul seem about to dissolve partnership forever. It buoys us up continually as our friends drop away from our encompassing arms, into those of death, and we are baffled in our efforts to follow them on their trackless path, into larger life and nobler experiences. Is not this hope, this strong assurance of eternal life, that springs up within us in our darkest moments, as much a part of our mental and moral constitution as is the instinct of love? Has the great Creator implanted within us this aspiration for immortality, only to dash us against the wall of blank annihilation, when the hour comes for Him to redeem his promise? Will not God keep faith with us?

"Tell me, O Death,—

If that thou rul'st the earth; if 'dust to dust'

Shall be the end of love, and hope, and strife,—

From what rare land is blown this living breath

Which shapes itself to whispers of strong trust,

And tells the lie — if 'tis a lie — *of life?* "

We will suppose that a father is rearing a family of children in great poverty. They have insufficient food, and

that of the coarsest kind. They are cheaply clad in poor fabrics, and lack even a sufficiency of this shabby clothing. The home which shelters them is but a cabin, through whose chinks there enter the wind and the storm, the rain and the snow. But the father promises the children that when they attain their majority, there shall be a change for the better in their condition. "You shall then throw off the rags which now cover you," he assures them, "and be clad in garments of enduring fabrics, as beautiful as they shall be lasting. You shall gratify your appetite for food at a table that shall be spread with appetizing viands, and shall know the luxury of good food, well prepared. You shall step out of this poor hut into a spacious mansion, substantially built, and well furnished with every device for enjoyment and convenience." The children develop to maturity, and become men and women of great expectations. They will not allow themselves to be pauperized by their present bare surroundings. They are looking forward to the day when they are to enter upon their great inheritance, and they live with dignity, and are not dragged down to the level of their wretched environment.

The day at last arrives when they attain their majority, and are palpitating with expectation. The father comes to them, not to fulfil his long made predictions, but to confess himself a fraud. He coolly informs them that "the promise of a wonderful change in their condition must go unredeemed. I have never intended to verify it; I lack both the power and the inclination. If there is to be any change whatever in the future, it is to be a further deterioration downward. I have simply cheated you all through the years of your growth and development." What reply could children make to so unfatherly a father? And what could we say of God, our Heavenly Father, if the promise He has

-implanted within us of a nobler career hereafter should be as ruthlessly mocked ?

There is another thought. We are the children of God. "In our spirits does his spirit shine, as shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew." The possibilities of the human soul are therefore limitless. But our life upon earth is so brief, and the necessities of existence so frequently compel us to develop our lower natures first, that very few have anything like a fair unfolding of their higher faculties. Life is not long enough, and we lack opportunity to show what there is in us. Beethoven, the great musical composer, whose wonderful sonatas and symphonies sound the depths of all human feeling and passion, was yet good for nothing else in life. He was so shabby a business man, and so impecunious, that his rich brother was very careful to write his own name "Beethoven, the land-owner," that he might not be confounded with his shiftless, musical brother. Beethoven, the musical composer, hearing of this, wrote his name, "Beethoven, the brain-owner." And if Beethoven the brain-owner had not lived, and written music that is so much the outcome of the human soul as to possess earthly immortality, we should not know that Beethoven the land-owner had ever existed. There is no doubt in my mind but that Beethoven the brain-owner, the musician, had he lived long enough and been instructed, might have been developed as a business man, and would have accomplished a vast deal in other departments of life.

Claude, the great painter, was a common menial until he was past thirty years of age. One day, as he entered a studio with an armful of wood, he caught a glimpse of the pictures on the easels at which the students were working. "Why, I could do that if I were taught!" was his exclamation. "I make pictures with charcoal on walls and fences."

So rapt was he in admiration, that his pictures were examined, and it was found that he had a correct eye for drawing. He was put under instruction, and in a short time surpassed his masters, and became the teacher of those who had taught him. Year after year our artists, who have learned all that modern instruction can teach, cross the Atlantic and sit at the feet of Claude to learn of him, through his pictures in the great galleries. They try to catch the trick of his coloring, which is as vivid and tender as when he painted, hundreds of years ago. They seek to understand the method by which he snatched the glamour that lies upon the earth and sea, and transferred it to his canvas, and which the modern artist does not seem to attain. Suppose Claude had died before he was thirty, and had never made that visit to the studio. What would have become of that undeveloped gift of depicting the beautiful which has given him a hold upon the centuries, and makes him a power in the world of art to-day? If death ends all, what would have become of Claude's godlike endowment, if he had died while it lay latent within him?

Most of us, who have reached adult life, have at some time stood in the chamber of the dying, as they have been making the passage of the valley of the shadow of death alone. We have seen them already transfigured. They have listened to music and song that our ears heard not. They have conversed with personages who were not revealed to our vision, and we have sometimes felt that a flash of the great glory into which they have entered has dazzled our eyes, and forbade us to weep.

Starr King, a New England stripling, but an intellectual Hercules, was beloved and petted to so great an extent that he went to California, as he said, "to find out if there was any manliness in him." There he threw himself into a three-

fold work with the energy of a Titan. He gathered a church and became its minister, and soon impressed the reckless society of San Francisco with the divineness of his spirit. The demon of secession, which sought to destroy the Union, laid its toils for the capture of California. But the loyal soul of Starr King revolted against such treachery, and he entered the lists against the secessionists. Going up and down the Pacific coast with eloquent speech and magnetic power, he won the state for the intact and undivided nation. In those days, many young men and women who had found their way to the golden state were lost in the vile purlieus of San Francisco, or had dropped into the abysses of vice from which few are rescued. Fired with a divine passion for saving the lost, Starr King plunged into the haunts of vice and crime, and while his own pure spirit caught no stain from contact with evil, he upheaved those who had fallen with the force of his own divine mightiness.

In the midst of this triple work, which engrossed him to the utmost, he was met by the angel of death. He had been ill for a few days, and the family physician was summoned.

"Mr. King," said the doctor, who was a member of his parish, "if you knew you were soon to die, have you much to do in the way of preparation?"

"O yes," replied the sick man, "I should have a great deal to do in the way of placing my work in the hands of others."

"Then, my dear friend," said the doctor, "I beseech you to address yourself to that work with all despatch, for you have but a half-hour of life."

It was not possible for the young man to understand it. He was so full of life, even at that last hour, that he could not understand that the last moment of his life drew on

apace. "I have always believed," he said, "that whenever the time came for me to die, I should know it; but I do not feel that the end has come."

When convinced that the next duty before him was the duty of dying, he made brief and clear preparations for his departure, placing the interests of his church in the hands of trustees, bidding farewell to his wife and little children, and then sketching the work he had begun for others to complete.

"All the possibilities of my immortality come over me!" was his triumphant declaration, as the pallor of his face deepened, and the ashen hue of death was clearly marked. So glowing was his speech concerning the life on which he was entering, that, although any of the friends around his bedside would have gone gladly to death to have given him a longer lease of life, not one broke in upon the eloquence of the dying man with tears or lamentations. Do you say that this man had preached the doctrine of immortality, and discussed the life beyond the grave, until when he came to die, the wish was father to the thought, and he converted himself to his own theory? Then what will you say to this incident?

A little child in my neighborhood, only five years old, whose happy, brief life had never been shadowed by a knowledge of sickness or death, the darling of the household, was smitten with diphtheria, and passed swiftly to death in great suffering. Her anguish was so great that her mother could not witness it, and fainted at the bedside. She was placed in the care of a nurse, and I took the place of the poor mother as well as I was able. As the child lay panting in a paroxysm of pain, the little mouth flecked with bloody foam, and the sweet face distorted with agony, she said to her father, "Papa, I am so very sick I am afraid I

am going to die, and, papa, I can't die ! I am afraid to die. If mamma, or you, or brother or sister, would die with me, to show me the way, then I should not be afraid. But I am a little girl, papa, and I do not know the way, and I cannot go alone."

With wonderful self-control, the father said, "My daughter, God does not ask anybody to go alone, when death comes. He does not ask grown people to do it. When the time comes for you to die, and you let go of papa's hand, and step out of this world into the other, you will find the angels of God waiting for you whom He has sent to accompany you, and they will go with you all the way, and you will not go alone. So, my dear child, do not worry about it." The little one was comforted, and, the next morning, when we hoped she was better, because she was free from pain, she lay quietly in bed looking about the room. Suddenly she turned to her father with a bright and eager face, and said, "Papa, it is just as you told me. The angels have come for me, and want me to go. There's Freddie, and Mary, and Lucy, and Willie, and Charlie. Kiss me papa, and there is another kiss for mamma, and now good-bye !" Raising herself from the pillow, she stretched out her hands towards attendants whom we did not see, a smile flashed over her face, — the eyes closed slowly, — the arms drooped, — and the passage was made from the chamber of sickness to that larger chamber of the King. Did that little girl deceive herself ? Was she the victim of her own imaginings ?

A good many years ago, on a certain tenth day of January, the Pemberton mill collapsed at Lawrence, Massachusetts. It had been badly built, and its downfall and destruction had been predicted. There was a sharp report of cracking timbers, a loosening of the girders, a displacement of

the floors, a sliding of the machinery,— and then, the horror-stricken occupants of the factory, many hundreds in number, went down with the building, in a crash that shook the town like an earthquake. All business was suspended. The alarm bells were rung, great crowds gathered about the ruined building, and relief parties were organized that went in under the arching timbers, removing the dead and dying, and assisting the living to escape.

Some one called out that large timbers barred the way, so that a company of twenty or thirty in one room could not make their exit from the ruin. Forgetting that the gas was pouring into the doomed building when it fell, and had not been turned off at the meter, some one carried a lighted lamp into the wreck. An explosion followed. Dense clouds of smoke poured out from the building, and lurid tongues of flame leaped forth with destructive power. A cry of horror rang through the crowd, for now the imprisoned operatives were threatened with a death whose terrors could not be exaggerated. For a moment all were held in a paralysis of despair, not knowing what to do. Suddenly, right where the smoke was densest, and the forked flames were shooting fiercely skyward, the awful silence was broken by the voice of a girl, singing :

“ This life’s a dream, an empty show,
But to a brighter world I go ;
I’m drifting to a heavenly shore,—
I’m going home, to die no more ;—
O God be thanked, to die no more ! ”

She had not reached the end of the first line, when a pathetic alto voice joined her. Then there came in the soaring, ringing, triumphant tenor. Bass voices added their volume of music to the song. And there went up to God, in that chariot of fire, some twenty-five or thirty Sunday-school

children, singing in chorus, "We're going home to die no more!" It was a defiance to death all the way! What sang? The indestructible soul, which is never so sure of its eternal tenure of life, as when it is about to part company with the body forever! Never so certain that it cannot die, as at the moment when what we call the process of death is taking place.

To many eternal life seems incredible, because of their low estimate of humanity. They would gladly accept this largeness of hope, but say, "It is too good to be true! It is too much to believe! We are only the poor creatures of a day, tossed hither and yon by the currents of life, unable to see a hand's breadth before us, the sport of passion and appetite, and of circumstances beyond our control. What are we, that God should give us a hold upon the life immortal? We are so infinitesimal that it is not worth while for God to continue us in existence. He had better employ His power in work more worthy of Him."

This was the trouble with Harriet Martineau. She had so small an estimate of herself, and of the work that she had done for the world, that, when she came to pass out of life, she said, "If I were God I would not continue Harriet Martineau. It is not worth His while. He had better do something worthier of God, and let me drop out." It never occurred to her that it was worth God's while to give her being and to usher her into life, when she was a delicate and helpless infant; to take charge of her through her long career, during which she had never one moment of perfect health, but lived and wrought under the disadvantage of lacking three out of the five senses, with which most people are endowed. She forgot that while she was thus handicapped, she had been able to write over one hundred books in the interest of humanity, through every one of which

there ran character, and a noble purpose, as steadily as a trade-wind blows. She had brought the world in her debt, by her lifelong work for its advancement. And now, when she had been developed as a mighty moral force, and had become a power for good, she thought it not worth while for God to continue her in existence.

It does not seem to me incredible that we shall live on after death. I am lost in wonder over the fact that we have been born into life, and are here to-day. If our existence were not an accomplished fact, but a matter of prediction, — a mere prophecy only, — we might disbelieve *that*. It would seem too utterly impossible. Follow me, if you can, in a most insupposable journey outside the gate of life, where there waits a disembodied, unborn baby soul in the chilly void and darkness. Suppose an angel from heaven should visit that unclothed, tiny soul, that unlighted spark of more than Promethean fire, and predict the future: "You are to be born into life. You are to be clothed with a body so wonderful in its complicated mechanism, that after it has been studied by the most scientific men for tens of thousands of years, it will still hold its secrets. You are to be born into the arms of a mother who is waiting for you, with a love that surpasses all love, save that of the Infinite God. A father is ready to overshadow you with his protecting care, and to interpose his affection, as a shield between you and all harm. Little brothers and sisters will leap up with joy at your coming, and will welcome you with kisses, and caresses, and childish gifts. You shall be lapped in affection. You shall be encompassed with love and care which it is not possible to overstate. You shall grow, and develop eyes that will be gladdened with the beauty of earth, — hands that shall acquaint you with the varied forms of nature, — and feet that will carry you on a perpetual pil-

grimage of pleasure, amid flowers and playmates and childish joys.

"Then the time will come, when you shall be put to school, for mental instruction. All the lore of the past will be at your service. Science will conduct you through its wonderland. Music will translate you to a heaven of spiritual joy. All who have ever lived and wrought in the past, from Moses to Washington, shall be your teachers, and what they have accomplished shall enter into your mental furnishing. At last you shall enter the dual life of wedded love, and know the bliss of parenthood. Little children shall nestle in your heart and wind their arms about your neck, and you shall know the divineness of earthly fatherhood and motherhood. This new experience will give you a broader development, and you will learn to pity your brothers and sisters less fortunate than yourself. You will love them, and seek to help them. You will forget yourself, and will ask for their comfort and education. You will swear hostility to the wickedness of the world, and will work for its extirpation. You will be able to do all things that will help bring in a better world, a larger life, a nobler civilization." How incredible such a prediction would seem! Who would dare believe it?

But, dear friends, we are here! To many of us this forecast has become a reality. Others have traveled a long way on the path that I have sketched. All have passed through infancy and childhood, and on many rests the glamour of youth. As for myself, standing now at the foot of the hill of life, with the dusty way that I have come stretching far behind me, and the low gateway confronting me, which opens outward once for every human being, but never inward, I stand with my arms outstretched to the future with this pledge upon my lips: "After my experience

of life, which has been packed with marvels, and has taught me what is highest and best and most enduring, I will believe Thee, O God, though thy promise of the future may seem impossible. The life that I have lived I feel to be preparatory, and prophetic of one greater, now out of sight."

I am convinced that a belief in the existence of the soul after death depends very much upon our manner of living. The higher we attain, and the more we strive after what is best and noblest in life, the more we take hold of immortality, the surer we are of our heavenly destiny. And there are those, whose lives are so noble, and who go through life shining brighter and brighter, like the sun as it tends to the zenith, that they coast near to the heavenly shore, and need no word wasted on them in argument, since they are already convinced.

Victor Hugo, a man of great attainments, who had served the cause of liberty and truth, and rendered invaluable service to his fellows, when near the close of life, said:

"For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse. History, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, and song,—I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work.' But I cannot say, 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley,—it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland, and because the truth compels me. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundations. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity!"





The first of these is the fact that the American Medical Association has been successful in its efforts to secure the passage of the Federal Food and Drug Act, which has been the first step in the regulation of the food and drug industry. This act has been a landmark in the history of the American Medical Association, and it has been a great success for the organization.

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